KARMATH.

An Arabian Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAMESES," AN EGYPTIAN TALE.
ETC. ETC.

"A something shines from him
Which yet is but the flashing
Emanation of a thing more glorious still."
BYRON.

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PREFACE.

While the return of winter's gloom presents the public with a variety of poetic effusions, and chronological digests; while the whole range of nature, rocks, earth, and skies, geologically, botanically, and astronomically are put under unceasing contribution, year by year, to supply oftentimes the same food disguised under different sauces; whence does it arise that the East, the land of improvisatori and of prodigies, has never yet been called upon to pour forth her potent spells, to attract the idle and amuse the grave; especially at the recurrence of a season so peculiarly

framed for the relish of Arabia's glowing narrations. The adventures and calamities herein disclosed were intended to beguile the season of wintry darkness and storm. They are the traditions of wild and savage mountains, where the wonders of such scenes are not considered matters of improbability; and where many a monster, as remorseless as Hassun Suba, triumphs in his successful crimes: at least it would appear that such practices are still known in the East, from the following notice, extracted from the Asiatic Journal of May, 1823.

"The tribe of Bramins, called Caradu, have a custom of yearly sacrificing a young Bramin, of a different sect, to their household god Suctee, who delights in human blood, and who is represented with three fiery eyes. A feast is prepared for the whole family, and an intoxicating drug mixed with the food of the unsuspecting,

victim, who has probably been treated with the greatest kindness for months, and sometimes years; in one or two instances, it has been known that the daughter has been given in marriage to lull him into entire security. As soon as the effect of the drug appears, the master leads him alone to his idol, takes an opportunity unawares to cut his throat, then collecting the blood into a bowl, he first strikes the lips of his god, and sprinkles it over his dead victim, after which the body is put into a hole dug at the foot of his idol. The night is then passed in joy and gladness, under the entire persuasion of the favour of his deity being propitiated towards him for the space of twelve years."

Leaving these horrible transactions to the guilt and darkness which most befits them, it may be doubted whether the very extraordinary rise and character of the

Karmates and Ismaélians, of the time of the caliphs, have been sufficiently noticed or developed by historians to the general reader; hitherto these tremendous Sectarians have been overlooked, and the interest attached to their existence, most commonly bounded to the Episodical portion, known to us in the epoch of the Crusades, when the emissaries of the "Old Man of the Mountains," the Sheik al Julleel, attempted the life of Edward I., and actually slew others of the Crusaders.

These enthusiasts were, however, merely a corollary link of a most formidable community, established and rooted at a much earlier period in Mazanderan; so firmly settled are its roots in the mystic tenets of Islamism, that its doctrines are still existing in Arabia; and even in Egypt, in the Nineteenth Century, a rebellion against the French was headed by an impostor, assuming the title and denomination of their

long expected deliverer, the prophet El Mahdi.*

It was found impossible to condense into the contents of one volume, the dark and mysterious events which clouded the last days of the illustrious Harûn al Raschid; should these pages attract sufficient approbation to pursue the thread, they may still greet the next Christmas fire-side.

* "During the invasion in Syria, many interesting events occurred in Egypt, one of which I shall proceed to relate in the words of the general in chief. In the beginning of May, a most singular scene, which caused the revolt of the province of Bahreh, was presented. An adventurer, from the centre of Africa, disembarked at Derneh, and immediately on his arrival, announcing himself to be the angel El Mahdi, promised by the prophet, reunited the Arabs. He elevated the imagination of his followers to the highest pitch, and, by casting a little dust against our cannon, he pretended to cause the balls to fall harmless before the True Believers."—*Bonaparte's Expedition to Egypt and Syria.*

London, April, 1827.

KARMATH.



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CHAPTER I.

"Whose game was empire, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones!"

The prophet Mahommed spoke to Arabia the words of his mission; he inscribed them as with a beam of light, in the sentences of the Korân, and it converted the East; the sword of Khaled worked the will of the prophet, and the times and the seasons were ripe for him. Arabia, distracted by family feuds, and overspread by idolatrous pagans, sighed for a teacher and a deliverer. The Sabean faith, which worshipped the sun and the moon in their brightness, had become, in this its native soil, darkened and obscured; and the stars in the courses of heaven scarcely exceeded in number the dissonant jargon and conflicting doctrines of their astrological diviners. The fires of Zoroaster yet burned in his caves, but no longer to show the secrets of his wisdom; the sacred caverns, and their altars of

living rock, were polluted by horrid rites of lust, obscenity, and of blood; false doctrines darkened the whole land, and vain traditions split it into as many communities as there were cities, and into as many parties and factions as there were families; and thus Arabia shed her noblest blood like water in a series of ignoble contests.

Yet Arabia's sons were bold, fiery, and free; they had broken off the yoke of Iran from their necks. As their matchless steeds, they were ready to rush into action, and to defy opposition, danger, and death; and when moulded into one race by the all-powerful voice of the prophet, not the lighted brand more swiftly ignites the prepared train, than their winged bands prepared to conquer, and to spread the doctrines of Islamism. And what could the sons of Arabia object to these wondrous tenets? they blended the beautiful and sublime pictures of her earliest patriarchal times with the words of Mousa. The past as well as the present fates and destinies of man, to their eyes, were inscribed on the pages of the book of the Mussulman's creed; and with the sword in one hand, and the Korân in the other, the fiery and enthusiastic Arab, neither baffled nor deterred by insult or opposition, by difficulty or danger, daringly rose to those powerful efforts which fixed the faith of Mahommed and the caliph's throne supreme over the East.

The great empires of Parthia and of Rome fell prostrate before the successors of the prophet; and Abubekr, Omar, and Othman, in twenty-three years only, conquered Arabia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, Armenia, and Korâssan.

Happy for Islam's disciples had the fount kept pure; but the cruel treatment of Ali, the son-in-law and amiable companion of the prophet, prepared a stumbling block, which then, and ever since, has caused torrents of blood to flow. Ali the Magnanimous should have succeeded to the vacant authority, but Ayesha, the widow of the prophet, the mother of the faithful, fostered an hatred against Ali, which no kindness could mollify, no length of time subdue. She persuaded the venerable Abubekr to seize the vacant throne; she substituted in the succession, after his decease, Omar and Othman; and when at length Ali, the most amiable of men, took possession of the long-delayed sceptre, it was impoisoned by revolts fostered by Ayesha's malice, and very soon closed in blood, by the assassination of Ali, and the murder of his two exemplary and beloved sons Hussain and Hassan.

The ambitious Moawiyah, descended from Abu Sofian, the uncle and the bitterest enemy of Mahommed, finally obtained the vacant throne, and exercised his unrelenting cruelty on the friends and adherents of Ali. Out of the stock of Sofian came

the persecutor of the prophet's race; and out of the usurpation of Moawiyah, which grounded itself on the obtrusive line of the predecessors of Ali, grew those acts of cruelty which made the sweetness of his feelings, and the amiability of his sons, establish an impression certainly in a very slight degree only inferior to that of the prophet himself.

In Persia the name and sayings of Ali are venerated most sacredly, and it is owing much to her feelings of a benefit conferred; for when she saw her provinces conquered by her Arab foes, her cities plundered, her children dragged into captivity, and Yezdegerid, the last of her monarchs of the Sasianian race, vanquished in battle and slain: so indiscriminate was the spoiler's cruelty, that even *Sheria Banú*, the daughter of the mighty Persian monarch, was exhibited for sale as a slave in the streets of Medina. The noble heart of Ali reproached the invaders for their abuse of victory, and taking pity on such a drooping floweret, he immediately married her to his second son Hussain. Persia, devoted to Ali and his race, has ever upheld his claims and his doctrines against the enemies of his power and life. Zealous Shiites themselves, they hate the Turks, their opponents, called the Soonites, whom they designate by that term as traditionists; the gilded dome of Musjid Ali shines in honour of their great and beloved teacher; and yearly does Persia weep over his misfortunes, and

inextinguishable is the hate between Persia, who venerates Ali, and the Ottomans, who reject his claims.

The house of Moawiyah, it is true, wielded the power of Mahommed for a course of seventy years, but neither the golden sceptre of their rule, nor the robe of power, could ward off the blows of adversity. Rebellions, wars, and tumults disturbed their peace, and most of the caliphs were mere phantoms of power, and perished by the sword or by assassination. So rapid were the changes exhibited by the troubles of these times, that they scarcely averaged eight years for each sovereign of the race of Moawiyah, until Mirvan the Second, in the third year of his disastrous rule, lost his throne and his life in a bloody battle against his rival competitor Abul Abbas; and so tremendous were the persecutions and slaughters which followed, that the descendants of Moawiyah, or as they are sometimes termed, "the Omniade race," were entirely extirpated from the East, and that once flourishing family were reduced to a single feeble individual. He, led by the star of destiny into Spain, renewed there the glories of the eastern throne, and made Cordova as splendid as the far-famed city of Bagdad.

Notwithstanding dissension and civil war had thus raged, yet the tide of success which bore along triumphantly the doctrines of Islamism had not

slackened; Turkestan, Tartary, and even a portion of India embraced the prophet's faith; and the horsemen of the desert flew as bands of locusts, winging their clustering flights over the furthest extremities of the East.

By the wonderful march of destiny which spread the warriors of the desert on their winged steeds of fire, resistless over every region, the proud family of the Abassidæ beheld themselves possessed of Azerbigian, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Mosul, Hejaz, and Basra; Persia, Khorâssan, Scinde, and India; Syria, Arabia, Egypt, and Africa—so extensive was the empire, so numerous the regions and kingdoms acknowledging the supremacy of the caliph's throne.

If her arms shed such radiance on the sons of Arabia, not less did knowledge and science brightly distinguish her land; amid, however, much to admire, her fervid enthusiasm and imaginative temperament led her sons to devote themselves to occult sciences; magic reigned in the recesses of her wild deserts, as well as in her schools. In the province of Djibel el Kacim is Al-Giuf; its inhabitants are dreaded throughout Arabia. In the savage and sterile district of the Schammar mountains, which rivals Lebanon in its forests and its vast extent, arose the sect of the Karmates, or of Karmath, as early as the 148th Hegira of the prophet, who assumed the alarming privilege of

overruling the laws of nature. Dark are the scenes of the guilty race, and mysterious the designs of the Dom-daniel sorcerers, the dreadful scourge of Africa. Stubbornly they repelled the vengeance of the Abassidæ, and many were the machinations whereby they repaid their injuries even on their sceptered persecutors.

The great Harûn al Raschid put forth the extent of his power to extirpate the entire race from his empire; the cause of his animosity may be traced in the very important influence which the Ismaélians attained even in the time of Omar, the second successor of Mahommed. The colour which tradition threw over the last hours of his predecessors, might also somewhat tinge the mind of Harûn, and infix therein a suspicion which rankled in secret.

Abul Abbas al Saffah, the shedder of blood, the conqueror of Mirvan, soon was summoned away to a higher throne to answer for the copious torrents which ambition had urged him to pour forth. Al Mansur succeeded, and the singular revolt of a sect called the Rawandians surprized him reposing tranquilly in his palace at his capital city Hasheymiyah, and notwithstanding the fortress-strength of his abode, and the brave defence of its walls, he was indebted for the preservation of his life and his race solely to the romantic generosity and valour of Maan Ebn Zaidat, a proscribed and condemned adherent of the ruined Ommiades; bursting from his con-

cealment upon the tidings of the danger surrounding Al Mansur, he so unexpectedly assaulted the enemy that he slew above six thousand of the rebels, and rescued the caliph: the generosity of Maan, who at the period of this noble action was proscribed by Al Mansur, has passed into a proverb, and the Abassidæ sovereigns saw in the revolt a spirit of enthusiastic fervour capable of breaking through all the guards and fences of their supreme power. Al Mansur therefore removed his royal seat to the banks of the Tigris, and there founded Bagdad, calling it Dar el Salen, the city or sojourn of peace.

Here Harûn al Raschid, who succeeded to the throne, became the distinguished patron of arts and of letters, and exalted the fame of Arabia to as high a pitch of glory in the sciences, as she already had rendered herself by her extensive conquests. In conformity with the bend of his fervid and brilliant imagination, the caliph delighted in wonders, and sought for prodigies, while, by a singular caprice, he proscribed and condemned to death the race who alone claimed the privilege of working them.

Notwithstanding the vigour of his rule, he could not clear his dominions from secret associations, or from pretenders to supernatural powers, and visionary and enthusiastic leaders, who drew after them numerous bands of followers; "the Battanee and the Fedavee, the concealed and the chosen," con-

federated together, and whether, from the descendants of the Rawandians, or from new associations fostered by impatient spirits, they ripened an enterprise of the deepest subtlety and most daring purpose, athough repressed, indeed, during the able rule of Harûn, and under his immediate successors, yet too soon to make the East resound with its enterprises. Wonderful as were the mix ture of intrepidity and consummate knowledge wherewith Mahommed pursued his mission, felicitous as the adaptation of his doctrines became to the habits, desires, and passions of his followers, not even the wildest of the Improvisatori of the East could delineate a more extraordinary flight of adventure, a more successful and unbounded ascendancy, than that over the Ismaélian race by their leader Hassan, in the rëign of Harûn and that of his successor, over the fortunes of his tribe, until the caliph Múwaffek beheld his throne menaced by the family of Hussunee Subah (the founder of the name of Assassins), before whom the East trembled, and whose daring acts hastened the downfall of the throne of the caliphs.

Having rapidly glided over periods of time, so bright and heart-stirring as the first movement of those ambitious spirits, who, with fearless deeds, established their empire through the East, we must somewhat lift the veil which hides the secret springs whereby were excited, as early as the second

successor of Mahommed, motives and deeply-rooted feelings, which then struck root into the very soil of Islamism, which have grown with its growth, and which, to this very hour, excites a powerful interest on its followers.

It is already said that Mahommed, at least publicly, fixed on no successor; that Ali, his natural heir, his son-in-law, relation, and faithful disciple, yielded up his claims; that he came to the sceptre late in life, only to experience ingratitude, revolt, and a violent death; and transmitted his claims and his misfortunes to his two most amiable and most ill-fated sons. Although they perished miserably, the descendants of Fatima were numerous, and crowds of Moslems were always athirst to repay, by the most unbounded devotion to that ill-fated race, a reverence and homage of pity for the dreadful destiny of their adored Ali; no imaginations, however extravagant, were disregarded by the natives of Al-Giuf. Indeed, throughout all the Eastern provinces of Islamism, the name of Ali served for a rallying point for *all the discontented*, and for *all the turbulent* who desired *changes* and *revolutions*. A species of adoration had prevailed during the lifetime of Ali, and even then Ebn Alaswad Saba laid the foundation of a refined and esoteric spirit of initiation, subtle, secret, and deeply rooted, which spread over the East, which connected together bands and denominations

of Mahommed's followers of most dissimilar views, and which, repeatedly, has shaken the whole East with its bloody struggles. Ebn Saba was a prime instigator of the *seditious movements* which cost the caliph Omar his throne and his life. He taught that the Imaunat, or the sacerdotal authority, devolved by right, as well as by a formal act of Mahommed, on his son-in-law Ali, the spouse of Fatima—that on him rested a *ray of divinity*—that he was *not dead*, but that he had only *withdrawn himself* for a time from the eyes of men—that he would one day *reappear on the earth*, and render it as celebrated for justice, as now it was become infamous for iniquity and injustice.

This mysterious dogma has grounded itself, more or less, amid every conflicting sect of the East: some have enlarged the number of the Imauns, but all have yielded implicit faith to the sacred character of Ali. The Shiites, or Persians, who teach that twelve Imauns succeeded by natural descent to the revered Ali, inculcate likewise that the *last is not dead*, but *concealed*, and one day he will reappear to revive the purity of religion. By the depth of their ratiocinations they also endeavour to demonstrate *the whole series of the twelve doctors* to be no more than the *one* and the *same being*, *successively disappearing*, and *assuming a fresh body*, as the vicar or same teacher. But another sect, and to these in particular are the

events which follow referable, contract the number of these Imauns to seven only; these are the Ismaélians, among whom the Karmates are so distinguished for the most perfect contempt of danger and death, and for their devastations and sacrileges, that they may be divided into three epochs: from the first secret roots of their origin, and the profound artifice with which their doctrines were disseminated and spread in Arabia, to the reign of Harûn al Raschid, when (Arabia settled in peace, the fine arts expanding, and public feelings watched by the jealous and watchful eye of that renowned caliph) he detected the germs of this formidable association, which his sagacity foresaw might overshadow his throne. Harûn, however, knew not the wide-spread, nor the character, nor the twisted roots of that parasite plant, which crept up as the baneful ivy around the wide-spreading umbrage of the palm of Haschemya. Destiny gave it the same existence as its proud and imperious oppressors, the royal and sacred Abassidæ. It strengthened in great power and triumphant wickedness, from the foundation of its tenets, into a concocted form in the third Hegira; until, in the 650th year of the Hegira, the sword of Hulaku, the descendant of Genghis Khan, put an end at the same epoch, to the caliphs and the Ismaélians; that catastrophe, however, followed at a very distant period. This formidable and extraordinary sect broke forth under the rule of

Harûn; their commencement and progress, the marvellous circumstances connected with the appearance of Karmath on the banks of the Euphrates, are become facts known amid the natives of El Shammar. The tent which is pitched in Al-Giuf resounds with the exclamations and groans of the impassioned auditors, as they hear the thrilling detail of the awful sacrifice made in the ruins of Babylon to the deity of fire.

The fate also of Harûn, his striking aberration of intellect and feeling, wherein were sacrificed Giaffar, the most amiable of men, and the whole Barmecide race, were shortly followed by the caliph's decease at Tûs; the destinies of the Karmates, or Ismaélians, soon acquired permanency by the appearance of the prophet Mahdi, the great worker of miracles, and their leader; their establishment also as a territorial power under Hassan Suba the Second, and his title of Sheik el Djibel, will form the second series of the narrative, drawn from the records of Mûwaffek, in the 270th year of the Hegira. The third epoch naturally spreads from the reign of Mûwaffek to the eventful moment which, ripening in the secrets of fate, put a final close together to the mighty caliphs of the East, and to the no less powerful, although more circumscribed, dominion of the assassin race.

A very rapid glance at their mysterious teachings will completely reconcile us to the insidious snares

and slow paced wiles of Karmath, to those secret, and in many points almost inexplicable steps, by which he led his victims to the brink of destruction, until chafed by calamities which would have overwhelmed most beings, he threw off the mask and reared the standard of rebellion.

Among the most celebrated of the Ismaélians are the Karmates; the Fatimites, who reigned more than three centuries in Afric and in Egypt; and the Assassins, with their chief, known under the title of "the old man of the mountain;" these are all branches spreading from one common root.

The Ismaélians limit the Imauns to the number of seven; they are as follow—Ali, and his two sons, Hassan and Hosein; Ali, called Zina la Bidia, son of Hosein; Mahommed, the son of this Ali; Djafar Sadik, the son of Mahommed; and lastly, Ismail, the son of Djafar. Ismail died before his father Djafar, which took place in the 148th year of the Hegira. His right to the Imaun was recognised in the person of his son Mahommed; as, according to the initiatory language of the sect, Ismail had merely *withdrawn himself* from sight, or had *disappeared*. That he would *return*, was the essential proof of the deep rooted system; and every follower was enrolled to support, to death, the will of his representative. He was taught that he was enrolled by initiation for the *service* of

Mahommed, the son of Ismail, when he *should reappear*.

In the progress of the establishment of the dynasty of the Fatimite caliphs in Afric, under a prince who, adopting the name of Mahdi, pretended to be the Imaun, which had been so waited for more than two centuries, it was manifestly necessary to declare that *Mahdi*, and all the successors of *Mahdi*, were no other than different *appearances*, or *emanations* of the same Imaun who possessed *the ray or particle of the divinity*. This belief distinguishes the Fatimites from the other Ismaëlians, who deny the incarnation of Mahommed, the son of Ismail, in this caliph, but even now, amid the Druses of Lebanon, and the Shammar fastnesses, they wait for this prophet.

Between the period of Mahommed, the son of Ismail, and the establishment of the power of the Fatimite caliphs, seven lieutenants, or vicars of the Imaun Mahommed, succeeded each other, known by the title of the *Imauns hidden*, because they were obliged to withdraw and secrete themselves from the eager persecutions and efforts to destroy them made by the Abassidæ caliphs. It was under the fourth of the Imauns hidden, these "Battanee and Fedavee associations were completely formed;" words most ominous through the East, and affording some most curious parallelisms in the history of man. About the third age of the

Hegira, therefore, was perfected the most potent and monstrous system of doctrine and initiatory subjection ever exhibited by devoted followers to their all-powerful chief. The whole race established themselves upon a subjection of all powers bodily and mental, equally as surprising as the reappearance of the long expected Mahdi himself. But the secrets of Mageism, the emanations of divinity, the supernal powers taught by the Ismaélians, are hidden in the darkness of night. Hints and surmises are sounded, at intervals, from the mysterious source whence these glimpses of the past are *revealed*. These hints, imperfect as they are, will develope the state of the Arabiàn empire, when Karmath sought for the sweetness of *revenge*.

CHAPTER II.

' He looks as serious though serene as night—
He shall be Memnon, from the Ethiop king,
Whose statue turns a harper once a day."

KARMATH of Kufa had one only passion to gratify, it was revenge; how copiously does the human heart lodge and welcome this fell inmate; when surrendered to its impulses it feels an anticipated triumph with the exultation of a demon. Kufa contained formerly the house of Habesci, his foes: and the wealth of Mizraim's land, the luxuries of Bagdad's throne, would not have bribed his soul from the gratification which he sought for. "Author of evil, knowest thou not it clothes thee as a garment? and as the Sheik of the wilderness declares, however sweet its draught, it shall eat into thy bones." Alas! the children of clay learn not these lessons from the experience of others; they are scorched; they rush on the flame ere they acquire the tardy but certain conviction, that he who is cruel becomes so to his own flesh; all the powers of om-

nipotence add only fresh tortures to the cruel and rugged heart: Karmath sought for revenge, and its progress deluged Arabia, Iran, and Sham in blood. Revenge was indeed the trial and the test of Karmath and of his foes—the events are written on the hearts of many a desolated resident of Kufa, Hillah, and Bagdad—they witnessed the scenes herein detailed; the wonders which are told of the destinies, the trials, and misfortunes of this ill-fated family, are not amid the usual permissions of providence to arrest the natural course of this material scene, and to perplex his creatures; they were perhaps the last rebellious outrages of that dreadful race who, cultivating the occult arts, and leaguing themselves with diabolical power, sold themselves to work evil. That such demonstrations were often manifested to the illustrious Harûn al Raschid is displayed in the beautiful narratives of the East; at whose sound the Bedouin suspends his lance, and crouches, intently listening; as they proceed, the crowding auditors of Iran and of Sham take their hookah from their lips, to catch the impassioned words.

Harûn al Raschid knew his father's resolve to clear the land of the followers of magic, and the disciples of Ismail; he pursued his steps, and denounced, as the worst of criminals, all persons convicted of necromantic practices; numbers were cut off in the reign of his father, and a far greater

number perished during his own. But Karmath, more terrible than any enchanter, more powerful than any leader forth of the sons of civil commotion, succeeded in laying the foundation of a sect, which, dark as the thunder cloud, and destructive as the lightning's flash, became a resort for all these foul perpetrators of evil.

Amid the deep forests and caves of Mazanderan, amid mountains rocked by earthquakes, and the mysterious fires of the burning plain of Bakû, they resided as in their native element; from the eagle fortresses of Rodbear and All-hamout they issued forth to wither and to destroy; as the vulture snuffs his banquet, and hastes to his prey, so did the associates of the power and revengeful feelings of Karmath pursue their career of blood.

It was at the most flourishing period of the rule of the renowned Harûn al Raschid that the celebrated city of Hillah arose to the zenith of her prosperity and grandeur. Situated on the course of the Euphrates, adjoining to the mounds and ruins of imperial Babylon, Hillah might be said to inherit a large portion of nature's bounties, and to revel in a profusion of luxurious enjoyments. Cultivating the arts, and mistress of a lucrative commerce from her happy position, her stately buildings embellished on all sides the banks of the stream, while her gardens spread in exquisite beauty and sweet luxuriance around. The inhabitants of

this favoured city were protected against any wandering Arabs, or any hostile force, by lofty and strong walls, flanked with towers, and its ample circuit afforded room for various stately mansions and gardens, with the abode of the governor, and some families descended from the princes of this rich and ancient land; a chain of boats formed a bridge across the Euphrates, preserving the communications betwixt the opposite banks; the suburbs on each quarter were encircled with groves which stretched to the edge of the river. The position of Hillah, independently of its riches or power, conferred a consequence and interest upon her; the site on which she stood, about the centre of the great Chaldean plain, brought necessarily within her walls the constant flux and reflux of visitors to and from the vast regions of Irak, or Mesopotamia, in their way up or down the Euphrates, the oldest and finest and most revered river of the East. Descending from the snow-capped summits of Ararat, the waters of this famous stream, converging in its course with the rapid Tigris, flows by the renowned cities of Nineveh, Ctesiphon, and the fallen Babylon; their united waves at length, confined in one channel, impetuously sweep along until the river disembogues itself into the Persian Gulf. Thus was the city of Hillah distinguished by the most important advantages. Seated amid gardens which supplied the

most exquisite fruits, its roses and flowers breathed a richer perfume than those of any other city of the East; they wafted a gale of fragrance far and wide around, penetrating with delight the senses of those, who, viewing its beauties from the river, rapidly passed by its walls; but none of these advantages, neither its luxuries, nor its fertility, its position amid the highly favoured scenes, where history and tradition establish the paradisical site of Eden—none of these privileges conferred greater celebrity on Hillah than her immediate proximity to the ruins of the once mighty Babylon, spreading around, abandoned and desolate, and frowning in gloomy and sombre majesty.

About four miles to the north-eastward of Hillah, amid these wide spreading plains of Irak, the lightning-blasted piles of Babylon appear, and close to the ruins sweeps by with powerful stream the renowned Euphrates, oldest of rivers! which lingers near these mysterious piles, and bathes with its waters fragments graven with the magic characters, lying conspicuous amidst hills of sun-dried bricks. Here desolation reigns supreme over the impressive scene, which is marked by a solemnity and silence affecting and terrible! The vestiges of overthrown fragments, of cleft ravines, of shattered palaces blackened by the trace of sulphureous flames, speak a tale of wickedness, and display evidences of

divine judgment and vengeance truly appalling. The silence of this spot has no affinity to that of the soothing repose of nature, but seems only *the awful pause* preceding the demonstration of some great act of supernatural power—some signal vengeance—such as appears in the wondrous scene around. So vast are their crumbled masses, that the ruins appear to the eye to be mountains of nature's work, scathed and shattered in her anger. History points to them as the relics of a mighty and a glorious empire. One eminent pile, rent from top to bottom, is furrowed around with vast clefts and ravines, gloomy and unsightly recesses, wherein the beams of day never penetrated, and the eye withdraws its gaze in silent horror; for there crawl in safety, bloated unsightly reptiles and poisonous serpents, hissing forth their fierce defiance. Owls, also, and satyrs of the wilderness, keep their undisturbed resort amid these awful courts. On the south of these wild ruins, pre-eminently horrible, towers a mountain of sun-burnt mystic brick, the Mujelebè, whose square sides are ploughed by the scars of the elements, and riven by the thunder's rage. Although as great as a mountain of Caucasus, it is soon discovered also to be a sad memorial of man's pride, and itself to have perished by the storms which overthrew all the adjoining monuments of the plain; its sides erect

themselves as the frowning relics of some impregnable fortress, especially to the north-east, where, as if to declare its original magnificence, one upright line of wall, constructed of the finest brickwork, rears still its undemolished front, towering over a cleft so deep, that the eye shrinks back from its horrid gloom and yawning sides, whence issue forth murmurs and sounds unearthly and dreadful. A blast, cool and chill, oftentimes whistles forth from the interior of the cavity, as if the earth opened and suffered through her frame, while the terrified beholder hastens to fly from the dreadful spot. Dying away, as with a deep sigh, the keen icy blast will cease, and instantly will steam upward fumes of glowing heat and scorching flame, pouring forth a withering blight and mildew on all around; no grass, no budding flower, no fragrant blossom lives within the sphere of this doleful ruin, but one solitary wonderful majestic object, rearing its leafy head near the mysterious walls of the adjoining gigantic mound, which still retain their name of Al Kasr, the palace. The whole circumference of the pile (composed of relics of millions of highly finished bricks) is fallen, destroyed, and ruined; and in the centre of their desolation blows and flourishes one majestic tree, not a palm, neither a cedar, but a tree partaking the sweets of one, and the imperishable verdure of the other. All Arabia hails

it as a blessed tree of Paradise, watched by good spirits, and sustained amid these tower-clad solitudes of magic power and uncleanness, these haunts of evil spirits, and terrible scenes of evil men and wicked demons, to support the unwary or unconscious visitant allured or betrayed hither; to show, even in the chosen haunts of their power, that demon malice cannot destroy what providence will save, and that hope and trust have a bright beam on them mightier than the terrible forms which apparently haunt these spots.

The arid sterile plain sweeps onward from the broad Euphrates to the horizon, an uniform waste of sands, save where it is loaded with these widely-spreading ruins, which diverge and spread around for miles, and are occasionally intersected by deep trenches and lines of communication; these were formerly canals of limpid waters, carrying health, plenty, and riches through the abodes of myriads of rejoicing mortals. Now, as if labouring under the curse of the plain, they are filled with sluggish oozings from the Euphrates, or as stagnant reservoirs of its inundations loading the air with pestilence within these marshes. The cormorant makes the solitary desert echo his sullen cry—the birds of the wilderness flap their wings and scream undisturbed amid the splashing pools—for the daunted Arabian leads far hence his flocks into the

distant skirts of the desert, and hastens onward if his keen eye discerns but from afar the shade of these darkling ruins on the distant horizon. The whole space appears by some invisible but pervading influence to be interdicted to man, while the frame and shapes of the frowning masses, marked as they incontestibly are, and graven by his handy work, still possess, in contradistinction to their repellant character, a powerful attraction and invitation to his researches and insatiable curiosity. Demon malice has made their resort wear the impress of their influence, and scattered about the touches of power, of greatness, and bold defiance, which, as if breathing tones of accordance to man's impious wishes, has, in all ages, attracted to these unhallowed caverns and abysses the daring and presumptuous. Far off in the western deserts, the extreme boundary of the ruined site of Babylon, frowns the largest and grandest of her ruins—the brickwork foundation of the Tower of Belus, wherein still appears a fragment of the brick tower. Wildness and savage horror mark the ruins; in these gloomy caves the lion makes his den, and its sides are haunted by serpents and birds of darkness; it stands a solitary and imposing monument of the pride of man, and its signal punishment. It appears a grand mass of ruin from the waters of the Euphrates, which, as if to bring under the gaze of

vain mortals, a spot of such terror and potent influence, winds its fine stream by a bold curvature around a part of the ruins, and washes the base of what appears a stately cliff. As the traveller approaches, instead of the river's banks he now only perceives rows and piles of massive bricks, and curiously graven arrow-headed characters and mystic cylinders, so that he is involuntarily impelled to gaze with horror around, as he surveys such a sweeping and wide spreading destruction, and exclaims—This is Babylon!

Such was the neighbourhood and scenery which, in open view from the garden of Karmath's mansion at Hillah, rivetted the notice and attention of every beholder. Of all the numerous individuals dwelling with him, and bound with his mysterious purposes and destiny, foremost in his affection, as in nature's ties, were a son and two interesting Arab youths; one entered on the verge of manhood, and the others just arriving to the beauty and freshness of ingenuous youth. Karmath entered Hillah apparently almost a fugitive, but he had gradually established a rank and influence superior to every other resident of the city. Seemingly gentle in manners, reserved in intercourse, he was scarcely known by the citizens but for his bounties. He evidently had lived an Arab life, and was well versed in the habits of their tribes which frequented the vicinity of the city, for

Cufa in Arabia, and Yezdid in Irak, were the former habitations he named of his manhood. He had risen there to rank and power, and still frequented them, as occasion called him, to exert his influence and control; but some hidden purpose linked him to the vicinity of Babylon, and rendered the banks of the Euphrates more congenial than the plains of Arabia. He even affected to disclaim the wish of possessing the control, which he so powerfully exercised, and adopted the sentiments of a being disgusted with life, and anxious only for quietude and repose. He declared his chief aim to consist in the exercise of benevolent purposes towards the world at large, and the cultivation of those astrological studies, for which the hidden mystic characters of Babylon were to his inflamed imagination an exhaustless store of wisdom. Taught, he said, by occult divinations that the power of the secrets of nature are shown only to the bountiful, he alternately pursued his researches with an ardour that was equalled only by his generosity. None in Hillah, or on the celebrated river which flowed by, could equal his skill in the art of healing. His wisdom commanded the respect of all, and he possessed, from their concurring testimony of his talents, the unbounded confidence of the residents of Hillah, both high and low; his opulence contributed to promote this impression, as vast districts along the banks of the Euphrates appertained

to him, as well as most valuable estates adjoining the Arabian border of the Phrat, where he frequently sojourned. His acquaintance with the Arab tribes of his vicinity was so constant and confidential, that his wishes were more potent in their plans and council than even those of their native Sheiks; and his escort were the choicest of their tribes when he resorted to their tents, or to a leading horde frequently encamped near Bagdad.

Although he was the owner of a spacious mansion within the walls of Hillah, his constant regular abode and residence was an extensive and imposing structure, embosomed in groves and gardens, a short space without the gates of the city; here he exercised the beneficial distribution of his favours in medicine and pharmacy. He so freely bestowed the choicest balms and balsams of the East, that none wondered at the constant resort of strangers, and the influx of spices and bales, to his courts. A spacious quay, paved with dark irregular fragments brought from the adjacent plain, formed a rectangular court, flanked by a line of rooms, filled with the precious loadings constantly floating on the noble stream to the edge of the court, whence they were instantly deposited in the range. Around this court blossomed the pomegranate, the juniper, the cypress, interspersed with date and sycamores, and many trees and shrubs of evergreen and darkling colour, calculated to throw

a dark and gloomy hue upon the surrounding walls. The Euphrates, somewhat impeded, and chafed by a projecting fragment of rock, or ruined quay, sent forth a roaring melancholy noise, a murmur as of the wailing of sorrow, as it flowed onward beneath the shade of the groves spreading to its banks; adjoining these buildings was a wall connecting them with the mansion itself, of short extent, and considerable height; it contained a stone door way of unusual thickness, apparently green with creeping lichens and moss, from disuse and age, as it seemingly led to no part of the edifice, for the border of trees at this spot closed over with a depth of gloom and darkness that appeared sufficiently indicative it was no place of human resort or enjoyment. With this line ended all that appeared forbidding or mysterious in the arrangement of the building. A large court opened from the principal entrance, paved around, shaded by the orange and citron, and planted with sycamores and palms; a noble fountain threw up its refreshing waters in the centre, in front of the line of open galleries spreading around the court, and communicating with the interior of the mansion; one portion was occupied by three extensive halls, whose columns of marble admitted the view of a garden filled with variegated flowers, shrubs, and umbrageous groves; two large square rooms connected every office and con-

veniency for the residence and accommodation of the numerous family usually collected under this roof.

The proprietor of the mansion was alike the object of the respect and fear of all around. He was tall and muscular, commanding of mien, and of a bold and dauntless expression; yet, withall, tinged by an air of deep abstraction and habitual silence, which softened materially an irresistible dread which usually arose from his appearance. The prompt obedience which terror inclined most persons to yield instantly to an eye of flame, recovered its scattered sympathies on witnessing a composure so instantly quenching the gleam of passion, as to tranquillize the startled imagination which shrunk at the tone and gesture of power. This alarm (the prescient warning of our inward guide and monitor, the soft whisper of spirit which searches the inward tones of the soul) was usually dissipated by the unruffled and unmoved demeanour of Karmath; so that the spectator doubted if his whole feeling and judgment were not alike injurious and precipitate, unless a chance word, or phrase of dubious meaning, jarred on some painful string,—then the lightning's glare was not more startling, and the heart knew the demonstration of its fearful surmisings. Although Karmath's figure was towering, his gliding noiseless step gave an air

of suspicion to his watchful and penetrating glances, and enchained his household in the most profound and reverential obedience.

This feeling he moreover commanded from all, by a settled sternness and collectedness, which insensibly and irresistibly moulded all inferior agents, and even, to appearance, the perplexing contrarieties of life to the scope of its own purposes. Active, immoveable, provident of means, and skilful of design, the multiplied and dangerous enterprises of Karmath were so deeply laid, and the contravening obstacles so imperturbably met, and successfully controlled, that all who witnessed his public conduct, equally admired his intellectual endowments, as well as the felicitous star, which seemingly subjected him to embarrassment and difficulties, to show his self-command and good fortune in overcoming them.

Although his liberality and generous profusion bespoke the extent of his possessions, and the active and important influence he exercised in various channels throughout Irak, raised him on a level with the princes of the districts, yet his patient character, and intercourse with the lowest citizen or Arab who sought his aid, excited the astonishment of those, who more closely witnessed the powers of his intellect; but, in truth, it was one among many traits of the depth and refinement of subtlety, whereby Karmath supplied the springs

and agents for his plans. Did his supremacy in the populous villages and plains of the united streams of the Euphrates and Tigris shine forth too strongly for the simple individual of Hillah— he then became the kind patron of the poor, and their physician. Divested of show and retinue, he passed from town to town, alleviating the evils of the great, and soothing the afflictions of the poor; and thus sustained by the prejudices of the godlike gift he exercised, the proud forgot their heart-burnings, and the wretched venerated him as a Santon, or a being of superior excellence. If his favourite abode near Hillah received swarms of emissaries and of visitants—a journey to Bagdad and Bassora, and arrivals of spicy bales to recruit the exhaustion of his unlimited bounties, sufficiently allayed or removed every cause of alarm, which his increasing popularity would excite in a jealous governor: thus, pursuing a career of no common character, and occupied and deeply engrossed by views of some eminent attraction, Karmath was alternately the object of fear, suspicion, and admiration.

Meantime he moved onward, as if quite unconscious of a single purpose or thought that would furnish observation to any. Always silent and calm, he apparently was devoted to abstract thought and meditation; while, in reality, his personal activity was unbounded. His silent watchfulness and decided attention to the duties of the instant, led him

so clearly and efficaciously through every engagement of the day, that, to his visitant, or his casual associate, he always appeared easy, leisurable, and disengaged; but no sooner had the idle or busy crowds of the noon dispersed, and the gates of his mansion closed, than, throwing off his flowing robe and sable-edged sleeves, he resumed a light dress, became engaged intensely in his studies, or his practices of chymic arts, visiting his whole scope of important buildings, and, as a soul of flame, combining arrangements for scientific purposes, the combinations and application of which he confined to his own breast.

Whatever were his pursuits, they were generally guarded from observation in the spacious hall adjoining to the low arched door and darkling grove of all this range. Karmath alone preserved the key; and here, ere the evening star rose over the Birs, the most gloomy and towering of the distant mounds of Babylon, he disappeared from all eyes: nor did his household behold him until the morning brought light and life and active exertion into the walks of men.

Karmath, although complacent of mien and feature, seldom relaxed into a smile; and rarely frowned, unless violent irritation, or an uncontrollable excitement, called forth such expression; then it was indeed ghastly and appalling to the beholder, and respect and affection died away

before it. The look was deadly and implacable; it invested his calm marble physiognomy with an air of malignity so indelible, that the heart felt the curtain of concealment was withdrawn, and there was clothed the true man, or rather fiend; for all beside was manifestly deep art and consummate deception. Such displays were but rare, and Karmath moved on in a sphere of attraction, daily waxing greater and greater.

Karmath had one only son, whose heavy calamity was a fatal blow to all his projects and pursuits; for Heman, although cast in a mould of fair proportion, and adorned with features regular, and even comely, after his opening traits had manifested a prospect of singular promise, had suddenly been seized with a sluggishness of purpose and aberration of conduct, nearly allied to idiotcy, totally foreign to his appearance, and leading to such imbecile acts of folly, as evidenced an utter incapacity and fatuity. Every resource of science and skill, all that riches could supply, or art suggest, had Karmath put in practice to relume an intellect, often emitting sparks of brightness.

Frequently, as if to rekindle false hopes, and excite the agonizing expectations of his parent, flashes of inward thought would pervade the deep mental darkness, and irritate, to a tenfold degree, the awful throes, denoting the passions of his father. In these paroxysms, fixing on his son's heated brow a

gaze of intensity, which would appear to turn its flashing lightnings upon the fair, but vacant features before him, Karmath would look on him, as if he wielded the powers of invisible nature, and would scan the soft and motionless contour of his son's countenance, as if his eye read with preternatural light the inward map of the brain itself, and could penetrate its mazy secrets and organic developments by his glance.

Whatever was the origin and cause of Heman's diseased mental frame, Karmath always appeared influenced by the conviction that it was a superhuman infliction; he always acted, as if his heart felt the hope and assurance that it might yet pass away. He often quoted the wise saying of Ziyad, "Thy lot or portion of life is seeking after thee, therefore be at rest from seeking after it." But while his lips poured forth the sentiment, his heart wandered far away from its practice. The errors, the miseries of his life, flowed from a presumptuous questioning of the ways of that high and mighty one, who suspends the destinies and the fortunes of man in his balance. For where presumption would scan his inscrutable will, great Allah allows blindness and darkness in part to cover the visual rays, and leaves the bad man to the disappointment of his ways. But while Karmath thus pursued a phantom, which speciously allured his steps to unmitigated woe, in one subject he was himself the

model of patience and gentleness, as far as he could give indulgence to the imbecile desires and purposes of Heman; for, as if arranged by the usual rule and scope of nature's wise purposes and decrees, the more weak and impotent the habits and practices of Heman became, the more powerfully soothing and binding appeared the feelings of his parent, who, in all things appertaining to him alone, surrendered the potent and commanding influence of his mind, and smiled in unison to his smiles of vacancy, and fostered his weak and childish pursuits with accents of encouragement, until some vagrant ray of thought, some scintillation of mind, overset his strong balance of inward control, and betrayed the inexpressible ranklings of the death wound, which thus fostered at his heart. Upon all else around him, such awe had been impressed from the richness of his mental stores, and the unvarying firm system of a rigorous superintendance, that his will became the instantaneous aim of every individual of every class to forward and perform.

Heman, in youth's first bloom, the idol of such a parent, was of necessity the object of respectful attention to the whole household; idle, weak, and mischievous, he gamboled as the boy, or toyed as the infant; and unless irritated (for which the slightest occasions sufficed), he was easy and soft of disposition, but withall, jealous, watchful, and malicious.

Two other youths formed part of the family of Karmath, and usually partook of his smiles, although under a far stronger restraint of fear. The youngest, Adalia, was younger than Heman by twelve months, and formed his chief comfort and delight; as, in his presence, he more freely indulged his wayward freaks and fancies. Adalia, ripening from the boy into manhood, now somewhat endeavoured to throw off this yoke of dependency, but felt checked and overawed by the commanding air and look of his patron. Whether a distant relation or slave he knew not, as he had been removed from the romantic lake of Kerbela, where, under the care of a plain and steady man, who cultivated a farm on its banks, and subsisted on its produce, he had been brought up from early infancy, although exempted from labour and the unvarying routine of the laborious diurnal toil and prospects. From this secluded scene, in early boyhood, about six years since, Adalia was transported, on one bright and burning day of summer, to Karmath's noble gardens, and to Heman's intimacy. His mind matured enough to taste the sweets of ease and riches; his fancy captivated with the altered scene of things; the rustic bench exchanged for silken cushions, plain repasts for sumptuous feasts, watching the flocks for plays and games; the enticing change worked on his years and ductile mind the

full effect of Karmath's wishes, and, after a few days curious wonder, Adalia resigned his lively playful mind unto full enjoyment with all around him.

Adalia, although immersed in soft idleness, and the companion of an imbecile youth, possessed from nature a heart of pure ingenuous worth, and talents of no ordinary power. Deprived, by his patron's will, of all cultivation incompatible with Heman's habits, he nevertheless formed interrogatories, and compared the plans and pursuits of those around him, with a deeply inwrought desire to comprehend their scope; and a pure and fervent thirst of excelling strengthened his powers of thought, and acquired for him reflective habits of self regulation.

"Knowledge is the ornament of the rich, and the riches of the poor," was the sentiment his ears once caught from the lips of Karmath, and ever treasured; and fain would the neglected Adalia have listened to the wise teacher, for even the versatile and childish humours of Heman operated as warnings and beacons, as he became impressed by the judicious prudence and forbearance of the slaves who environed Heman, selected for the qualities by the sagacity of Karmath. But while his heart gathered these principles of mental strength, their secret influences were not fully known to himself,

nor at all discernible by Heman, as they were often chequered by exuberant liveliness, and retarded by constitutional impatience of restraint.

Although younger by twelve months, Adalia was equally tall and stout with Heman, in mould and shape they were nearly matched; but in the glory of intellect and charm of expression, what would not Karmath have surrendered to have invested Heman with the fine and open look of fearless ease which marked his youthful companion's brow, and the sparkling lustre of his clear brown eyes, the mouth and lips ever curved, and settling in an arch intelligent smile; redundant of animal spirits, buoyant with every sportive fancy, the liveliness and variety of Adalia's mind worked off the ennui and vacancy of Heman's plans, and threw a change and delicacy of selection into his amusements, which the gay and frolic spirit of Adalia only could provide; hence he was his unbounded favourite, and beloved by him as much as his torpid mind could experience attachment, and Heman ever strenuously laboured to conceal every youthful refractoriness or disobedience of his associate which might call forth his father's dreaded displeasure.

If Adalia was thus necessary and interwoven with Heman's pursuits, the manly and impressive appearance of Jamī at once established his claims to the familiar intercourse awarded to him by Karmath, much longer known in the household

and abode of his patron. Jamī also knew not his parents, the true source of his existence, nor the origin of the ties which bound his fortunes to Karmath's; he remembered nothing beyond the caresses or instructions of his preceptors, and the directions and influential commands of his patron: surrounded by every means of acquirement, and gifted with an understanding most powerful and enlarged, his delighted mind imbibed the instructions afforded him, as the rich soil absorbs the life-sustaining drops of heaven, and as they return not thither again barren and fruitless, so did his noble faculties develop germs of fair ripening blossoms, which soon matured into highly flavoured fruits. Second to Karmath only in knowledge (in which it appeared his patron's earnest desire to perfect him), in the firm outline of purpose and performance he was his superior, as the lofty renunciation of self, gratitude for benefits, a manly ingenuous demeanour to all around, and sweet humility to those below him, at once announced Jamī's perfect love of virtue and of wisdom, and his eager desire for, and cultivation of, whatever could set off and improve the personal purity wherewith his life was fraught; ardently thirsting for wisdom and improvement to guide his existence onward, he had measured its scale of duties, and deeply reflected on its claims; hence his step and demeanour were stately and sedate, his mind also regardful and

fixedly attentive to Karmath, whose intellectual superiority he had carefully noticed, he had insensibly transfused into his practice the even and calm demeanour of Karmath's habit, which soon became in Jamī uniform and unchangeable. His stature was tall and muscular, knit together in great strength, and capable of a powerful effort; his features had seized the mould of his feeling, they were majestic, yet flexible to every varying emotion of the mind which shone in their expression; his hair was dark as the raven, and yet appeared outdone by the deep lustre of his jet black eyes, which, in particular moments of feeling, acquired an expansion and fulness that fascinated the beholder, and appeared to pour the ample tide of their expression into his inmost soul; his look and form bore a stamp of nobleness of thought and deed, which, aided by a vigorous understanding, and undeviating suavity of manners, rendered Jamī the favourite and friend of the whole circle of Hillah, as well as of Karmath's house.

Under the plea of familiarizing him to foreign Arab cities, and the management of his concerns, just at the period of Adalia becoming the inmate of Karmath's household, he had despatched Jamī to Bagdad, whence he was directed to repair to Moussul. While in that city, he became known to the caliph from an occurrence which was not less honourable to the feelings of Jamī, than it

was dangerous to his personal safety; the event was early known to the vigilant Karmath, and Jamī leaving by his commands the spot, had returned subsequently to Hillah, whence, after a very short residence, he was despatched to Peri Sabour, and employed in the superintendance of an important estate; from thence (after having travelled into Syria), enriched in mind by cultivation, strengthened by innate powers, and mixing with mankind, Jamī was now returned to Hillah, a being of rich and powerful promise, awaiting eagerly any path of duty and usefulness which Karmath might be pleased to announce in the progress of his plans. Here he found the sprightly, lively, and interesting Adalia, and here he contemplated what he sighed and grieved to behold, the handsome and imbecile heir and only child of such a patrimony, and of such a parent.

Attendant on Heman and Adalia, among other numerous instruments of his purpose and his will, was a black slave, peculiarly their companion; he was gigantic of stature, and so strongly formed, as to be distinguishable amid a crowd of his fellow slaves for a model of strength. Hassarac, by his powers, and a devotedness to his will, was a peculiar favourite of Heman, to whose childish sports and fancies he sometimes devoted himself with a zeal that charmed his imbecile charge, warding off the inconveniences and even dangers

which the childish folly of Heman would wantonly create; no toils, or fatigue, or degradation, appeared an effort on the part of the Ethiopian while thus employed. To every other being Hassarac wore a fixed and somewhat menacing air, so as to become an object of fear to all, but the lively incautious Adalia, who, regardless of the imposing aspect, and lurking fierceness of his eye, indulged in keen sarcasm or mirthful tricks, neither observant or regardful of the signs of threatening import, extorted by his tiring inflictions.

CHAPTER III.

"—————— I will be
For ever by you as your shadow."

JAMĪ, arrived at the full age of manhood, and passed his twenty-second year, was at once placed by Karmath in the engagements of his own active and diversified career. Without wholly initiating him into the secrets of pharmacy, he taught him enough of its useful rules so as to enable him to use it successfully to the benefit of others, by aid of the rich profusion of balms and balsams heaped in the storehouses. In these habits, and at his morning scene of visitants and audience, Jamī was always required, and his presence and aid were by degrees so interwoven with the personages around, that he insensibly became habituated to the difficult and important talent of swaying the course of conversation, whereby he moulded the feelings of their visitors imperceptibly to the tendency and consequences most desirable and propitious to his patron:

clearly divining the wishes of Karmath to aim at increasing his influential power, without exciting lively jealousy; Jamī so judiciously blended the assiduities of youth, and the charms of personal attentions, by an improving insight into character, that he rendered his patron the most essential services.

These youths, and his unfortunate son, were at the present instant exclusively the residents of Hillah; and Karmath himself, although usually shut up and secluded so as to appear rivetted by some object of pursuit to the spot, yet frequently absented himself suddenly, and without any apparent notice, for long and indefinite periods. His discernment and sagacity had, however, so arranged the routine of daily domestic concerns, that his eye seemed still present, and in Jamī's hands (as if relieved of part of the task he had involuntarily undertaken) Karmath day by day relinquished more and more the burden of his household and daily circle upon one so competent to fill it up, and he often remained secluded for weeks in the unknown retirement of the chambers over the Euphrates, or absent on some solitary expedition. He ever on his return, by the minutest inquiries, sifted every minute detail, while Jamī recapitulated his charge. If inadvertently, then, an incident, however trivial, escaped his mention, ere words could find vent, his quick and sparkling eye rebuked the

acute senses of Jamī for his fault, and so completely thus did he fix the rule of receiving the most ample communications from his mouth, and so ably and clearly lay open and demonstrate any failure of discretion in judgment or action, that his powerful ascendancy and mental control appeared matured and strengthened even by his absence and virtual delegation of his authority to his interesting representative.

Karmath, although evidencing every hour and day the truest estimation of Jamī, never, even in the moments of their highest gratifications, betrayed the slightest variation of manner, or relaxed from his settled and regulated tokens of approval into words of praise or tenderness; but Jamī already too well analyzed men and things to vary his self-regulation by the absence of feelings and sentiments which he ceased to expect, on Karmath he thought as on the guardian and protector of his infancy and youth; his natural parents he concluded unknown to him, or early lost to himself by some one of those many thousand vicissitudes and changes operating daily under his eyes. While he thus estimated the past, he considered the weakness of Heman's mind to be one powerful cause of his present elevation, and he considered that thereby the provident sagacity of Karmath was fostering in himself a protector and friend for Heman, when death, in the regular

course of things, should end his career; he therefore bent all the energies of his mind to fill up whatever duty devolved upon him, and to efficaciously second his patron's views; but one material difficulty arose out of his feelings themselves, in the performance of his vigilant care over the household of Karmath. To Adalia he irresistibly became more firmly attached, as he watched the movements of his versatile yet ingenuous mind. Indulgent and affectionate towards him, the grateful youth hung on his accents, and venerated his kind admonitions; but no sooner was Jamī withdrawn from the ample courts and hall appropriated to Heman, than the follies of the one, and the giddy devices and mirth of the other, would invent pastimes subversive of all order and control.

Sometimes, amid these scenes of obstreperous mirth, in the absence of Karmath, prudence and necessity demanded the authoritative interference of Jamī, which ever recalling instantly Adalia to reflection and tears, and all-powerful with him as a regulation, was highly displeasing to Heman, and rendered him his bitterest enemy; unto Adalia he urged those habits of rule, and of thought, which should improve and exalt; he pointed out the evil eye of Hassarac, often the subject of his levities, watching his follies, and severely taking account of their sum, and the possibility, unless timely averted, that a caprice of Heman's mind, or a deficiency in

his powers of pleasing, might reduce him to a state of severe reckoning and suffering for his present years of thoughtlessness. Adalia clung to him, even while stung by his reproofs, urging him to continue his warning instructions, and promising the most faithful observance: the discretion or the feelings of Adalia ever kindly and generous, preserved for some time their proper limits, and adorned the hours of his associate with liveliness and mirth; his love for Jamī augmented the more, as he spared daily from his numerous avocations some portion, however small, to direct and improve his intellectual powers, an object hitherto unnoticed by Karmath, and which apparently drew closer the attachment so deeply rooted in their respective minds.

Thus these interesting beings had employed themselves, during a more than unusually protracted absence, when one morning, as Jamī, encircled by some Arabs of the Ghuzzall tribe, was entertaining them with the hospitalities always enjoined towards them by his patron, and after receiving their pledges of respectful attachment towards himself, was proceeding to direct the safe deposit of some valuable drugs, which their tribes greatly needed, upon the camels of their escort, safely stationed within the rectangular court, when a confused noise and uproar pervaded the whole of the mansion, and Jamī despatched his confidential slave to ascertain the

cause; his guests became exasperated by the news that their camels, alarmed and frightened at some sudden appearance, had become altogether ungovernable, and, after bruising and trampling their conductors, who were taken unawares, that they were dispersing in every direction. Stepping hastily to the open arcades encircling the court, Jamī beheld with bitter vexation and anger the fact confirmed, and the scene confused beyond description, camels plunging to and fro, rushing forth from the court and flying towards the deserts. To supply his enraged and agitated friends with the means of pursuit, and add all the necessary auxiliary aid, was his first consideration, which done, he hastened towards the inner courts of Heman, whence the noises and tumult proceeded; passing swiftly forward among a confused jargon of the surrounding slaves, he started, for at the moment he thought that he saw a panther by its wily crouch making forward to seize a fierce and aged camel, which evidently at bay, highly frightened, and making most hideous noises, prepared to stun his antagonist on his approach with his fore feet. In a moment, ere he could cross the court, peals of laughter came from the mock beast, which, in its unbounded career of joy and amusement at the poor camel's fright and stiffened attitudes, rolled in giddy delight on the marble pavement; but the thrilling tones of Jamī's angry voice operated as powerfully on

the fictitious panther, as his disguise had become to the herd he had so mischievously frightened; hastily rising upright in the closely fitted envelop of a panther's skin, the paws spread adroitly over his slender arms, and the whole disguise most skilfully arranged, stood the now ashamed and terrified Adalia, his visage glowing with the violent exertions and gambolings of his sport, his eyes bright and sparkling, and his features still unable to subdue the full flow of laughter which the dangerous sport had called forth. Seeing by Jamī's settled severity, that his displeasure was probably indicative of punishment to the offender, Hassarac appeared ready to receive his commands, when Heman, whom he had vainly sought for through the court, rendered the alarm real, and highly alarming. Transported at the project of Adalia's, of enacting the wild beasts among the camels (a feat suggested to his vivid fancy by a present Heman had received of a fine panther), they had prepared two beautiful skins used as a couch, against such a favourable opportunity as the arrival of the Arab guests; bounding hastily forward, they had so well performed their parts as to throw the poor beasts into the most distressing panic and terror, dispersing them on all sides; but while Adalia, with a character of manliness, selected for the continuance of his sport the animal who seemed to furnish a semblance of resistance, Heman, in ecstacies of delight

at the success of their stratagem, with the malice and imbecility usually commixed with his purposes, hastened privately to the court, and freed the panther from his den to add to their sport: with rapture he saw the active animal with a bound rush into the court, where stood the conscious Adalia and Jamī, with a confused circle of slaves. Startled at such a concourse, the animal by a spring cleared some of the foremost, striking to the ground a slave which impeded his progress towards the camel; the throng flying in all directions deprived Jamī of every opportunity of acting, he was also unarmed, save the dagger of his belt, having laid his scimetar on the cushions of the couch in the hall; in one moment, uttering a tremendous roar, the panther rushed on the camel, which, stately and fierce, never moved her eye from his form, and so successfully watched the spring, that starting aside she avoided the attack, inflicting a severe blow with her feet: fiercely growling, the panther was about renewing his plunge, when seeing the similar skin and figure of Adalia, mute and trembling before Jamī, and far more sensitive of his tones of displeasure, than of the animal's fury, he leaped on the unguarded and unhappy youth, and bore him to the earth. Grasped in the powerful claws of the savage monster, and overthrown, his death seemed inevitable; the slaves dispersed were flying with shrieks and outcries in every direction, when Jamī

darting forward, buried his poniard in the throat of the animal, a stream of blood poured from his jaws over the prostrate Adalia, as the animal left him to turn on Jamī; at that moment the torn and wounded youth hastily lifting himself, his features became agonized with horror as he perceived the imminent danger of Jamī. On the pavement near him were the equipments of the camel, strewn on the ground in its violent struggles to escape the panther, amid the housings lay a pistol, presenting itself to his frantic eye; summoning his remaining strength, nearly exhausted by the cruel gripe and loss of blood, he aimed at the furious animal, which roaring in agony, and rearing on its hind legs, was in the very act of overwhelming Jamī; the high strung nerve kept firm to its purpose, the ball passed through the panther's heart, and with a deep growl he fell backward by the side of the lacerated Adalia, who, seeing his friend preserved, uttered a cry of joy, and fainted from loss of blood and excess of emotion.

In a few instants (for the whole passed with the rapidity of thought) the gloomy figure of Hassarac appeared, armed with a carbine, and followed by several other slaves anxious to save Jamī, whom they found perfectly unruffled, grasping his poniard, which streamed with blood, and the terrible beast and Adalia lying apparently lifeless on the pavement. Instantly disengaging the bleeding youth from his

uncouth disguise, Jamī with the most intense anxiety examined his hurts, and had him borne to a couch; they proved deep and severe, and long confined him to the tediousness of a sick chamber: here Jamī passed each instant not required by his duties to Karmath, and viewing with great apprehension the unheeded career of him he so highly prized, Jamī availed himself of the opportunity which confinement afforded to express the feelings of his heart; while Adalia, secretly rejoicing in the nearly fatal wounds, which thus banished the displeasure of his friend, was more sensible of the contrast of his constant intercourse, with the careless indifference of Heman, who pursued his usual career of pleasures with some other favourite.

The dreaded return of Karmath passed off without any of the evils looked for on the part of the offender, who was left in ignorance whether he even knew of the incident, as not a word referring to it escaped his lips; and soon parting again from his home, Jamī was left in charge of his household. Adalia, now nearly recovered, was reclining on his couch, which, for the advantage of air and the evening sunset, was drawn before the opened window; Jamī, seated near him, was admiring the playful sallies of his mind, and watchful of each pause to instil some warning lesson and caution, when Adalia, attentively eying him, began as follows:

"Well, my preceptor, you will see my future

obedience in actions at least, but thoughts you know are free."

"Why that threatening inuendo, Adalia?"

"Because grave and penetrating as you are, and frivolous and thoughtless as I seem, many an object may perhaps come before the ken of such an one as me, which would never be glimpsed at by your wisdom. Now, doubtless, you deem all gratitude due on my part to the mysterious silent Karmath, and respectful dread towards that ferocious monster Hassarac."

"Peace," interrupted Jamī; "curb your tongue toward one so deserving your gratitude as Karmath."

"So I thought formerly," replied the youth; "but a little more observation than they wish has taught me part of their secrets."

"Fie! Adalia; becomes it your ingenuous mind to steal on our patron's privacy, and watch his ways?"

"No, no," exclaimed he gaily, "but to exercise the wits which nature has endowed me with may prove no harm; nay, even *yourself* may become more indebted to me than you are aware of. The feather, which shed from the wing of the towering eagle, sports, wafted to and fro, the mockery of the elements, when placed by wisdom in the well-aimed shaft, may bathe itself in the heart's blood of the mighty."

"Nobly said, Adalia, and what application

does your giddy pate make of this magnificent saying?"

"Oh! Jamī, you know not where you are, nor how surrounded; nor do I yet see my way; but I have a thought which long, long since, I had developed to you, but your well-ordered prudence and beaming eye of wisdom overawed me: I also wanted the power or means which now these fortunate wounds afford me."

"Why, Adalia, you dream; list you not how eve by eve we have had the silent moments to ourselves? What hindered you then from making known your thoughts?"

"Look thither," the youth replied; he pointed from the elevated chamber to a dark frowning eminence, which, in the distance catching the beams of the setting sun, was settling fast in one denseness, as fading away, ray by ray, they announced the setting of the bright orb of day on the opposite horizon. "As soon," said Adalia, "as the last sparkles of light cease from that mound, so must our lips forbear their present theme."

In a few instants the rich suffusion of the gilded clouds above, and the perfect form of the distant hill, announced the sun had set, and Adalia, as if by some master effort, overcoming every latent emotion which he had betrayed, proceeded onward through the remainder of the evening with playfulness and sportive raillery which surprised,

while it highly amused, his graver companion, who could but inadequately parry the light attacks of his friend, as he ruminated anxiously over the startling tenour of their past conversation—until Adalia gaily resumed :

"What punishment, grave master, was you meditating for your rebellious pupil, when the beneficent panther clasped me so closely? I saw the sweet Hassarac listening for the sounds which should call for the cord and the scourge he would gladly have presented me with."

"Well, Adalia, I cannot say that they might have been wholly undeserved, had not your spotted friend, as you now gaily term the beast, inflicted a punishment far exceeding your offence; but what could tempt your thoughts to such a frolic, so fraught with danger?"

"Oh! the mere languor of having the same hours to pass in the same vacuity: then we float on the fine pool of our garden and fish; the sport has no zest, no hidden charm of difficulty to overcome. The very finny tribe of the basin swim successively to the bait, as if wearied of the still element and their bounded range. Heman pleasures in the sport, because his eyes glisten as he twists off the struggling victims from his hook. I dare not murmur or refuse—once I have done so! Well, you know not the secrets of our halls! Then we swing—this has some charm. The mind has some

tone of elasticity as it loftily rises to the summit of a high domed chamber, and the thoughts work upward with the mounting blood! The quoits are fine, but Heman must always win. Thus, tired with these sports, we resolved on a change, and the panther arrived quite opportunely to give me the credit of such a bright device."

"Young offender as you are," Jamī smilingly said, "how do you excuse your torpid forgetfulness of all my wise cautions in these various freaks?"

"Nay, dear Jamī, we had both our schemes in this wild plan," Adalia hesitatingly said, "although both were frustrated; for Heman has since laughingly told me, his kind hopes were to draw down a severe bastinado upon Bibars, whom he was enraged with a few days ago, and who had custody of the camels!"

Observing Adalia here hesitate in his avowal—"Proceed," Jamī said; "prove your equality at least to the sage and benevolent intent of your playfellow."

"Mine, Jamī," he gravely replied, casting his eyes on the ground, "for to you every thought of my heart must be known—mine was the hope of acquiring and concealing, during the confusion, some of the Arab arms and equipments."

Seeing, by the mounting colour and flashing eye, some desperate purpose lurking under this intention,

Jamī exclaimed—"Poor impetuous boy—weighs then the yoke so heavily—"

Warned to silence by the expressive eyes of Adalia, he turned and beheld Hassarac enter the apartment, and soon Heman appearing with Bibars, once again taken into his favour, Jamī withdrew; for Karmath had in some measure placed his apartments and attendants distinctly apart, and connecting their finishing pavilion with the side wing where he himself resorted for study, which range was severely interdicted without exception to all his household. Heman he knew to be without curiosity to pry beyond his close inclosures, and all around him were too incessantly occupied by his ceaseless claims for their services, to have any opportunity afforded to them even if they possessed the will; he had also in Hassarac a vigilant guard whom no art could deceive or surprise.

Jamī meditated deeply on the scene which had passed, and in his chamber could scarcely dare to shape forth the awful surmises his imagination would have given to the hints he had received. Adalia, just turned of fifteen years, not yet free from the follies of boyhood, capable of penetrating the depths of such a mind as Karmath's! then the tone of heedless levity which ran through his actions and pursuits;—"it cannot be," he exclaimed aloud, but then the extraordinary look of

intelligence with which he accompanied each hint, abrupt and singular as they were, appeared convincing to his mind that something of Karmath's plans lurked behind. Ideas, also chaotic and terrible, hung over a few startling remembrances, and he resolved the next day to devote a considerable portion of time to Adalia and his communications; but he was deprived of the desired opportunity, for Hassarac brought him intelligence of great displeasure having arisen on the part of the governor towards some Arabs of Peri Sabour, particular friends of Karmath. The cacheff of Mesghid had seized several of their tribe, but they had the same night been forcibly released by a considerable party of their friends, who boasted of the friendship and countenance of Karmath as superior even to that of the governor of Hillah. The cacheff threatened an application to the governor, and, finally disappointed of the money which he had hoped to extort by this menace, he had actually put it in force, and so effectually worked on his passions, that, naturally cruel and revengeful, the governor Othman meditated how to compass the fall of Karmath.

Aware of his power and influence being too, strongly rooted for his present means of injury, Othman decided upon rendering the grand judge of Bagdad his ally, who now, by orders of the caliph Harûn al Raschid, was making a tour of the

provinces of Irak. Bribed by a promised participation in the reputed immense wealth of Karmath, the governor doubted not but he would eagerly join to consummate his ruin. Informed of the crisis approaching, Hassarac took notice of the governor's anger, and acquainted Jamī forthwith, requiring him to prepare for an early visit to the governor. Jamī resolved at once to ascertain Othman's intentions ere he proceeded further for assistance, and for this end, taking a present to give weight to his applications, he arrived quickly at the gates of the governor's residence. An appearance of bustle and affected alarm was visible at the entrance, as it was intimated to Jamī that he could not be admitted, from the governor being in council. Awaiting a considerable period of time in vain, Jamī retired to his patron's mansion in the city to revolve over some step, when none appeared so advisable as interesting the venerable Ebn Thaher, the cadi of Hillah, whose high repute for wisdom, and his independent office, made him a personage of great weight. Jamī, leaving his slaves at the outer gate, and fearful of meeting here also a delay, if not repulse, should he send a message, availing himself of the privileges of former friendship, he passed hastily through the outer saloon, where the cadi usually heard his causes, into the inner cabinet, which, as a boy, he had often visited, but from which his long journeyings and distant travels had

for a length of time estranged him. The room was small, but very beautiful; a couch, or divan, of rose-coloured silk of Ghilan ran round three parts of the room, the floor of which was covered with a Persian carpet, the side walls were coloured in compartments, the centre one filled with beautiful flowers; the whole front glazed with sashes of stained glass, was partly thrown open, and looking into a court planted with gay citrons and orange trees, in the centre of which bubbled up a refreshing fountain. The cadi, seated on the centre cushion, was placidly smoking a rich Persian kailoon, which a slave, with his arms crossed before him, watched and tended—upon a slender cedar tripod stood a few superb cups, filled with the strongest and most fragrant coffee—and by his side sate a female of exquisite beauty and blooming youth, who was presenting his favourite liquor to his lips. Jamī stood transfixed with surprize and delight, as he gazed on the fairy form before him, who hastily prepared to withdraw; she was under the full stature, and slight as an airy sylph, but the lovely Lillah possessed a countenance beaming with sensibility and arch expression, her face wore the lustre and fresh tints of the rose—her eyes of hazel were defined by lashes of the soft brown which tinged her flowing tresses, intertwined with the jasmin's gay flower and exhaling perfumes—a light symar of pale blue silk was fastened around her slender waist by a zone of pearls—her vest im-

perfectly hid her light and elastic foot, shod by slippers of the same material: thus ethereal appeared this vision of his senses to the entranced Jamī, while her deep suffusion and heaving bosom spoke of kindred sensations of admiration, as she stood a moment before his stately form, and glanced his manly port and impressive mien, lighted up by the struggling emotions of his heart, shining through his dark black eyes of flame—the pause was short, as the cadi instantly signed to his daughter to leave the apartment; but in that instant's space, they had each caught a view of their respective qualities, and were disposed to admit few subjects of contemplation at variance with their respective objects of admiration.

Somewhat recovering his presence of mind, Jamī entered on his subject, and solicited the aid and advice of the cadi; but to his infinite mortification he found Ebn Thaher predisposed to argue upon the correctness and expediency of the governor's jealousy.

"My young friend," he replied to Jamī's expostulations, "see you not how strong the case stands against you? the governor complains of the highly respectable Karmath. What does he say? He is too powerful for my control—for my command! Is this usual?—is this commendable? At this moment Karmath's little finger would command more followers in Hillah itself than Othman

the governor's signet; and if this be the case within the walls of Hillah, I leave you to surmise how it stands with the Arabs. By my faith to the prophet, there are few parts of the Euphrates where already he might not lord it even now."

"Ebn Thaher! Ebn Thaher!" hastily exclaimed Jamī, "I marvel that you, a cadi, deeply read in the hearts of men, cannot discriminate between the ambitious projects of the proud man, and the necessary influence attendant on the actions of such a being as Karmath? Would he devolve rule and authority on me, leaving all his riches and means at my command, without acquainting me with his projects, had he any such in view? Now, as Allah is my witness, I know of none; but this I know, if Ebn Thaher, now in his absence, would aid the arm and mind of Jamī to avert this storm, the bounties of Karmath might do him more of benefit than all the rapacious governors the court of Bagdad may send hither. What hopes even of this instant's formation struggle not within my beating heart? You see his confidence in me."

"Jamī," said the cadi, "I affect not to mistake your meaning, or to disguise the delight I should feel in these my declining years to join the fate and hand of my darling Lillah to yours, satisfied as my heart is also of your worth; however, receive my first pledge of amity—take this signet, it will ad-

mit you instantly to the presence and confidence of the chief judge, who is my near relation; but first wait a day or two, while I sound the governor, and draw forth his sentiments. Meanwhile, doubt not that Karmath will underrate your or my services; I can furnish you with secrets that he stands on the brink of fate; but be faithful, and rely on Ebn Thaher."

Embracing Jamī, he dismissed him from his presence; and Jamī, rejoining his retinue, retook the route to the garden residence of his patron. He was occupied in deep thought as he entered the gates, until a message from Adalia entreated to see him. Starting at the name, he recollected the promised disclosure of the terrifying hints of their former converse, and as he revolved over Ebn Thaher's speech, and thought of the now sole occupier of his heart, the beauteous Lillah, he perceived that his position was materially altered from what it had been in the morning, when, eager for the development, he longed for the hour in which he could safely visit Adalia's apartment. Now he also trembled to go thither, for his heart was filled with passion for his Lillah, and he saw that if he forfeited the favour and assistance of Karmath he lost her for ever; he therefore viewed with horror the approach of communications which might excite his conscience against himself, and arm him against the disposer of his fate. Dragging himself into the

chamber, he saw Adalia rising from his couch, his fine features animated with impatience as he pointed to the gloomy mound; the sunset yet played about its shining tops.

"Dear hasty Adalia, blame me not," exclaimed Jamī; "matters of deepest import, our master's safety, has kept me in Hillah. Informed by Hassarac——"

"Ah!" interrupted Adalia, "that fiend! he will whisper secrets in your ear day after day to lure you from my voice! Already his pervading influence would blight our confidence. Master's safety! matters of consequence! what are they to Adalia's thoughts? But hush, the beams leave the mountains, and you will see him enter; only let me implore you, seize to-morrow—no more delay."

As he spoke, Hassarac entered, and Jamī, looking fearfully on the horizon, beheld, by the flush on the glowing sky, that the sun had sunk behind the hill. Whatever was the cause, it was manifest that Adalia felt a dread of imminent peril, inhibiting him from discoursing on the subject of his fears while darkness covered the earth, and that he also connected the impressions of his mind with the personal safety of himself and Jamī; the latter, therefore, was distressed at his neglect of attendance to his wishes, the more so, as Heman, entering pettish and displeased again with Bibars, whose coarse conceptions ill supplied the lively

variety of Adalia, testified extreme surprise at the continuance of his associate's seclusion, and a determination to have his presence as usual in his own apartments, to enjoy his company and converse, until his recovery was quite perfected. The resolve was so adroitly supported by Hassarac, that it was that moment performed, to the mute and inexpressible anguish of Adalia, and the deep-rooted regret of Jamī, who, awakened anew to the importance of the communications of the magnanimous boy, received with exquisite pain his farewell, as he waved his hands in assumed cheerfulness from amid a route of slaves, who, in obedience to the wishes of Heman, bore Adalia in loud mirth, on his couch, into the apartment he usually occupied.

CHAPTER IV.

> "The head is beautiful, and cannot
> Be a demon's."

How fickle are the turns of fate in this sublunary sphere! how minute the links which cement together the most important consequences! A procrastinated moment glides onward to the hours gone by, and is accounted but a mere instant; yet in that little moment is cast the very development of our destiny; it involves consequences so important, that, if fully understood, and well employed, it would have brightened years of our existence. What would not Jamī have endured to recall the fleeting moments occupied in merely passing from Ebn Thaher's mansion to the chamber of the high-spirited Adalia?—what now would he not exchange for the last evening's golden opportunity closed up for ever? It was, however, past and gone, and the spells and machinations of

their enemy successfully prevented the renewal of such a dangerous intercourse.

The evil heart arrayed against Allah is kept in restless commotion; in despite of its habitual hardness and rebellion, a light, which nothing can quench, ever and anon whispers that it vainly opposes the supreme ruler of the universe; but hardened, not subdued thereby, it redoubles its criminal activity, and multiplies its snares.

The removal of the youth was so sudden, that Jamī felt unprepared with any reason or motive for its prevention, as in truth his hurts, severe as they had been, were now so recovered as to offer no impediment, and the precaution of Adalia's remaining on the couch inactive, was all that was now necessary to perfect his cure; this was as well known to Hassarac as to himself, and Jamī, aware of it, felt restrained by the declared will of his patron, that no person should exercise authority or interference with places or persons of Heman's household, but in cases of absolute necessity; the more, however, he reflected upon the hints of Adalia, and thought upon the circumstances past, the stronger he felt the boding impression that the constant appearance of Hassarac was not merely accidental.

The day brought its own cares connected with the governor Othman, and as early as he thought it probable that he should meet him, he set forward to the residence of the cadi. Joyfully Jamī hailed

the tidings of Ebn Thaher being at that instant with Othman, as he encouraged the hopes of once again gratifying his eyes with the sight of Lillah; patiently he remained hour after hour, and neither appeared, and Jamī, at length wearied and impatient, was about quitting the dwelling, when Ebn Thaher returned, and evidently under the influence of high irritation and disappointment. Passing rapidly on to his cabinet, into which he made a sign for Jamī to follow, he threw himself hastily on one of the cushions, as he abruptly exclaimed, "My young friend, where is the noble Karmath?" and he listened with unfeigned surprize to the assertions of Jamī, that he was totally ignorant of his present stay, or probable absence.

"See you not," my friend, "what a pretext is here afforded for the governor to enlarge upon? these mysterious absences, hidden even from the favoured inmates of his household!"

"Alas! Ebn Thaher, what will not malignity fasten upon?—whenever did malice want its keen edge to prove that all which is must be wrong? Karmath, busied, nay buried in the pursuits of philosophy and science, thinking of his neighbours, or of mankind, only to benefit and bless them, is at this instant probably at Bassorah, purchasing the spicy stores which shall replenish his beneficent storehouses, or amid the Hammerine mountains of

Courdistan, collecting the simples and aromatic herbs known only to these wild mountaineers!"

"Would to Allah, Jamī, that you could persuade Othman that such simple pursuits were the objects of his journeys; you have touched a key of deep import; the Courds are the horror of the governor, and he views the strengthening ties of your patron with them even with greater dread than the already well known bonds of faith of the Ghuzzall, Montfeh, and Isboid tribes. This morning we have fully discussed the causes and complaints entertained in Othman's mind, and either he is the dupe of false intelligence, or Karmath has possessed himself of the power and force of the whole stream of the Euphrates, from Raka of the Wilderness, whence the merchants pass to Tadmor, even to Bassorah. Karmath, whose skill has weaved this net, might, if present, keep its meshes free from tangling; I, however, cannot venture my credit upon such a doubtful game; your safety must flow from your swift and instant communication with the grand judge, ere his mind is poisoned by Othman; my signet will accredit you to his presence, and success attend you. If you rise superior to the combination forming, Lillah, who looks favourably on you, is yours."

Jamī was deeply agitated at his pertinacious refusal to permit him an interview with Lillah—

"Young man," he exclaimed, "blame not the councils of prudence; when the boat already labours in the tossing ocean, would you add to its dangers? Rely on it a firm hand and cool head only can clear you from the breakers—beware!"—and finding him inexorable, Jamī left his mansion to revolve over his advice in this exigency.

While he hastily prepared for the indispensable journey before him, Jamī resolved to risk the chance of an intercourse with Adalia before he set out on an expedition which would occupy some days; he therefore entered Heman's apartments under the pretext of announcing his intention, and found him in high delight at again possessing Adalia, and listening eagerly to some childish scheme for enlarging the swing, so as to contain Heman and his favourites at the same time. Approaching tenderly to Adalia, his look was that of deep sorrow as he heard of Jamī's proposed journey, but he uttered not a word, while Jamī, secretly intending to remove from the youth an object of his dislike, petitioned of Heman to spare him the attendance of Hassarac; his head was too full of the anticipated game to refuse any thing at this propitious minute, and Jamī, giving the strictest injunctions to Hassan, the steward, to preserve order and tranquillity until either Karmath or himself should return, set forth for the station of Peri Sabour, two days distance on the river Euphrates, without the op-

portunity or power of a moment's discourse with Adalia, whose self-command under the trying disappointment Jamī viewed with admiration and wonder. While he was thus exerting his judgment and talents in support of the views and interests of Karmath, the youthful and apparently thoughtless boy, whom he left disconsolate and forlorn, was revolving, with a coolness of discrimination far beyond his years, the incidents which weighed so heavily on his mind, incidents recently past by, infixing indelible feelings, and fostering impressions widely differing from those of Jamī. Under the lively frolic of his animal spirits, Adalia was blessed with an understanding of peculiar quickness and shrewd conception, with a determination almost bordering on obstinacy; under the flowery appearances of Heman's fellowship, he early felt the galling chains to which he was subjected, and hardy and self-willed as his infancy had been suffered to become under the affectionate peasant of Kerbela, he bore with impatient indignation the severe scrutiny of Hassarac, to whom he was subjected. Without a congenial mind to commingle his thoughts with, he was reduced to depend upon his own guidance, and seeing no other path of escaping the watchfulness of Hassarac, but through the good will and smiles of Heman, whose will was a law to the fierce Ethiopian, he so exerted the natural lively flow of cheerfulness he possessed, as to entirely win the heart of

Heman, and to emancipate himself wholly from the thraldom of Hassarac; while he felt the painful necessity of sustaining and improving those favourable impressions, yet his fine intellect day by day revolted more at his slavery, especially when his intercourse with Jamī furnished his heart with the friend and preceptor which he had so sighed for. These feelings acquired fresh force from the turn his thoughts insensibly took from two events recently passed by, and from which no incidents of pleasure, nor fear of danger, could ever afterward divert him.

It was on a beauteous morning of the moon just passed, that Heman and Adalia were diverting themselves with the splendid colours which the sun set off, as the bright plumage of the lory was wafted to and fro in its beams, that blowing off some feathers from a cage, Adalia enjoined Heman to keep them in play; then heedlessly seizing the amber-tipped pipe, which Karmath in his visits sometimes used, he threw off some crystal bubbles to compare with the lory's burnished feathers, declaring them to be far brighter in their hues.

"Heman," he exclaimed, "see how much more radiant that fine globe of mine—how much richer the blue. Confound that leaf," the impatient boy exclaimed, as in the heat of their dispute a current of air brought down a small cluster of light leaves, whose contact quickly bereaved Adalia of

his argument, by destroying his bubbles. Catching, however, with versatility, a leaf from the cheek of Heman, on which it had just settled, "Look Heman—look how the pretty leaf feels." To Heman's conceptions, the sensitiveness of the leaf was more absurd than the rivalry of the bubbles, he was unusually obstinate this morning, and Adalia most ardent and vehement: Heman denied that the leaf moved. Adalia seizing it to exhibit on his hand, found it had already experienced the fate of his former experiment, being crushed to atoms: the absence of the point in dispute did not bring either party to an agreement, until Adalia gaily observing he knew where the trees grew, in fact led the way onwards, until they reached the corner of the rectangular square, and stood fronting the low arched door. Heman, unaware of any interdiction, saw only a sombre and melancholy spot; but Bibars, their chief attendant, appeared greatly alarmed at recognising the buildings forbidden to the household of Karmath. They now stood in the small court formed by the large high buildings, which reached to the Euphrates; and on the opposite side the equally lofty walls of what appeared a pavilion projected considerably within the wall connecting it with the storehouses, all the intermediate space was dark, with widely spreading trees, amid which Adalia instantly singled out the minosa

species, whose sensitive leaf had been the subject of their contest.

"Nay, Adalia," murmured the unwilling slave, "recollect the orders given, I tremble at the mere appearance of these gloomy trees?"

"Ah! poor Bibars," exclaimed the headstrong boy, "what next injunction will your wise pate declare? Heman, do you remember his outcry to with-hold from you the arrow, fearing where the shaft might fly, after kindly delivering to you the bow; and with which, when you disregarded his fears, you know that you split the gourd, and acquired all the delicious sweetmeats within?"

In vain Bibars now protested, that in the two cases there was no parallel, as the present act involved the infringement of a positive order; Heman's pride became piqued at the insinuation of his young comrade, and he laid his positive orders on Bibars to place a ladder near the spot, which Adalia pointed out, as the favourable place to acquire the leaves. Bibars complied, with tears in his eyes, and started back with signs of terror, as the wind rapidly veering from the point whence it had blown, awoke a mournful rustling noise among the thickly spreading branches, and showered a cloud of the leaves they sought to acquire upon their heads; at the same moment the low murmurs of the river, chafing its banks, came also on the breeze, in me-

lancholy tones, as of a wailing spirit imprisoned in the earth.

"See," exclaimed Bibars, "here are leaves in plenty, I shall not have the ladder used;" but ere his tongue could utter the sentence, the impatient Adalia, into whose heart these signs imparted a flash of fire rather than of dread, hastily running up the ladder, and leaning with an earnest gesture over the walls, seemed intently gazing on the spot, when a voice of thunder, and the arm of a giant seizing him round the waist, in the very act of disobedience, revealed the dreaded Hassarac.

"Audacious boy," he exclaimed, "tremble at thy punishment!" The bold aspect of the offending culprit evidenced him to be unappalled by the threats of the black, whose cruelty he well knew; but the earnest supplications, mixed with the commands of Heman, for this time preserved his favourite from further pain than the rude fall from the ladder, caused by the violence of the furious Ethiop. The incident appeared forgotten, but the teeming thoughts of Adalia ran upon certain appearances he had noticed from his forbidden stand, and his piercing gaze had traced a communication leading onward from the set of apartments occupied by Heman, which reached even to the pavilion which he had caught a glimpse of from the wall. While he pondered on this disco-

very, he saw no mode whereby he could advantage himself of it, the walls being without windows towards that quarter, and the lengthened halls of lofty and inaccessible elevation being lighted from domes rising from their centre. In the furthermost one, Adalia had influenced Heman to have his swings placed, and hither he now resorted with the vain hope of penetrating the secrets hidden inscrutably from his view.

Although so much younger, and more volatile than Jamī, he had much more revolved over, and meditated upon, the ties which led Karmath to interest himself in his fate, he had some indistinct remembrance of a ceremony when he was led into his presence, and some words muttered over him as a portion of his hair being cut off, was burned on a rude stone, shaped as an altar in the garden of the peasant of the lake of Kerbela: that he was allied by blood to Karmath he could not believe; setting himself to watch the events of the day as they revolved, the mysterious reserve of Karmath, and the unabating vigilance of Hassarac, shaped forth many wild and uncertain musings in his thoughts; the hall, wherein they swang, was the daily object of his examination; but how to perforate its mass of wall:

One close and sultry day, when after long and fatiguing merriment in this exercise, Heman rushed forth in eager amusement with Bibars;

Adalia, resting awhile in the now motionless swing, was led back by silence and solitude to his usual train of reflections, and lulled by the approaching shadows of evening, he was insensibly surprized by sleep, which must have continued a considerable period, as, upon opening his eyes, he found himself in perfect darkness. Far from feeling alarmed at the solitariness of his situation, his heart beat high, as he thoughtfully reflected upon the secrets of what he deemed his prison-house, when, involuntarily throwing his eyes upwards, he was surprized by the minute glimmer of a vagrant ray of light darting through a crevice, so momentarily, that withdrawing his eye in the surprize of the instant he could not again catch it. With great caution, however, conveying towards the wall the stool used for ascending the swing, and mounting on it, he discovered a hole apparently formed by accident, and which day-light never would have rendered visible; even at present upon applying his eye, at first all was dim and indistinct, but soon its powers improved, the circle of vision appeared to expand, and his heart violently beat as he perceived the so long sought for opportunity in his power—he beheld a lofty chamber lighted up dimly by uncertain flashes—the walls he could not distinguish for a misty darkness which floated around. Once or twice a body, of what sort he could not ascertain, floated betwixt his eye and the light

suddenly; and he scarcely could forbear shrieking, as a bright blaze, intense as lightning, flashed on the walls; his young heart palpitated with terror, for in the next moment he saw a teraph, a pallid child's head, that seemed scarcely yet staunched from bleeding, appear on the wall, and open its eyes of demon light, while some low sounds seemed to question it, as the lips moved but no voice reached his ear. In another moment a hand traversed the wall, on which it sketched the features of Jamī; and in another instant Adalia felt as if his eye-balls would start from their sockets, as he beheld his own lineaments; while gazing ardently on the evolving lines, his eye caught the demon sparkle of the teraph's look, and Adalia felt the conviction, as it shot its glare upon his vision, that he was discovered. But not a moment, not an instant's pause elapsed, ere he thought he heard whispered, amid the throbbings of his frame, "*fly, fly! and imitate sleep!*"—and darting to the swing, as he heard a noise as of thunder, he determinately coiled himself within its ropes, and lay as if buried in slumber. Good spirits in this awful moment must have infixed courage, and strength celestial in such a tender youth, as he passively withstood the horrors of a visitant from the dreadful scene he had just witnessed.

A dark form entering the hall swept around in fearful scrutiny; often it approached his still and

motionless frame, as if watching him with intensest gaze; but after a long—a terrible pause, feeling himself seized with a grasp of fury, which nearly crushed his slender limbs—" Sleeper, idle loiterer, awake!" was uttered in the thundering accents of Hassarac, fiercely scrutinizing his countenance by the light of a torch, which flashed into brightness in the hall, where it always stood; the black then denounced his inevitable woe and death upon any repetition of his offence; and Adalia, worn out by the contending emotions, which convulsed his overburthened mind, crept to his vacant couch in the anti-room of Heman, to ponder upon the scenes which he had witnessed, and which he carefully buried in his own breast. The freak of the panther, whereby he had hoped to provide himself with fire-arms soon followed, and the affection and nobleness of Jamī's mind had made Adalia bless the wounds which thus brought them together, and enabled him to hint at his secret, and to solicit his assistance. Unhappily his awe of Jamī delayed the discovery so long, as allowed the ferocious Hassarac, who seemed his evil genius, again to interfere, and replunge him in all his former difficulties!

CHAPTER V.

"Well! I must play with these poor puppets; 'tis
The spirit's pastime in his idle hours."

Adalia passed the night succeeding his removal in the distressing impressions which the disappointment, resulting from the loss of Jamī's counsels and assistance, naturally excited, and the horrid doubts and suspicions which the midnight scene engendered; conscious as he always felt of the fierce scrutiny of Hassarac, his instant appearance, and revengeful look, bespoke a community of purpose with the unhallowed scene his eyes had just witnessed, and convinced him that superhuman powers and malignant cruelty were exercising an invisible influence upon his fate, as well as that of Jamī, now become more dear to him than his own. He traced the instantaneous interruptions given to his endeavours of penetrating these mysteries, as well as the fatal delays of communicating his suspicions to Jamī; and he drew

the dreadful inference to his mind, that some warning charm, or potent agent, acquainted his terrible master with the approaching danger; "but whence the motive which can influence power such as Karmath's to contend with a feeble boy?" the more he sought to unravel the mystery, the deeper his mind became entangled. "One thing (he whispered as if fearful of having unseen witnesses), one thing they err in, they shall not find me the duped and idle youth which, unhappily, Heman considers me. Surrounded with infernal snares and faithless treachery, how can I escape, or how can I cope with their terrible power? but I will not wait their ripening plans. Escape I see is vain—aid or help I can have none, but may not their schemes, infernal as they are, rest on contingencies as well as mine? What if I sought a counter charm even in the chamber of the spell? Good spirits! for surely such reside amid yon glittering stars, shape forth, and breathe your influence on these strange and dreadful scenes! Surely if the mind thinks thus securely within itself, although beset with spies of demon malice, there must be powers of good that hold this spiritual converse, and who see—with pity see—the labouring doubts that overwhelm my soul; O! aid a being new to life, its joys, and snares, and let not fiendish cruelty triumph uncontrolled."

Amid these uneasy meditations and projects, Adalia dropped into a slumber; restless and

agitated, he dreamt that he was with Jamī in a garden of flowers, his heart overflowing with happiness and proceeding to unfold the secret which so burthened him, when a small black cloud, not thicker than a man's hand, in an instant overspread the sky with darkness, and the lightning's flash struck Jamī by his side; he awoke in a violent agitation, the drops stood on his forehead, and he was about exclaiming aloud in his agony, but a sudden impulse restrained him; and closing his eyes, softly murmuring the sage Hejage's thought, "the light of thy heart is in prayer in the darkness of the night," notwithstanding his terror, he again momentarily slumbered; Jamī was once more by his side, and he was expressing his delight, when, with a frown of anger, he pointed to the spot of his trespass on the forbidden walls, and, acutely tortured by the imaginary scene, and at the moment angry for what he deemed leaguing with his foes, Adalia thought he hastily entered the hall of the swings; it seemed dark, and he leant for support in one of the recesses around, soon he fancied that some one entered, and taking a torch (the centre one) from a branch shaped as a yew tree, always supporting seven torches of a red colour in the alcove, it immediately lighted; and the form walking up to the end compartment, where a similar alcove adorned the further extremity of the hall, crumbling part of the wax in the

palm of his hand, it instantly dissolved into a fluid of the colour of blood. Dipping his fore-finger in, he wrote, in hasty characters, upon the centre of the alcove, "Karmath!" and instantly, without a moment's pause or sound, a panel, invisible to every eye from its deep tracery and moulding, opened inward, and the figure passed from his sight into the chamber of mysteries. Adalia, breathing heavily, awoke with a violent start, and to his joy saw the sun already risen, and the music of the birds resounding amid the trees. Revived by the air, and the morning's sweetness, having thrown the varnished shades of his window open, he lay some time, as well to regain his composure, as to shape some resolve which his mind, wrought up to a point of high excitement, was bent upon adopting. The last part of his vision most affected him, and recalling his midnight thoughts, and persuaded that his aspirations were heard and answered, he resolved, as soon as the evening allowed of his resorting to the hall, that he would place his fate upon the trial, for something within assured him that there was no path which might yield such safety as magnanimously daring the evil in the name of Allah. To his youthful rashness no evils appeared so dreadful as those of slow creeping delay and doubt, and this resolve once formed, his spirits felt lightened and elevated.

Calling Heman to his couch, he gaily announced

his intention of joining him for the day, which delighted the vacant mind of his companion, who had missed his playful aid and habits.

"Well, Adalia, how quickly some can recover when they wish," he mumbled forth.

"Not so, Heman, but when they are wanted," he hastily replied, to take off the edge of his dangerous observation. "I dare say Bibars has been dull enough with his heavy games, and daily fishing. Own fairly, Heman, has he thought of one new sport? or left off one morning's fishing?"

"Perhaps not; but what will you do, now you boast so much?"

"Leave me as evening comes on to take my repose quiet and undisturbed, and I will instruct Bibars in such a game for the outer court as shall delight you all; but remember your word, it must be there, or I shall hear all the noise and clamours without the pleasure!"

Heman repeatedly promised he should have his evening entirely alone, especially as Adalia declared he should rest, and therefore would keep no one from the sport; but Bibars, sulky at perceiving he was likely to drop into insignificancy from the returning ascendancy of Adalia, refused to undertake the lesson, and the impatient youth in despair, fancying again some malign influence overruled every effort, flung himself on his couch. In silent "moodiness," Hassarac away and Karmath absent,

he thought when again can such a conjunction of propitious circumstances occur! Eying the inflexible Bibars with disdain, as he revolved these thoughts, Heman, also enraged at his hopes being baffled, and loudly threatening, as the steward Hassan entered the court, who soon saw by their various countenances that some important trouble existed. Appealed to instantly by Heman, who detailed the proposition of Adalia in most favourable and glowing colours, Hassan not only approved of, but promised many assistances to give the fête an unusual splendour, eulogizing the desire of Adalia to please his companion and his master's heir. Poor Bibars, to whom Hassan was scarcely less dreadful than Hassarac, gladly commuted his contumacy for an unusual and redoubled alacrity, and the morning passed in varied engagements and preparations.

A mock fight was to form the opening game, in which Heman always greatly delighted, from its resemblance to mischief and misfortune. This medley struggle was to be terminated by a signal from Heman, on the entrance of masked dancers with flowing symars and slight batons, then the vanquished in the fight were decreed to run the ring of these dancers, until fortune directed them aright in the choice of partners, when the whole circle were to join in the gardens of the fountain, decorated with flowery arbours, hung with garlands and streamers, and amply supplied with fruits, sherbet, iced

liquors, and cakes; and while refreshing themselves from their fatigues, some experienced assistants, as the darkness deepened, were provided with brilliant fireworks and devices. Such plans, associated with the licence of the scene, of course spread universal joy and mirth throughout the mansion, which wore the appearance of a temple of merriment, neither of those individuals being present on the spot, whose aspect of reflection and gravity might somewhat temper the scene.

Adalia, elate of purpose, shone pre-eminently gay, directing all the details, and amusing every one by the most inexhaustible store of expedients. Little could the giddy throng have surmised on what desperate resolves he was meditating, while, as if eager to ward off reflection, or to nerve his somewhat recoiling purpose, he plunged headlong into the noise and distraction of the sports. Often his mind sunk into deep abstraction as he put the appalling interrogatory—"Why may not the whole be a test, a trial of my discretion, and consign me to the merciless cruelty of my enemies?" But then, the horror of going on day by day with a mind like Heman's, and follies as now rolled around him, seemed to Adalia far worse than death. He smiled (and could he have ventured it, the smile would have been of bitter scorn), as he seemed just awakened to the frivolities which hitherto he had played with. Such was the change wrought by the horrors which

had broken on him, and the thoughts crowding on his soul in one short moon, that he wondered at himself; he remembered with a degree of solemn terror, as his mind ran rapidly backward, that it was precisely a month, one revolving epoch of the planet most genial to midnight scenes of preternatural sway, since he had ran the imminent peril of most cruel tortures, and now he was about taking the far more dangerous step of entering the horrid abode. "Why decide that Karmath ruled its guilty scenes? his eye had not seen him;" he shuddered at the retrospect, but nerved more and more even by the wildering surmises of his troubled thoughts, he eagerly gazed at the beaming glories of the sun, and wished them set behind the everlasting hills, as he sighed forth—"Opportunity is swift of flight and slow of return." The sun at length did set, joy and revelry resounded throughout the gardens, and all its inhabitants absorbed in eager pastime, from the grave steward to the humblest slave, regaled in Heman's presence, regardless of the youth who, stretched on his couch in a far distant chamber, watched with intense anxiety the bright suffusion of the gilded sky fade and melt away, and the face of the heavens gradually become darker and gemmed with sparkling stars. The depth of his revolving thoughts and daring purpose communicated an elevation of look and air, as the moon, rising from behind the frowning mass of

the Birs Nemroude which intercepted her rays, streamed in a bright line of radiance on his varying countenance. His clear brown eyes, his mouth and lips of fearless ease, now wore a hue of settled determinate purpose, deep and resolved, which ill assimilated with the slender delicacy of his youthful form, and as he girded his flowing vesture tightly around his waist, and inserted a crooked knife which he had secreted in his girdle, the pale lustre of the moon, shining on his colourless cheeks, gave an unearthly hue to his figure; as a marble form of Grecian art, Cupid, or Fawn, motionless on its base, shines in beauty in the moonlight hour. Thus determined, he stepped on tiptoe to the window which had its shaded blinds wide open—he leant forward in the garden—not a leaf moved, but, on the right, the flashes of radiance showed the exhibition begun, and the constant laughter and noises loading the air, gave assurance to his heart that all was safe, and he need fear no interruption. "What do I seek?" he questioned inwardly, as he gazed instinctively on the bright planet shining above him; instantly his unquenchable spirit suggested—"My fate, my deliverance, or death! The hour is come, vain fears and doubts farewell!" Although slender and unformed, his stature was nearly its full height, and turning quickly to leave the apartment, he drew back, as he saw opposite to him a preternatural figure leaning toward him;

a second glance convinced him it was but his lengthened shadow reflected in the moonbeam, and resolving to think no more, but dare the dreaded scene, he calmly descended to the garden, and passed without hurry or precipitation (if perchance he should encounter any wandering slave) through the court and outer portico which led into the hall he sought.

There, in an alcove adjoining the entrance, stood the imitation yew, and seven red torches; seizing the centre one, and prepared for the sight, he eagerly saw it flash into a bright flame: his eye involuntarily gazed around the hall, which was of dimensions ample enough to supply the range for the full scope and action of three swings, hung for Heman and his favourites' sport. The roof was so lofty as to be invisible in the uncertain beams of the solitary light he bore, and the walls on either side, were marked in skilful compartments, zigzags, and Arabic scrolls of tracery, enwreathing groups of delicate flowers; the whole apartment, formed of stone and domed, was divided in vast compartments of cedar frame-work, and grouped with hangings of silks and muslin drapery flowing downward to the marble pavement, deep cornices empanneled along the wall, softening its unusual elevation, and the whole structure displaying a richness of fancy and decoration. The upper end of the vast apartment showed an alcove similar to that of the entrance,

but without any branch of torches, or obstruction whatever.

Looking at the whole outline around, the youth paused a moment only, as if gathering resolution from the respite, and then slowly glided along the pavement toward the upper end; as he passed the centre, he looked eagerly on the large dome, from which its light was in the daytime received; he now looked for the moonbeams which should play in its circle, but none appeared therein, and all was dark and gloomy; he vouchsafed not a moment's longer delay, but stepping eagerly to the alcove, and entering its shadow, he crumbled part of the wax which he grasped, and beheld, with a deep tone of settled purpose (as he had seen in his vision), that it gradually decomposed and became a crimson liquid in his palm; dipping his finger therein, by a violent effort he traced "Karmath," and the moment that he had ceased marking the last character, spontaneously and noiseless an empanneled doorway opened inward, and the wreathing rolls of cloudy mists and vapour showed to Adalia the fatal chamber of mysteries! Casting a look into the dark obscure, and rapidly shaking his torch to arouse it into a brighter flame, he daringly entered the passage; but as he stepped forward, and the blaze of the torch reached the wreathing vapour, an instantaneous burst of flames enveloped the whole passage, rushing forth in vast volumes into the hall

itself, and overwhelming the wretched Adalia by their fury.

While Adalia thus adventured upon misery and woe, the household around Heman quaffed the bowls of enjoyment, and were delighted in the sports which had thus propitiously flowed onward, without check or alloy. Hassan eagerly seized the opportunity of recommending his services and exertions to Heman's notice, and spread around a variety of luxuries, which added highly to their rapturous enjoyments. Heman, seated upon a rustic seat of state, reposed on crimson cushions, two fair slaves fanned him with ostrich plumes as the heated air flushed his cheeks; at the moment of their fullest delight, as two rockets ascended high in the horizon, and threw forth their stars and globular balls, and every face uplifted, followed their spangled shower of fire—"God of my fathers!" Hassan exclaimed, "whence are those flames?" and he pointed to a torrent of fire, which soared upward majestically, streaming on the dark vault of night. At this alarming appearance, the festive spot became the scene of confusion and wild alarm, they poured impetuously toward the apartments whence the flames issued, and long ere they approached the lofty hall, bright, clear, and unmoved by a breath of air, the fiery torrent was seen pouring forth through the dome, in the centre of its roof, as from a furnace. Hassan, agonized and

frantic, rushed into the hall, followed by the most daring of the slaves, and to their horror beheld the flames crackling with fury amid the wood-work, which was in one entire conflagration; the materials of the hangings and decorations were already consumed, and the fire spreading upward around the dome, fragments of burning timber fell at times on the pavement, rendering all approach highly dangerous, while amid the ruins lay the lifeless body of Adalia, at the further extremity of the alcove, grasping a half consumed torch, the apparent cause of all the desolation; in the centre also stood a gloomy form, looking on the scorched and inanimate body of the hapless youth, then turning to the terrified and shrinking slaves, pale and affrighted at the tremendous scene, he hoarsely murmured forth in tones of thunder—"Take that rash and treacherous boy! take him, I say, from the fate he so well merits, and bear him to the black hall of the haram!" Though death stared them in the face, as the eager flames threw forth their forky flashes and ran along the walls, yet three black slaves made a desperate plunge, and seizing on the scarcely to be recognized figure of Adalia (of him so lately the blooming and animated planner of their joys, so brilliant in life and pleasure), they rushed from the burning hall in the moment previously to the dome falling with a

tremendous crash; while volumes of smouldering smoke now buried all around in impenetrable darkness.

"Alas!" said the heart-stricken Hassan, as he saw the poor Adalia borne along (his head drooping and reclined, his frame scorched and powerless)—"alas! poor floweret!" he murmured, "truly the remembrance of youth is a sigh"—but the settled gaze of the figure who had directed the removal of the senseless boy sealed the lips of Hassan. With trembling terror he beheld him fiercely motion them to leave the hall. The fall of the roof, which followed the dome, had, in fact, confined the flames within barriers which they could not surmount, and a second warning bade Hassan withdraw every slave from the spot. The beautiful building continued to burn while any wood-work remained, parts of the walls crumbling away at times fell inward with a crashing sound, the heavy vapours loading the clear sky, showed that the destructive element had also consumed the apartments beyond; but surrounded by high brick walls, and interdicted to their steps, the ruinous spectacle was only gazed on from afar with pallid and affrighted looks; soon it ceased altogether to burn, and nothing gave notice of the horrid scene which had passed but an occasional flash of light issuing forth from some half-consumed fragment.

CHAPTER VI.

"Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Rise to your duty—
This is the hour."

JAMĪ, by nature deeply reflective, and possessing the inestimable boon of a calm and solid judgment, was at this period in danger of becoming the victim of that passion, which in the bloom of youth seizes on the heart, and wholly fills it with its all-powerful impulse. Love of Lillah formed indeed the present chain of his existence, and Adalia, and the many concurrent objects to annex importance to his communications, were regarded as matter of dread rather than of interest by him; but while he shrunk from the confidence which might interfere with his hopes of Karmath's favour, another source of anxiety awakened his feelings, as he now more fully perceived his utter dependency upon his patron for situation, prospects, and happiness; then

rushed also on him the startling query—"Who am I? whence was I brought? what are the nature of those ties which bind me to Karmath's will?" He had often revolved those thoughts, but in so different a way formerly, that they appeared to him now first suggested, for they had come on him in moments of light joy; and the pang which shot to his heart when he pondered now upon appealing to Karmath for their solution, bespoke no less the ascendancy of Karmath's influence, than the fear that the investigation was forbidden. Once, and once only, he had touched the string; it was in a moment of seeming tenderness on the part of Karmath, for Jamī had rescued his beloved Heman from impending death. His countenance then instantly altered to the most terrible expression, as he replied—"What leads the curious Jamī to search for what is hidden within Karmath's heart? be warned—the past would only lead to wretchedness or death. The present and the future are Jami's; be the zealous friend of Karmath, and respect his secrets, and honour and prosperity flow in Jamī's paths." From Hassan, or any other inmate, he could derive no clue to guide him; and thus he had resigned himself to an ignorance which he had no means of combating; but his heart beat violently, as he thought upon what might be the searching interrogatories of Lillah; and he sighed as he revolved that, perhaps, the confidential

avowals of Adalia were in part meant to supply the knowledge which he wanted.

From these considerations he reverted with eager delight to ponder on the promises of Ebn Thaher; and in youth's sanguine flow of hope, he deemed every obstacle overcome, and Lillah his own. Taste, poor youth, the sweetness of thy fleeting dream of bliss; for so transient is the state of man, that in his most prosperous fortune, a shadow, passing light, throws to the earth joy's baseless fabric!

Jamī had passed his days usefully in the endeavours of his anxious mind to effect the wished for and favourable impression on the personage whom the hints of Ebn Thaher almost represented as the arbiter of Karmath's fate; but little did he then fathom the deeply-laid schemes of the master whom he was serving. Never could he have chosen a more propitious spot for the interview than Peri Sabour, where his former residence and virtues had justly endeared him to the whole population. No sooner was his appearance known than the Arab parties in its vicinity drew near the town, and pitched their tents in friendly amity close to the place; and the aged sires admitted the youthful Jamī to their councils, while the young eagerly sought for him to adorn their games, and the infantine groups of tenderer years looked for his caresses.

Already stationed at the place, and gray in years

and experience, Kazim, the chief judge, could not witness these signs of excellence without according his confidence to the noble youth before him, whose representations aided what his worth had so well begun, and their conferences soon terminated more and more to Jamī's wishes and desire; and flattered with the reverential obedience testified for his office and honours, evidenced by the whole circle within Jamī's influence, delighted to renew in his society the charms of cheerful youth and sanguine hope, even Kazim detained the somewhat reluctant Jamī to accompany him to Hillah, and under his auspices, to restore the good understanding between the governor and his patron. To Jamī the prospect of this reconciliation seemed the realization of his golden dreams; and the boon of Lillah, with some portion of Karmath's numerous lands, connected with a charge for Heman, floated before his fancy as the gracious reward of his useful service. Absorbed in these hopes, he had ceased to torment his thoughts upon the hints of Adalia, which he wished to regard only as the hasty fancies of a volatile deceptive imagination. Thus, after some days, they approached towards the residence of Karmath, which, being some distance from Hillah, and higher up the stream of the Euphrates, they must necessarily pass in their progress to the city; but first they floated in awful silence by the long-spreading mounds and ruins of Great Babylon, the

sunbeams rested on the frowning mass of the Mujelebè, the Kasr, and Amram, as the grand and desolate scenery rivetted their sight; closely adjacent to which appeared the groves of his gardens, and the court's wide opened gates, while the band's gaily sounding music proclaimed the feast prepared; and Jamī (in answer to his eager inquiries) heard that Karmath had for two days past been again at the head of his family, and that the governor Othman, reconciled to their master, was at that instant returning the ceremony of a friendly visit. Kazim expressing a desire immediately to join the meeting, Jamī despatched Hassarac to prepare his patron for the honour; and his happiness was at its height, as the servants of Ebn Thaher entering the gateway brought thus together the individuals upon whom he rested his hopes of happiness. Amid these anticipations of delight, no opportunity had been afforded to any of the household to acquaint Jamī with the dreadful fate of Adalia; for Karmath, instantly approaching the grand judge, sought to win his favourable acceptance and opinion by the easy softness and urbanity of his manners, as he bent lowly before him, and emphatically felicitated the province upon the benefits of his presence. Slaves appeared bearing a canopy, rich carpets were spread before him, and burning censers sent forth clouds of fragrant gums

of Arabia. After receiving honours almost of royalty, the venerable Kazim was seated on the couch of dignity on a similar elevation with Othman, while Karmath, placing the cadi by his side, assumed a humbler cushion; refreshments flowed in rich abundance; a row of slaves followed, bearing to Othman the present of a scimetar and dagger, both of tried Damascus steel, the hilt and scabbard of gold, enriched with blazing jewels. To Kazim was presented a golden box, which contained a row of pearls of Ormuz, each of surprizing bigness; and another row of inferior, but still of costly richness, laid also before Ebn Thaher, completed their admiration of the wealth and generosity of the donor. So well did Karmath season his discourse with flattering appeals to the immediate bias of each, that the impression sunk deeply and favourably into the hearts of the three persons thus accidentally grouped together.

Addressing himself to Kazim, he inquired when the caliph had set forth for Persia, as his last accounts from Bagdad had represented his displeasure against the Persian monarch. "Would that reasons of state, great Kazim," he said, "as the decrees of justice, could flow from the lips of wisdom; then Persia, sweeping from her bosom the predatory hordes of her mountains, might, as her blushing roses, bloom in attractive sweetness,

divested of the rankling thorn; but now the roots of her mountains spread out through Irak, to harbour the spoiler and the robber!"

"Truly, Karmath," the judge replied, "it is not want of will or knowledge in the all-wise councils of the commander of the faithful that overlooks this source of crime! Hitherto the military chieftains of the two empires keep up these bands of criminals, and participate in their spoils; but, in short, my aim, confided by the august command of Harûn al Raschid to my care, has been to put down this dangerous enemy; and, with the joint sanction of the Persian governor of Kerman, this difficult task will be performed. Lo! by Mirza Abdul's suggestion, I am to seek some person high in the confidence of the fickle jealous Arabs, who, midway on the stream, in a place of strength as Hillah, may by prudence, by wily art, and silent steps, root out their bands, which alike consume the industry, and drain the best blood of both our countries!"

"True," Karmath slowly replied, "the view and aim is worthy the great adviser and distributor of justice of the Eastern world! but where can you find such a character?"

"Why in yourself," the gratified judge promptly replied, "in yourself, who alone have anticipated from the dictates of prudence the very thoughts I have been long revolving."

Here Othman expressed some sentiments upon the Arab character, which betokened his jealousy of the plan; and Karmath, judging the original cause of their dissension to be too fresh for such a stride of power as the proposed command might create, urged his occasional character of physician, and his habits of study, so judiciously to Kazim, as allayed the growing discontent; and the judge looking around, as if in some fresh train of thought, exclaimed—" where is my young friend, my conductor?" He vainly sought for Jamī; for Jamī, during the period occupied by the conference, was very differently engaged than by anticipations of pleasure or of power.

Entering eagerly the court, as he withdrew with diffidence from the conferences of Karmath, and such eminent personages, the first being whom he met was Bibars, from whose lips he had the exaggerated detail of events, which froze him with horror. To Bibars, as well as to the whole household, the conflagration seemed the effect only of Adalia's imprudency, in entering with a flaming torch the forbidden apartment, forbidden according to Hassan's statement, as a matter of provident care, to secure them from the rash act which, igniting the foul vapours, had laid all the range of buildings in ashes. Jamī, struck to the heart with dread, connected its extraordinary scene, which Bibars detailed most minutely, with surmises he

trembled to think on. But losing every thought in the horror at Adalia's loss, he learned, in answer to his eager inquiries, that no one knew what was his fate, or whether he still survived, since he was borne into the harem. Now Jamī felt the full strength of the regard he entertained for this interesting youth; anguish and keen solicitude overcoming every impression but that of his misery, wrought so powerfully upon his mind, that he resolved upon instant steps to save him, if it was not too late, even at the peril of all his hopes. At this critical instant, while his soul flamed with indignation, he was summoned to the presence of Karmath. He was listening to the partial commendations of the judge, who had just pointed Jamī out, in terms of praise, as the exact person for the important trust they had been detailing, and as one, whose innate fortitude, and self-control, would effect all they required, when, hastily entering, he evidenced a countenance of such perturbed and agitated feelings, as struck all but Karmath with surprize. Observing the astonishment of all present, and unchecked by the signs of command used by his patron, he implored to know the state and situation of Adalia; while he determinately continued his entreaties, yet carefully couching his expressions for Karmath's ear, he advocated the cause of the unhappy Adalia with evident success, conjuring Karmath to ease his

anxious feelings for the youth. "If ever my obedience," he exclaimed, "has merited your kindness, or my desires your favourable notice, reward me now by according to the unhappy one your pardon, and to me a knowledge of his fate!" As Jamī thus poured forth the anguish of his heart, even the keen eye of Karmath perceived that, in his present frame of mind, it was in vain to look for any acquicscence or calm assent to the project before them, while he felt so acutely the evils of another; and revolving the hidden secrets of his schemes, he resolved to make the liberation of Adalia another means of binding closer around them both the links of destiny to his will.

Graciously smiling on Jamī—"accept your wish," he said, "Adalia still lives, but his punishment, although severe, exceeds not his offence—hence he is yours; withdrawn from the snares of self-will, be it yours to teach him gratitude; a few days will restore him to his duties—but let us not tire our guests with such unimportant topics:" then presenting Jamī, glowing with gratitude, to the surrounding guests, the important trust was conferred on him, so desired by Karmath, wherein Kazim also felt encouraged by Ebn Thaher's hints, who already looked upon Jamī as his son-in-law.

Caressed by the counsellor of Harûn al Raschid, all these distinctions, gratifying as they were, yielded at this instant to that most delightful feel-

ing—the preservation of Adalia! Thus far all proceeded favourably; Karmath reconciled to the governor, and occupying his own post in his household, Jamī anticipated the hope of being indulged with the presence and converse of Lillah. But his first interview with Adalia was most touching; admitted into the apartment, he beheld with pain and astonishment the emaciated frame and hollow eyes of the unhappy youth; lifting towards him his feeble arms, he shed torrents of tears, as he learned from Jamī's lips the benign alteration in his fate.

The recovery of Adalia was most rapid and satisfactory; each day saw him improve in strength, and recover the appearance of health, especially as he now no longer was confined to the society of Heman, but placed under the charge and control of Jamī. His mind also became endowed in every intellectual attainment which he could confer; but amid their daily engagements, so dearly prized and eagerly sought for by the assiduous youth, Jamī remarked with surprise, that Adalia never once, under any circumstances of mere allusion even, adverted to, or spoke of the fatal hints which he had formerly so anxiously sighed to disclose, still less did he speak of any circumstance connected with the conflagration, which had so narrowly cost him his existence. If some hidden cause operated thus potently upon his young and thoughtless mind,

Jamī was influenced by a variety of reasons to avoid so distressing and inexplicable an event. In all the movements of Adalia's plans, sinister prepossessions seemed the originating cause of his attempts upon Karmath's forbidden haunts; they now lay exposed to the eye in ruins, and nothing particular appeared in their character. Jamī felt himself therefore especially engaged to discourage the disclosure, while he even drew an unfavourable inference of their foundation in truth, from the persevering silence of his young companion; and conceiving that he felt too much ashamed of his pertinacious error to avow it, Jamī most willingly adopted also the silence of Adalia, and appeared unconscious of the past. Assisting Karmath in his extensive intercourse with all around, both Jamī and Adalia only seemed anxiously desirous to obliterate the past, by the most unreserved submission and attendance.

In one instance, and that a most material one for his happiness, Jamī found the respect and regard of his associate painful and burthensome, in the restraint it interposed to his seeking the knowledge of his patron's mind respecting Lillah. Ebn Thaher, much as he approved of the union, prudently interdicted their being much together before the sanction of Karmath was obtained, a task which he cautiously devolved upon Jamī; and he felt himself insensibly obstructed in the task, by the

presence of Adalia at the hours of intercourse which the occupations of his patron afforded. Once he eagerly seized a transient interval to press his suit, but felt awed and disconcerted by the unmoved air with which he listened, and the cool tone in which he postponed any decision; but at length he found Karmath in his garden, and he resolved to satisfy himself on the point now nearest his heart.

Karmath had summoned Heman to his presence, and was adding some ornaments to his appearance, looking with parental tenderness on his comely but vacant features, when, lifting his eyes, he saw Jamī in respectful attention beholding him; for a moment a sensation of the fiercest, the most malignant nature, shot from his eyes, subdued, however, instantaneously by a smile of kindness as he welcomed his approach; but Jamī could scarcely banish the feelings of horror and antipathy excited by the glance, until thinking of the son, the object of a parent's anxious desires, he felt deeply for the trial of such a source of sorrow; and with firmness entering on the difficult and anxious subject of Lillah's love, he encountered a mystery and obstacle which dismayed him. Cool and unmoved Karmath listened to his impassioned entreaties, and at length he received the unsatisfactory and mysterious reply, to await in patience the space of one circling moon,

within which time, "Lillah," with a smile Karmath added, "would be one of his family." Ere the impatient Jamī could extort any explanation of a saying so painfully dubious, a large company of the Arab chiefs approached, and he was obliged to forego at present the hope of satisfying his mind; the more he revolved the matter, the more uneasy his feelings became, and at length he determined to sustain himself, by confiding all his doubts to Ebn Thaher's breast.

Jamī therefore hastened to Hillah, and the sun sunk with grand magnificence behind the tower and gloomy mass of the Birs, as he entered his dwelling. The cadi was absent, but he was now admitted as a matter of especial favour into the cabinet or private hall formerly described, where sat Lillah awaiting the return of her parent, attended by her nurse, and a favourite black slave; her appearance was refreshing to his perturbed and tortured feelings, as the genial dews to the dried parched verdure of the plains: he also seemed the object of her converse, as well as of giving pleasure by his presence, as she gaily pointed to a vacant cushion near. "Melka," she exclaimed, "has just excited my terror and my fears, in declaring that yourself and Karmath favour the black sorcerer found among the ruins of the Kasr! she laughs at my scruples, and declares I shall be one of your family,

who are all masters of the spell! but surely Jamī thinks the law of the prophet wiser and better than the aid of evil spirits?"

Jamī was thunderstruck at thus, as it were accidentally, hearing the words he had scarcely dared to permit his heart even to surmise repeated against him, and his confusion seemed to give the fair and lovely damsel acute uneasiness, as placing her hand expressively on her heart, she called on Allah to witness her detestation of magic, and her resolve never to wed one stained with such an imputation.

"Whence, disposer of my fate! whence, beauteous Lillah!" Jamī said, "these distracting expressions? Could you read this heart, here you would see how pure its faith! how strong its hatred of unhallowed spells!"

"Alas! Jamī, where indeed is truth when you fail me?" Waving her hand to her black slave, who left the apartment, she continued—"my father has now long been absent, summoned by the grand judge, who, pitching his tents amid the mounds of ruins, was alarmed last night by some of his train espying a light issuing forth from the swelling heaps of the great centre pile, the Kasr. Led by a confidential officer of the judge, some slaves of his, concealed by a crevice, witnessed sights wonderful and unhallowed, until rushing suddenly on the wretch, practising his arts in daring security and carelessness, well knowing the horror felt by all of

us for these ruins, they secured and bound him in chains, hurrying him away before Kazim himself. This wretched man has been all day before him and Ebn Thaher, and has avowed himself the slave of Karmath; at first he was mistaken for his favourite Hassarac (here Jamī involuntarily started, recalling the hints of Adalia), but at length," she continues, " he calls himself his brother, and his name is Zamor. Such are the news Melka has just brought, and with such feelings of approval as made me send her hence. Not if a throne were your inheritance, should Lillah's hand join that of a malicious sorcerer's !"

" Sweet Lillah," said Jamī, eagerly trying to soothe the excited sentiments so strongly felt, " judge not so hastily of Karmath's faith, his honour must not be sullied by a wretch's testimony ! mingle not Jamī with arts as much his detestation as they are yours—direct me to your father !"

" Hasten then, Jamī, to the distant plain, I tremble for your safety, but there they may be found; my heart's best hopes and wishes are winged thither with you."

Kissing the slender hand Lillah gaily extended toward him, Jamī bounded from the court, and, ordering his attendant to await his return, he struck into the route leading to these wonderful piles.

His heart swelled at the reproachful association connected with himself, at the obstacle so solemnly

placed to his hopes if the least stain sullied his name; terrified at the remembrance of all the concurrent appearances affecting the character of Karmath, his strange seclusions, his extraordinary habits, the hints of Adalia, he resolved, without any delay, to justify himself at the hands of Ebn Thaher, even with the risk of bringing down the hatred of his patron, which he firmly resolved to dare, if, as he feared, his practices were those of magic power. Now he beheld a crisis of his fate of high importance, to clear himself at once in Kazim's, and in the cadi's mind, and on the spot to dare the malice of the detected slave.

It was already dark, for the sun had set ere he entered Hillah, and his courser pursued with danger the route, as he rapidly approached the outskirts of the village of Jumjuna, and entered the swelling mound which reaches to the Euphrates; he cautiously passed the openings of the high encircling mound, and paced the damp and nitrous valley which skirted the sombre and widely diverging ruins of the hill of Amram; the way was dark, the ground rough and rugged, being strewn around with loose heaps and fragments of shattered bricks; the route soon became altogether hidden, as the moon veiled the imperfect light she had hitherto thrown around behind a deep dense cloud. Jamī, who had hitherto hastened onwards under the excitement of an impatient and almost irresistible

impulse, soon was awakened to his danger by his horse nearly stumbling over a small hillock, and the animal stopping short, evidenced great reluctance to advance a step further. Recalled to the solitary horror of all around him, Jamī eagerly looked abroad, and around him, for some show of the tents or retinue of the grand judge—not a being appeared in sight, nor any trace of their resort; he listened, as he cautiously bent forward to aid his impatient gaze—not a sound could he hear, but the low moanings from the Euphrates, which crept solemnly upward from the high banks of mystic bricks and ruins, checking the river's mighty course; at length he impatiently called aloud, at the utmost stretch of his voice, on "Kazim," but the sounds of Kazim came back from the ruinous heaps, dead and heavily, as if the very air was impenetrable, and refused their admission into its element, repelling them on his startled senses. Impending over him hung the frowning mass of Amram—all was dark—he questioned his own dauntless heart, and judging that, if he could clear the overshrouding hill, he might get the aid of some beaming star to light his path, he plunged his spurs into his fiery courser's sides, who springing impetuously forward a few paces, fell with a violent shock from a mount of considerable height, and by the effort precipitated her rider forward on the ground.

Jamī lay long insensible on the spot where he

fell, but when consciousness returned, he perceived with horror that he was entangled amid these dangerous and ill-omened ruins, without the least clue or guiding beam; he closed his eyes overcome, when, again as he gazed, a small glimmer, as a glowworm's lustre, seemed to play before him, and desperate of purpose, he resolved to follow whither it would lead him. Although much bruised by his recent catastrophe, he mustered strength to seek the end of his bold attempt, and through hollows and deep ravines, over strewed ruins of what once were glorious palaces, he proceeded gradually onward, when a sharp growl, loud and menacing, which issued from an impenetrable cavity of darkness, bespoke the lair of some savage beast. Jamī's heart beat high as he grasped his scimetar, and with difficulty dragging onward his steps, the pain of his fall obliged him to pause. The whistlings of the wind sounded mournfully, as he lifted his eyes, and gazed intently on the wild rack scudding swiftly over the sky, obscuring the moon, usually so bright and free from cloud; he had proceeded a length of way, enough he deemed to carry his sight upward to the verge of the most elevated of these piles, the lofty Mujelebè, whence he hoped to have seen those whom he sought; he was soon mournfully satisfied that they all had left these dreaded scenes of terror, long ere he had entered them, by some other approach; and panting and

sickening with pain, and the insuperable difficulties around, he in vain endeavoured, amid the uneasy thoughts which assailed him, to regain some self-collectedness; at this moment the terrible beast, whose harsh growl had so lately startled him, appeared advancing, its eyes flaming as a bright torch amid the darkness; he was aware, from its hoarse breathing, that it was a lion, and drawing his scimetar, he held it extended toward the glaring eyeballs. The beast (as if awed by his intrepidity) stopped, and became stationary, while Jamī, still approaching a rising eminence of ruined bricks immediately behind him, slowly ascended an elevation of such importance to his safety, and following upward another, and another billowy slope, skirting the brink of a deep yawning chasm, he surmounted the towering sweep of ruins, when his exhausted frame (worn down with the hurts and bruises he had received, and suffering under the singular horrors and dangers surrounding him) sunk to the earth, under a tree, whose boughs of feathery texture hung over him, just visible in the darkness.

Long he lay motionless and defenceless; he at length aroused himself, under the dread of becoming the inevitable prey of the wild beasts of these dreadful haunts. Revolving in his thoughts the situation wherein he was placed, a solitude of horrors, amid ruins so gigantic that every step might precipitate him into some horrible cleft to

instant destruction, he felt compelled, both by his present weakness, as well as by prudence, to rest the remainder of the night, and await the return of day; but he involuntarily shuddered as he saw the dark shadows surrounding him, and remembered the fears entertained at these ruins, and the evil spirits who were believed to make these caverns and recesses their favourite resort; distressed with these various sensations, he also felt acutely the doubtful stain which his absence might attach on him in the affections of Lillah. While thus perturbed and agitated, he was seized by sleep, which, quickly banishing all traces of sorrow, sunk on him with refreshing sweetness.

He beheld the Kasr in his dreams, but shining in mid-day brightness, and a tree of pensile foliage bending to the earth, underneath whose boughs he reposed; and as he lay rejoicing in the glad exchange from midnight gloom, looking on the Euphrates sparkling in the sunbeams, his senses were ravished by strains of soft melody, so sweet, as stole over him with an ineffable charm, chasing far away every thought of anguish and pain—celestial sounds bearing within their sphere that thrilling efficacy, which lifts the soul above its fleshy prison—renews its sense of heavenly origin—fresh plumes its wings of thought, and radiates it with delight ineffable, such as were its own, ere sin and weakness marred its powers, and dimmed its

visual ray divine—sweet joys, such as will be the soul's, when Azreel's dart shall open Paradise. Thus Jamī lay entranced in joy's pure stream, as he beheld a silvery cloud gently float before him, bearing a form of benignant softness and shining beauty; smiles eternal played on the features which brightness clothed as a garment, and gold and azure cinctured around—no certain form was seen, but brilliant dies and glittering rainbow hues adorning a spirit more lustrous than the morning star. Regarding Jamī, as he lay confused and overcome—"Poor child of clay," he thought flowed from the celestial lips, "well hast thou refuged under that holy tree, aided by powers divine; the snares of the wicked are around thee, and as yet thou knowest them not. Fear not, Jamī, I am Zephon, thy good genius; suffer you may perforce—wicked you cannot be but by your will. To give you warning of your danger, and to call forth that will, free to soar or fall, I am permitted thus to meet you—the crisis comes, and to-morrow fail not to repair boldly to the tree, the Kasr tree—meantime, collect its holy dews, which have been your safety against the savage beast, and unseen foes, more terrible than lions of this desert. Touch with its moisture the lips of charmed Adalia, he will prepare thee for thy midnight trials. Hope! Jamī, hope! and despair not; the favour of Allah, may he be praised, is joined to obedi-

ence towards him." As these accents flowed as a rich burst of melody from the benign genius, a suffusion of lustre, too dazzling for human eyes, withdrew the benevolent Zephon from Jamī's view; and his whole frame glowing with delight, he lay in the sweetest bands of sleep, until the sun, lifting his bright orb over the distant hill of Al Hymer, spread light and joy over the face of nature; and Jamī awakening, found his steps had led him to the Kasr, and that he lay under its well known tree. His drawn scimetar, still strongly grasped in his right hand, pointed towards the ruined heaps where his enemy no longer could be seen; but tracks of the lion's paws, in the light dust of the ruins, moistened by the morning dew, showed the lair of his retreat might be sought for near. Descending the yawning ravines, with wonder how he could have escaped their precipitous clefts and holes, he came to the wild scene, where he was shocked at beholding the dead body of his favourite horse (who had been stunned, and perished in the fall) already made the banquet of the wild beast and the howling jackall; that he himself felt revived, and even fresh, and renovated from his hurts, he ascribed to the propitious vision which engrossed all his thoughts. As he hastened onward to Hillah, determined to guide himself wholly by the supreme influence he felt exerted in

his behalf, his form bore an air of dignity, and his deep full eye shone with an energy and elevation most attractive and commanding, as he paced the awful ruins of Babylon, and prepared himself to encounter the future.

CHAPTER VII.

———"You shall have no bond
But your own will—no contract save your deeds."

With these subjects of reflection Jamī entered the court, where his appearance, dismounted and alone, spread general surprize, as inquiries had been frequently made by Kazim, and also by the cadi, incited by the impatient uneasiness of Lillah for his safety; to these motives were superadded an uneasy suspicion and doubt connected with the object of their judicial inquiry.

The grand judge had, for a considerable period of time, received the most urgent and imperative commands from the caliph to extirpate from his empire every individual professing magical arts; and the caliph followed up his persecution against the masters of necromancy with an energy and rigour most astonishing to all those individuals who witnessed the insatiable curiosity of his mind,

and the eager thirst Harûn often had testified to have the wonders of the cabalistic charms exhibited in his presence. What the causes were which excited his present violent proceedings the caliph confided to no one; rumour had hinted at some mysterious prediction, which declared that an empire would arise more durable than his throne, preserved by spells and magic; with this declaration was commixed, as is usual, some doubtful point of a being destined to be a scourge to the East, if his star bore him through the danger impending over him from the caliph's wrath. Thus instigated by ambition, and giving full scope to his natural severity, the caliph had rendered the detection of every practiser of magic the most urgent duty of his tribunal.

Actuated with this spirit, Kazim, the grand judge, was truly alarmed at the development of such a league as the connexion of the black sorcerer with Karmath betokened. Hitherto he had seized on single culprits, persons of solitary malignant habits, whose punishment had generally been welcomed by popular approbation; but Karmath was rooted in the love and esteem of the province, and surrounded by a strength which placed him almost above the law: even Ebn Thaher he saw entered not into his apprehensions and views, and the more he revolved the whole combined circumstances, the stronger became the

conviction of his mind, that some great event hung contingent upon Karmath's plans.

Revolving within his own mind that no possible trace should be left unexplored, he had so carefully secured Zamor, not only in chains, but by personal ward, that he feared not his eluding his custody even if deeply versed in magic art. Having therefore formed the project to proceed to Karmath's mansion, and acting as if conscious of his innocence, he carefully kept in his own bosom the confessions wrung by the fear of instant death from the unhappy wretch, intending to confront them together, and to draw some augury from the effect produced thereby on Karmath's countenance. Kazim, in pursuance of this determination, had given orders for Zamor's removal to Hillah, under the threat of his instant execution there, despatching directions to prepare his funeral pyre; when the offender prostrating himself, requested his mercy until he had developed to him the accomplices of his crimes, and placed them in his power. Alone with Kazim, he confessed that even now they were in converse at the Mujelebè pile; he dwelt with deepened sighs on the assurance, that "his unhappy end before him left him one only desire to fulfil ere he perished, which was, to extend the death prepared for himself to those who had seduced him to their infernal arts." Kazim was a person not moved by such appeals, but zealous to

execute the full rigour of the law, and determined not to lose sight of the offender in his power, he had hastened forward with all his suite, and approached the awful ruin; it was thus that Jamī, who had gallopped to the Kasr from the southern side, had been disappointed of that interview he sought for through such dangers.

The evening (as Jamī had found it) was stormy, and the frowning hill was concealed by heavy clouds; but, surrounded by his followers, and also accompanied by Ebn Thaher and his officers, Kazim pursued his way, eager to arrive thither ere the daylight failed. Zamor, of tall colossal figure, his arms fast bound, fitly indeed resembled the demon of darkness stalking towards this guilty dreary pile, rent on every side, torn and defaced by the elements, and lightning shattered; on every lengthened front, its dark and gloomy mass, perforated by holes and riven clefts, displayed a terrible devastation, and on the north, an indenting chasm opened the gigantic mound from top to bottom; the impending fragments jutting outward, appeared ready to fall, and consummate the ruin of all within their shade. Over heaps of vitrified bricks and misshapen mounds, a guard, holding over his head bare and exposed, a gleaming scimetar, preceded and followed by guards, and in view of the grand judge, Zamor slowly approached onward to this frightful gorge; they entered its

shadow, and turning to the left, a dark passage appeared, its extremity concealed in profound gloom; on each side of a low arched vault a passage or crevice branched off, leading onward, but shrouded in darkness; near them appeared an abyss, involved in perfect obscurity, but by its sounds terrifying and affrighting the guards from all approach. Kazim perceiving their irresolution, stepped onward to ascertain the cause, and himself alarmed at the dismal prospect, immediately retired, filled with indignation at the culprit who had dared to lead them to the brink of such a dangerous spot. He was on the point of ordering his instant death, and the uplifted sword was stretched out, when whispering sounds distinctly issued from the crevice within a few paces of their station, and Zamor, with an air of confident assurance, looked forward, as if there abode the vile practisers he had engaged to deliver to their justice. Still holding the sword uplifted over his head they went forward a step, guided by the glare of torches, which the moment's pause allowed them to light; breathless with the sensations excited by the awful scene, and their contiguity to the tremendous agents of supernatural rites, they proceeded cautiously, skirting the deep and faithless pit or well, whence issued sulphureous smells and sounds of woe. The foremost slave shrieked out—"the well of the evil angels, Haroot and Maroot!" At a beckon from

Kazim, the bright sword struck at the culprit; but ere the words were uttered, the giant Ethiopian had sprung into the abyss, and its boiling vapours shrouded him from their view. Terrified and alarmed at the frightful horror of all surrounding them, Kazim stood irresolute and thunderstruck, when the pit rolled forth such a dense mass of poisonous vapour, as admonished them to fly instantly from its pestilential influence. Happily their boats having accompanied them, they embarked in precipitate haste on the Euphrates, and mounting the stream, far beyond the frowning ruins, they passed the night in recounting the extraordinary scene.

Much Kazim reproached himself for trusting one instant to the wily speeches of Zamor, and resolving to bury in his breast his suspicions of Karmath, lest it should alarm and put him on his guard, he contented himself with enjoining on the governor the most rigorous examination of the case, and a watchful eye on his actions and designs, an office which Othman gladly undertook. To the cadi he advised that a notice of the past circumstance might be made known to Karmath, in words which betokened neither uneasiness or suspicion, and pleading the urgency of public business at Bagdad, he hastened to bear his surmises and discoveries to the foot of Harûn al Raschid's throne; but the caliph unfortunately had departed from

his capital, on an excursion of pleasure to Tûs in Korâssan, his native air and birth-place, and thus an interval was afforded to the most flagitious of men, and most potent of sorcerers, to prepare a plot which nearly threatened his throne, and which established a race of assassins in a bond of secret influence, which awed and defied the whole power of the caliphate.

Long had Karmath prepared those arrangements, and kept that close connexion with the wild tribes of Eastern Persia, which placed him above the fear of the law, and enabled him at any period, which he had chosen, to have maintained an independency amid the passes and mountains of Mazanderan. Hating the caliphate, he detested the race of Persia yet more; to set both at defiance, and erect an authority, independent of both states, had been the aim of his silent and successful schemes. Not content with governing the bodies of men, he had inculcated such implicit obedience to his will, that, at a word or nod, they would throw themselves down a precipice, or from a lofty tower, esteeming a death well recompensed that had the sanction of his presence. Long since had Karmath assailed the throne of the caliph, but revenge and hate were dearer to his heart than even ambition, and whatever were the causes, he pursued this passion with a fierce devotedness of purpose, which for a time

put aside even the plots and prospects of his future greatness.

Jamī, on entering the mansion, found his absence had excited alarm and surprize, and already having heard the details of the event at the Mujelebè, which had been spread around with exaggerated horrors, and perceiving on every side events rolling onward, which he foresaw must disclose the true character of his patron, and menace himself, he hastened to Adalia, whose heart had been torn with anguish at his absence and peril; instantly Jamī pressed his lips with an Arabian amulet, a heart of jasper, which he always wore, and now had bathed in the dews of the Kasr tree. No sooner did it touch his lips than the interesting youth, with an effort and a sigh, as of recovering some long-lost recollection, appeared thoroughly conscious of the past; while, therefore, Jamī forbore to augment the depths of his feelings by any present communication, he heard with intense anxiety the events of Adalia's daring efforts, and his too accurate and faithful appreciation of Karmath's character.

Jamī was still listening, and also musing how to mark to Lillah his horror of the imputation he so innocently suffered from, when a slave entering from Ebn Thaher, announced his approach. Jamī was revolving intently over the necessity existing for removing immediately the unfavourable con-

struction connected with his disappearance on the evening of the sorceries of Zamor, when he saw that the cadi had already entered the gate, and was in close converse with the now hated form of Karmath.

Ebn Thaher was so engrossed by their subject, which, through their interview, became more and more interesting, that he took no further notice of Jamī's presence, than that from time to time he turned his eyes towards him, as if connected with the object of their discourse. The stature and aspect of the cadi, firm and venerable, were finely contrasted by the Arab robe, which, as a distinctive mark of his birth, enfolded the towering form of Karmath. His eye and softened voice persuasively accompanied each other in their appeal, and the cadi listened impatiently, when Jamī, no longer restraining himself, and stung to the heart by the suspicions which involved himself, urged him to examine the ruins of the demolished chamber in the presence of Karmath and of Hassarac. Karmath, to the infinite surprize of the agitated Jamī, made not the smallest objection, and rather in conformity to his conjoined entreaties, than from any existing suspicion, Ebn Thaher, accompanied by Karmath, by Jamī, the summoned Hassarac, and other slaves, proceeded through the courts to the ruins of the forbidden apartments.

The progress and marks of the flames were most

visible; the remains of the splendid hall lay in heaps of rubbish amid the vestiges of massy buttresses around, and further on were merely shapeless ruins. Untouched and insecure, they manifestly threatened destruction to any person approaching them, and Karmath was explaining the abandoned neglect of their appearance as arising from his hitherto unformed plan of reconstructing them, when the cadi, fancying himself called upon by the former hints of Kazim, the grand judge, to make a show of investigating the scene, was approaching toward the site of the secret door to notice a peculiarity in the low arch which still hung on its slender prop, as in the same instant the crumbling mass gave way with a horrid crash, and overwhelmed Ebn Thaher in its ruins.

A universal shriek announced the catastrophe from all but Jamī, whose soul, highly excited, and alive to the dangers surrounding him, intently scrutinized the features of Karmath, and detected a glance, a momentary gleam, decidedly corroborative of the sinister power which dealt the blow. Concealing for the present the conviction, Jamī rushed to the aid of the unfortunate old man. Meanwhile the slaves, dispersing on all sides, spread the report of the cadi being slain by the accidental fall of the ruins. Karmath, calm and sedate, gave his orders with the most judicious coolness; and after a long and arduous suspense, they found the object

of their search, wounded, and dreadfully bruised, but still alive. Adalia also had hastened thither on the first tidings, and in his and Jamī's arms, still insensible, he was borne by Karmath's commands into the harem apartments. So tenderly, yet so carefully did he there exert his great skill and knowledge of pharmacy, that Ebn Thaher was soon recalled to sense and consciousness; while, almost bereft of both, appeared the terrified Lillah, who, distracted at the tidings, had flown instantly to the spot.

As a separation of the father and daughter was impossible, Karmath proposed resigning the whole range of apartments to Lillah and Ebn Thaher, an offer most thankfully embraced; and Melka, and the favourite slaves of the cadi, together with himself and daughter, became thus the inmates of his mansion.

The horror and confusion of this event, and the appearance of Lillah, had almost banished the saddening thoughts of the night, until the youthful Adalia, as they retired from the sick couch of the cadi, gazed on Jamī with a look of deep melancholy, as if presaging some danger. He would gladly have unburthened his mind, and have conjured him never more in any enterprize of danger to separate from himself; but Jamī, animated by the recollection of the bright vision vouchsafed to him, and elevated by the proud hope that, through

perils and dangers, he might gain a prospect of their mutual deliverance from snares he only as yet dimly descried, would afford no opportunity to Adalia of questioning or watching him, but casting one impatient glance at the gloomy Birs, which marked the hour to be arrived, he wrapped his robe closely around his form, and without a pause or hesitation of purpose, set forth for the desolated ruins and caverns of Babylon.

The winds whistled over the solitary wilderness as Jamī passed onward, and the air re-echoed back the mournful howlings of the deceitful hyæna wailing to allure her prey; the jackall of the desert fled away cowering from the ruins; all nature, by its symbols declared its abhorrent dread of those powers of darkness which exercise over the elements their guilty supremacy; but Jamī kept onward, unawed by the signs he witnessed, unmoved by the deepening glooms. He entered amid the remnants of the palaces of Babylon, as if they still were pleasant resorts; and animate with hope and courage, his scimetar ready for earthly foes, and his immoveable trust in the good powers, a talisman against his unseen enemies, he gradually ascended the grand ruins of the Kasr, and sat himself under the spreading and ever green branches of the beautiful tree: its sprays grew forth pendant as the heron's plumes, and bent their long tress-like tendrils to the earth. Seating himself under its shade,

which felt peaceful and refreshing, he for a moment contemplated the scene before him, the site of the once imperial city, now crumbled into misshapen heaps and ruins; their vast bulk proclaimed their origin, and thus contemplated under a bright and steady moonlight, they developed their outlines in a dim majesty of form, more distinctive of their pristine grandeur than when displayed in the broad blaze of day.

Whence he sat, on the site of the once magnificent and elevated palace of the Chaldee monarchs, now reduced to mouldering bricks and shapeless walls, he traced, like a silver stream, the moonlight course of the Euphrates; on the right-hand frowned, majestic and imposing as a fortress, the gigantic square of the "Mujelebè, or the overthrown:" it overtopped the whole plain. On the left-hand, spread in billowy confusion, the Amram mound, of itself a mountain, and ridges of steep ruins, drew a framework of high swelling hillocks, which even yet speak of what was Babylon, and still are a mighty token of her vast extent: the largest fragment of her ruins on the opposite banks of the Euphrates, the Birs Nemroude displayed a bold tower yet aspiring toward the heavens which it proudly once derided, and whose fragments, and vitrified masses of bricks, along its scorched and blasted rents, testify to the rage of elements and to the lightning's power. To Jamī's eye it frowned a

dark and gloomy spot in the moonlight scene; but not so awfully terrible as in the silence of this still moonlight scene was the record of man's disobedience, and his criminal rebellion against the powers of heaven.

From the scene before him, of a great metropolis rapidly sinking into oblivion, his mind became deeply moved by the thoughts of his unknown parentage, of his involved fortunes, of his call to wrestle with powers evil and superhuman; thoughts so astounding, that the heart of Jamī, however strong in firmness and magnanimity, felt a touch of sorrow as it revolved over objects of such deep thought. "Alas!" he exclaimed aloud, "even on the very spot whereon I now recline, thousands of my race have danced their day-dream of delight; their mouldering bones now sleep their sleep of death in the recesses of the dreary and immense ruin beneath me!" Little did Jamī think how soon his eyes, admitted by infernal rites within these awful limits, would rest upon such sights; now he paused, and smiled, but in sorrow, as he imagined the thoughts and surmises of those crumbled forms if once more clothed with flesh, they now could be seated by his side, and open those eyes which, (when lighted with life, beheld Babylon in her glory), now would behold only shapeless yet expressive fragments, marking her ruin and degradation. As these thoughts rushed through his

mind with the rapidity of lightning, a fleecy mist appeared to rise like an exhalation around the circumference of the sacred tree, "the Gur of the Kasr," and gradually one by one the objects of his pensive contemplation were veiled from his eyes; but his heart beat violently as he saw something beyond nature in this silvery screen, which effectually hid him and the tree from all external gaze. He had not long indulged in wonder ere he perceived a form habited as a shepherd, with the simplicity of pastoral life (but whose bright eyes and lofty port bespoke him of higher origin than earth-born), issue from the silver cloud, smiling in gracious condescension on Jamī, as he spoke thus, with a voice of celestial sweetness—"To trace to Jamī snares which he cannot fathom, and to roll back the clouds and darkness which shroud his steps, I am allowed for a few instants to meet him as a friend; the moment even now speeds onward which summons him to these dreary caverns; already the pursuers of his life are in counsel in the recesses of these piles; but this chosen eve allows my power to prevail, and shades him from their knowledge; already Jamī wears to mortal sight, yea, even to their piercing eyes, the form of the chosen agent of their crime, the hardened Hassarac. Fear not therefore boldly to follow Karmath into his magic vault; be bold—be wise—for your fate is stamped for ever by the events of the night. So closely are

your weal and your woe intertwined, that trust in Allah alone can counteract the malignity of Karmath; keep on firm in mind; repeat, and remember in every desponding moment—'The praise of Allah is the medicine of the heart, and he that has no courage has no religion.'" Touching Jamī lightly with his crook, he perceived with indescribable emotion, that he indeed now wore the hue and lineaments of Hassarac; and scarcely was the enchantment completed, than, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, the good genius became enwrapped in the silvery cloud, and disappeared.

"Good powers watch over my footsteps, and direct me aright amid the dangers and snares thrown around me," ejaculated Jamī, as, with a shudder, he now perceived in the shades the form of Karmath glide, as the stealthy fox, along these sombre ruins, and passing onward to the centre cave; the intrepid heart even of Jamī could not repress its audible pulsation as he descended the ravine, and prepared to follow him: that single moment only was given to human weakness, for as soon as he uttered the prayer for support, he felt nerved and sustained, and hastened onward to the scene.

Karmath had reached the cleft, when warned by the sounds of following steps, he looked around, and beheld, as he thought, Hassarac. His appearance excited no surprize, and pointing with his finger inward towards the gloomy opening, they

entered together a subterranean passage under the foundation of the southern side, floored and walled with large bricks laid in bitumen; it passed onward obliquely, its sides marked in lines of cuneiform characters, and the yellow freshness of the brick was visible by a waving meteor from above, shedding a dismal lurid hue on all around. The first passage was loathsome and incommodious, it was more than half full of nitrous water, and the hollow roof and sides sounded with the fluttering wings of bats, enjoying the twilight shed over their obscene dens; not a word was uttered, as they now approached a grim guardian of the magic cave, the lion who watches and guards the fearful entrance from all mortal steps. Woe to the rash intruder during the evening of magic power, when the savage beast threatens certain death; but his guard maintained during the sorcerer's mysteries; no sooner is the place left to its desolate silence, than the majestic beast becomes apparently a marble statue, impeding by his size, and bulk, the low passage now open to the powerful Karmath; he stroked the wretched beast imprisoned by spells in this horrid spot, as he passed, and followed by the fictitious Hassarac, crept onward through an oblique chamber, lined with skeletons, their blanched bones rattled as the magician passed, and Jamī's eye saw overhead, glowing in crimson flame, a centre cylinder of "Ahriman, or Evil, wielding eight

instruments of torture, seated on a throne, the lion and hyæna serving for its props, while an altar before him bore the sacred fire and human head;" beyond this chamber, bones fastened by bitumen encrusted the sides and lined the walls, which rose apparently from a bottomless abyss, across which ran a causeway, of width enough for a single being to pass on, a line of fine brickwork wholly covered with the cuneiform character. As Jamī intently watched the movements of Karmath, he observed that he carefully drew up his garments, and suffered not their hem to lose the narrow straight line; within on the right hand, lay numberless urns of human sepulture, and the hollow passage rose to a height, rendering its roof invisible from the darkening glooms; a sullen murmur preceded the slow unfolding of a heavy iron door, they passed its threshold, and Jamī beheld himself encircled within the centre vault.

It rose as a temple, and bore on the walls around the Babylonian figures of mystic import, the god Omoroca, the half fish half man, the bull, the serpent, the stinging zimb which depopulates whole regions, the scorpion fierce, the furious dragon, all which marked the circle of the constellations, as the bold rebel Nimrod graved them in his apostate temple; here were displayed groups, with other monsters compounded of all shapes; dogs with human heads, gorgons and chimeras formed the

train, worthy train of worthy deity; to worship Evil —which, as Typhon, Ahriman, or Dagon, reigned here the god of death. All the flooring was of glazed Babylonian tile, inscribed with cylindric devices, showing the characters of Ahriman's reign; in the centre stood an altar, and around it were three figures, whose eyes, fiery as meteors, revealed the malignant passions of their breasts. Karmath instantly was welcomed, as, his cloak thrown off, he now wore a yellow garb, bound by a variegated girdle of silk twist to his waist, and, as he approached, a bright piercing flame arose from the altar, whence issued odours so pungent, that, even keeping at the furthest distance, Jamī could scarcely sustain his senses. But these powerful vapours appeared to inflate the sorcerers with intense delight, as loosening their girdles, and their long yellow robes flowing wildly open, they whirled around in giddy dance; sounds of harmony then pealed from the flooring, until, intoxicated with their rocking motion and the vapour, they approached nearer and nearer the flames, which enlarging their magic circle until it received their impassive forms within its brightness, they fell at their length on the floor; as thus they sunk under the power of their spells, the flames ascended to the roof, leaving their encircled bodies unscorched, and the horrid vault instantly became enveloped in death-like gloom.

"Alas," communed the shrinking Jamī at these

appalling sights, "whence can aid be given to my rash and adventurous steps! Woe to me, my doom is sealed!"—and well might he so fear, when he now saw the pallid beauteous infant's head arise on the altar of fire; instantly he recognized the piercing glance of the teraph, as seen by Adalia; he shrunk from the terrible brightness of its gleaming eyes, and his heart beat with violence, but he regained his fortitude, as he perceived that the change of form effectually preserved him safe from even the demon's ken.

The dismal cave had no light but the streaming flashes from the magic teraph, which cast an unearthly glare, and then sank into pitch darkness; but the lips now unclosed, and, in accents of melodious sweetness, called on him as Hassarac, to take a slender rod (which he discovered resting by the wall), and to touch the prostrate magicians; for so potent was the spell, that without the strong aid of the wand of power, their rest had been eternal. Wrapped in obscure visions of the future they lay in the deepest slumber, until touched by the obedient Jámī; and he saw with horror the glow of deadly malice wherewith, as they arose they began to question each of his compeer, what were the dark secrets of fate?

"Shall we, the mighty of earth, who wield the elements, and know the secrets of nature, bend before a puny child of clay? No!" exclaimed the

furious Maholath, " let the hated race with whom we link our fate now perish. This dagger——" here he brandished it with menacing air, and the weapon glittered in the withering ray shot forth from the teraph.

Karmath shook his head as he sighed and said—" Not so, dread Maholath, not so; if force alone could sweep from our path the noxious reptile, can you deem my power ineffectual?—but the race of Habesci must fall by other means, and weave their own web of destiny."

A darker frown overspread the gloomy Maholath, who spent his rage in curses against Allah, but here Zamor exclaimed—" Dark are the clouds which hover on all, which threaten from Habesci's race! Adalia——"

A violent start of Jamī, forgetful of his assumed character, caused surprize and a frown of anger on Karmath's brow, and he impatiently exclaimed—" Adalia dies, and Habesci's son becomes our yearly sacrifice to the dread god of fire."

He had scarcely uttered the words, ere the altar glowed with ruddy flame, and the sentence thus uttered, self-inscribed instantly appeared on its base in vivid characters of flame; a bickering smoke wreathed around the cave, as Jamī, oppressed with horror at the menaced fate of one so dear to him, staggered to the shelving rock unnoticed by the fell enchanters; they, wholly engrossed by the spell,

continued intently gazing on the appearance, until the altar of the demon teraph, with a noise of hollow thunder, descended through the earth, and at the same moment the vault became wrapped in its native gloom. A command from Karmath filled the vault with light, and, as the hardened enchanters communed, Jamī heard with horror the deep-laid scheme for his and Adalia's ruin. To Maholath, foaming with rage at the death of a brother, executed by the caliph's commands, Karmath presented the hope of vengeance, as he said—"Bright would be the hour that gave up the race of Haschem, filling great Bagdad's throne, to our resentment! But on the prophet's vicar vain are magic arts, yet my power may reach him: alarmed at reports from Korâssan, he already is journeying thither, and in the city of Tûs shall he find me, for there shall your just wrath be slaked."

"Excellent friend," Maholath exclaimed, "pride of our race, who joins the earthly sword to secrets which command the powerful elements, why then lingers the word which sweeps thy foes into perdition?"

"Too well, great masters of the spell, ye know that even we must bend to destiny—yea, with rage I say it, must own a yoke most galling, which we abhor, but cannot shake off! Why tear open the bleeding wounds of this stony heart? Why reveal how destiny, which spoke of the high ascendant of

the Karmates, when as yet we were the noblest of the Schammar mountains, mixed with the bright gleam streaks of portentous darkness, arising from our rivals the Habesci. It is written, 'Habesci's race can only perish by their own departure from the protecting powers, through sin or distrust.' Once already have I recklessly rushed against fate, and hurled destruction on my foes;" here Karmath gasped as if overcome by the sad remembrance. For a moment death-like silence reigned, until he resumed his speech, in accents, as deep and low as if they sounded from the tomb—" In Heman's hapless destiny, in the thousand arts and wiles of Karmath's course, you read the inexorable penance which my bold aggression drew on me! sovereignty within my reach withdrawn—my surviving foes strengthened against my power—myself doomed to feign virtues which I detest, and to win by specious semblance the hearts which I would govern with a rod of iron! Thinkest thou that I would not ride the elements, and scatter pestilence where now the fawning leech practices his healing arts—but no more—subtlety has won what was denied to force —'*Adalia's death restores to Heman reason*—and *Jamī's death secures Hassan Suba's rule;*'—fast bound by spells, they cannot separate themselves from our annual sacrifice of fire, and only three days intervene ere these rites must be fulfilled!"

"How, Karmath, have you drawn the magic circle around Adalia?" questioned the enchanter.

"Brother, already he has lost all consciousness of the past, and grateful for the remission of his expected punishment, himself and Jamī crouch at my feet; the feast I shall announce, and amid its blandishments, my faithful Hassarac here present, will drug their cups with powder, infatuating the will and sense; the potion once swallowed, farewell to our fears; led to our altar, their blood perfects our acceptable sacrifice and safety."

"Methinks their instant death," Maholath muttered, "were better."

"Alas! dread enchanter, how strike the blow? Is he not charmed from force for a mystic period? Once draw them to the sacrifice, and they are ours!"

"Try then the teraph," said Zamor, and drawing a circle, the altar and infant's head again arose, livid and pale.

"Say, wretch, slave of my power," Maholath exclaimed, "does Karmath hold his sacrifice in safety, and feed it with the acceptable offering to the gods of fire?"

"He feeds it with the acceptable offering to the gods of fire!" the voice replied.

"Show then the scene," the enchanter exclaimed.

Jamī trembled with inmost terror, as the walls

slowly assumed a hue of a natural cavern, ribbed with rugged rocks, but he was scarcely able to gaze on the wall; he distinctly saw Karmath, Hassarac, a veiled form reclining on a couch, and himself, surrounding the altar of fire; the fierce Maholath clapped his hands in triumph, and ere Karmath could question the spirit of the spell, immediately the cave and enchanters rolled from Jamī's view, and he lay under the Kasr tree.

The cold drops of agony stood on his forehead, as he thought of what that night had revealed; his heart throbbed as if it would burst through its fleshly shrine—but in this awful trial the exhaling dews fell on him with a soothing calmness, and gradually calmer thoughts and brightening trust spread over his senses, banishing away the torturing horror which darkened his mind, until, exhausted by the past scene, he dropped into a state of slumber. Much he dreamed of the past, as in his visions it again appeared before him—again the threats of the future sounded in his ears; chiefly he was warned to secretly lock up in his bosom the important secret, and to exert his vigilance against foes who exercised such formidable powers; clearly he saw that himself and Adalia too surely were enthralled in bonds they could not force—they could not be free but by Karmath's voice—while destiny proclaimed, he could not be secure but by their death.

Such were the saddening reflections which agitated the breast of Jamī, even in his temporary forgetfulness, and he awoke from a slumber to view the Kasr gilded by the morning beams, fast spreading their effulgence over the earth.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed
> Paws the ground, and snuffs the air:
> There's not a foal of Arab's breed
> More knows whom he must bear!"

JAMĪ pursued his gloomy way amid the ruins of Babylon, nor could he resist mixing his musings with her past existence, and the fifteen hundred years of her widowhood and desolation. Sighing deeply, he stretched forth his arm over a huge mass of ruins, as he exclaimed—"True is our Arabian proverb—'Life passes as a thought, as a meditation that is told.' How many of the thousands slumbering beneath my feet could, in a recital of the dreams of their fugitive existence, echo back sigh for sigh, and tear for tear! Hence," he continued, "vain fears and laments! If my life is mown down by the spoiler even in its morn, here is the lesson, that all time is equal when it is passed; a thousand years when gone are forgotten as yester-

day! Great Babylon slumbers over her dead as if they had never been." The melancholy of his heart became softened by the bright hues of hope, as the uncertainties of time pointed to the best source of strength, even the favour of Allah, and thus employed, he soon regained the mansion of Hillah: within its walls his mind revolved upon the next step of the dangerous and arduous enterprise before him.

Amid the various causes of anxiety pressing on his heart, from the dangers threatening his own life and Adalia's, what could be the political views of Karmath, or Hassun, as he now termed himself? If his dangerous malice planned an open revolt, as the fears of Othman had pointed out, Jamī's readiest way to safety must be to acquaint himself of those facts which he might exhibit to the governor, and by the strong arm of power to seize and crush the persecutor who held them thus bound in his hidden springs of influence. But these were ideas floating over a mind startled at the variety and magnitude of the dangers which it discovers, for he clearly perceived that no effort could disentangle himself, and those he loved, from the snares involving them, but by the death of their oppressor; and here his person as well as his power seemed alike charmed from external danger. While thus meditating, he found the road to the town, to his great surprize, was occupied by a large

party of Arabs, whose gay tents and led horses announced their intention of making some resort in the plain, and Jamī, as his eyes glanced pensively over the western banks of the Euphrates, beheld a dark speck come up as a cloud from behind the frowning barrier of the Birs Nemroude, which he felt satisfied was also a band from the western desert. These appearances, which in general would have given him delight, from affording the intercourse and friendship of the gay fiery Arab, he now startled at witnessing, as being an indication of the ripening plans of the dangerous Karmath.

Jamī, on repairing to the house, found Adalia alone, and greatly startled and terrified at his absence, although he had learned such necessary prudence from the misfortunes and sufferings of his youth as to bury his apprehensions in his own bosom. Karmath had conjoined himself with the Arab chiefs, and the household were engrossed by Ebn Thaher, suffering severely from his wound, and the interesting Lillah. Jamī had no sooner tranquillized the anxious mind of Adalia, than he repaired to the centre saloon, where the venerable cadi lay extended on cushions, watched over by this interesting creature, in the favour of whose countenance Jamī placed his supreme delight. Here the perfumed bowers breathed a fragrance refreshing to the languor and pains of her parent, and she exerted herself to mitigate his weary hours; it was

readily accorded to Jamī to assist in so grateful an employ, and, seated at the feet of the cadi, they together sought to beguile him of his pains. As a subject of amusement Jamī selected the adjacent ruins, and narrated the traditions of their hours of pride—"the awful character of the Birs Nemroude —the glory of Babylon, burnt up by fire from heaven, when the proud king of old had boasted of it as a scaling tower to heaven—of the lightnings striking down its top, and the fires melting down its masses— of the mighty Iskander employing his tens of thousands to restore it—of Heaven's judgments, allowing him to take down, but removing him by death when he would have built up—of the Mujelebè, chief of the eastern ruins which hang over Babylon, in proud and frowning majesty as a stately fortress— how its under structure is perforated by sepulchral chambers filled with wooden coffins, Babylonian skeletons, and urns of Iskander's soldiers—also the awful abyss ever boiling up and emitting groans and sounds, where the dreaded fallen angels Haroot and Maroot reside;" at this point of Jamī's tale, Ebn Thaher, agitated at the recollection of the escape of Zamor, made a sign for him to desist, and expressing a desire to sleep, he left the two youthful lovers free to enter upon topics far more genial to their hearts. Jamī also was relieved from a weight of thought, how he should have named the Kasr, and the awful scenes which the past night revealed

to him within its recesses; the retrospection instantly drew from his bosom a heavy sigh, which Lillah immediately noticed.

"Indeed, Jamī, since our private converse so seriously disturbs your spirits, pray let me awaken the cadi to profit further by your learned march over Babylon."

"Ah! gay tormentor," her lover replied, "responds not your heart to the incertitudes of our state? Lillah, you own that you love me—your mind soars higher than the participated fondness of harem love, and seeks a mate alone, such as Jamī would be at the risk even of his life. Your father approves, but with niggard hand moves not but as Karmath moves!"

"Well," replied the inflexible Lillah, "and why should Jamī complain of that? Has he not given Ebn Thaher to hope, that lands, and rule, and competency, will follow on his patron's favourable voice—and who so high as Jamī? You have not forfeited his favour?"

"Alas! Lillah, I have done naught that should forfeit his favour! His—did I say? Great powers!" he was exclaiming, when a noise of some one entering the apartment showed Karmath himself, and Ebn Thaher aroused, welcomed him to his couch. All were struck with surprize at the altered mien and port of the hitherto courteous and silent inhabitant of Hillah; his form was dilated to

a grandeur of look, and air the most imposing; his eye assumed an authority which seemed its nature and element.

"What was Jamī so strongly protesting?" he uttered with a look of fire, as he turned towards him, lost in thought, and confused by the interruption. Observing him hesitate—"nay, it matters not," he continued, "Lillah can tell me in our evening's tale, but I have a morning one more interesting for your ears; you have known hitherto only Karmath of Hillah, now you must know Hassun Suba, head of the Fedavee tribe; these, nurtured in Korâssan, my native home, are come hither to claim me their chief, but more than all beside, a sage, deeply read in nature's secrets, comes to revive my long-deplored Heman's intelligence of soul—his rites, borne from the eastern ocean, we will celebrate two days from hence. My friends of the desert, hearing of Ebn Thaher's malady, refuse to fill my halls with riot—they rejoice in their tents; but Jamī, in the chamber of the grove, since the fire has desolated the adjoining hall, in that hall of soft retirement, we will celebrate the feast which brings to Heman intellectual health and joy!"

Jamī started as the intimation revived his horror for the approaching crisis, the more so, as Hassun proceeded:

"You will find your youthful companion Adalia

missing for these few days only, as I have besought his friendly offices for his long loved associate Heman; until this trial over, Heman restored, Hassun Suba at his elevation, Lillah shall next engage our notice; meantime, Jamī, attend to these our guests from Korâssan, and hasten toward the height of Al Hymer, around which they encamp."

Beckoning Jamī to follow him (after an inquiry into Ebn Thaher's hurts, and a direction to consult ease and quiet, accompanied by an admonitory glance to Jamī), they together left the apartments; and Jamī, aware of his inability to disobey the orders received, and pondering how he could act for him, whom he considered and deplored as inevitably lost, was plunged in the deepest reverie, when he saw the sullen Bibars, Heman's favourite since his separation from Adalia, passing from the apartments toward him. Eagerly on the watch for some mode of intercourse to Adalia, he remarked, as he advanced, that Bibars was bitterly weeping, the cruelty or caprice of Heman had subjected him to a severe and undeserved punishment, which he felt every desire and motive to revenge. At this instant of his perplexity, Jamī, viewing all at stake, determined to risk every thing upon the propitious opportunity of appealing to Bibars' feelings and passions; he so justly estimated their bias, and won on his attachment, that the slave became anxious

to evidence his powers of retaliation, by promising strict secrecy and implicit obedience; his services Jamī limited to his watching exclusively for three days over Adalia, and counteracting, as far as his power extended, whatever harm he deemed likely to befal him. Bibars was no less bound to this by anger against Heman, than by a grateful feeling toward Jamī, who had exercised his authority leniently and kindly. Hardly was Jamī able to satisfy his heart by this feeble effort, and by taking his strict oath and vow that no harm should happen to Adalia, than he was summoned to accompany him, whom we must henceforth term Hassun, to Al Hymer. The separation from Lillah he deeply deplored, and feeling the uncertainty thrown over his own views and existence, and the short period which must revolve, ere the final event decided his fate, he determined to endeavour to see Lillah once more, to avow his prospects, and to prepare her for the separation they were perhaps doomed to endure.

Such were his reflections as he proceeded to the Arab encampment. They were different in their habits from any other tribes he knew of the desert; they, however, welcomed him as a brother, and vied together in personal kindness toward him. As he entered the circle he was presented to Keah, their chief leader, who, in compliance with the injunctions of Hassun, soon manifested towards

Jamī the most unbounded demonstrations of attachment. No less perplexed by the new scene opened to his notice in the apparently ripening ambitious projects of Hassun, than harassed by the variety of trials he had lately undergone, Jamī with joy acceded to the early hours of rest practised by these sons of the desert. He had made a most favourable impression on their minds by the noble and lofty appearance of his manners, no less than by his courageous and penetrating countenance; he also was highly prepossessed by the youthful Omar, his selected friend, who, conformably to the customs of the Fedavee tribe, attached himself as a brother to his plans. The encampment were soon buried in repose, all but Jamī, who, pensive and wrapped in thought, and vainly courting sleep, resolved on walking forth from his tent. He had scarcely advanced a short distance, directing his eyes towards the ruins, ere his keen sight discerned the tree of the Kasr marked as a wavy speck upon the bright lustrous height shining in the moonbeams; with its appearance came the remembrance of its scenes, and he determined to repair thither at the next nightfall, to learn (if happily he might again be visited by Zephon) how he might counteract the evil intended by Hassun. Omar, he trusted, might befriend him. Of nearly the same age and figure, he resolved to put the sincerity of the professions he had uttered to the test. In this hope,

returning to his tent, he passed a great portion of the night in framing various schemes, and rejecting them, until wearied with the agitations of his mind, he fell into a deep slumber, and was awakened by his young friend Omar arousing him to go forth to the chase. After appearing before Keah and his circle, they set forth, and Jami, aware of the importance of excelling in the accomplishments most prized by his friends, evidenced such perfect knowledge of horsemanship, and the use of their spear, as won their regard, especially of Omar, in all things exactly his compeer. On their return to Al Hymer they found Hassun present in the inner tent, in close consultation with the heads of the tribe. Jamī saw with surprize and amazement the devoted zeal and reverential awe evidenced by all for his person, understood, as it already was, that he was chief sheik of their tribe. More than usually gracious was Hassun's welcome to the youthful friends, Jamī and Omar, as they advanced to the tent, and attracted the notice of all by their youth and promise of excellence. Perceiving that it was the wish of their chief, they separated not during the hours of sultry noon, but in the shade of their tent freely discoursed upon the past events of their lives. Omar heard with interest Jami's recital of his patron's influence and power throughout Irak, fostered among the Arab hordes, and also on the river's stream; he hinted at the tre-

mendous ruins lying before them, and instantly comprehended that, to Omar's race, such power was held both great and lawful; as he detailed in turn, to the anxious inquisitive mind of Jamī, the early rise of Hassun—his dangers in Korâssan amid the tribe of Oujiour Arabs, his power being nearly destroyed by an envious rival—his repairing to Irak—his concealing himself as a physician—his occasional appearances among them, and the great talents of his brother—"until," Omar continued, "rich in talents and in means, his tribe devoted to his person, Hassun Suba now assumes his natural station, and his enemies must fall before him; not a man of all his tribe, but views his word irrevocable as fate, and flies to court death under his eye as furnishing a bright award to future bliss!"

"But whence, Omar," Jamī questioned, "has arose the grounds of confidence in Hassun, thus separated from his people, and pursuing his avocation of physician in Hillah?"

"Little, Jamī, can you know of the spirit of his followers, which, devoted to him, obey his will as that of heaven; no dangers or separation, now flowing from our infant state of power, alter these ties, kept up by constant intercourse and yearly homage, for Hassun, though in Hillah, still has ruled us: persecuted bitterly by the sultan Mahmoud Seljookèe, he withdrew, as offering himself a victim to his anger, but leaving his adherents to multiply

and to frame his power; so well have they performed their duty, that, at this instant, the eagle fortress of All-hamout, or the eagle's mount, is on the eve of falling into our power, there to make our seat of rule, to proclaim our chief the mountain sheik, and to rule by force or terror throughout Persia and these rich plains."

"But, Omar, magnificent as are these hopes, how could Hassun leave them to foster plans so inferior as he must stoop to in these regions subject to the caliph's power?"

"Even this also I am allowed to detail to Jamī; think not, were you otherwise than great, and chosen by our chief, that my lips would open to disclose his policy, but in the various turns of destiny some portions always have their bitterness, and flow contrary to our governance or ken; thus Hassun, pursuing powers superhuman, has acquired talismans of mighty import, first wrought and fashioned amid the spirits of these ruins; some mysterious event ripens here its course, to place his invisible power as high and glorious as his worldly schemes, and above all, to fashion Heman, his son and idol, to the mighty fortunes flowing towards the father."

Jamī groaned in spirit as he thus beheld the tortuous wiles of Hassun towards himself, and the intended victim Adalia developed to his aching heart; too truly did the crisis of the next twenty-four hours contain every motive for his high and

magnanimous bearing; destiny, in her inscrutable purposes, brought round into one focus every long scattered link of Hassun's projects. Afraid of Othman's jealousy and violence, and not relying upon the specious reconciliation effected by the grand judge Kazim, justly suspicious of his departure so hastily for Bagdad, after the mysterious disappearance of Zamor, Hassun had hastened the operation of his followers, and commanded the resort of their chief body to the neighbourhood of Hillah, whither also repaired the tribes of the desert; their approach was so timed as to assist at the grand sacrifice meditated, which, consummating the ruin and destruction both of Jamī and Adalia, the inexorable sorcerers had intimated would thereby secure his supremacy of magic power, in all his plans of influence: the moulding of the fierce Fedavee tribe to contemplate him as armed with preternatural means, was a chief desire and aim of Hassun—he had grasped this hope so long and eagerly, that (all his malignant passions excited) he now viewed it as a component part of his existence, and would rather part with life, than with the perilous attribute he so fiercely struggled for; but he felt, in the bitterness of his heart's core, that every step he had taken had been paid for by a grievous penalty—that in every point gained, he had involved the dearest interests of his heart—that the power he still longed for, could only be

bought by blood—and such was the oracular obscurity of his evil agents, that the flame which he kindled might consume the wrong sacrifice. Hence his steps were beset with peril and doubt, as he by turns terrified and courted his victims; he groaned, as he considered, that if he was master of the demons, yet that the work of their web was the reverse often of what he desired and demanded of them! But such was the curse cleaving to his course, that as he would be greater than man, so his boasted prerogative became a sceptre of iron, dashing in pieces the clay structures of prosperity he often laboured assiduously to rear.

At this moment, however, his heart dilated in joy; for all things moved smoothly to the point of his success; his spells assured him that both Jamī and Adalia must, of his will, enter the chamber of death in his magic structure, and his ardent mind knew too well its own thirst of power to fear that any emotions of repentant feeling would save his victims from sufferings and extinction. Assured that they could not break through the magic circle which confined their unconscious steps, he devoted his time for the present hours to the indispensable claims of his Persian plans, trusting that Omar's blossoming friendship, backed by his dread commands, would detain Jamī the ensuing day at Al Hymer (that day, the only brief space left open to fate), then the grand sacrifice would

be consummated, and he might effect that union of Heman and Lillah, which the stars foretold would become most propitious, and which was therefore his object in bringing them under his roof.

It was already night, and Omar, who felt in truth the most lively regard for his young companion, was expressing his surprize at the anguish which he saw at intervals distort Jamī's noble features, when, unable any longer to control his feelings, Jamī exclaimed—

"Ah! Omar, would to heaven you could read the supreme misery of your friend; attached beyond my life to a lovely creature, already from extraordinary incidents doubtful of my love, I have again been torn from her, unwarned of the cause, and defrauded of my pledge; each moment my heart bleeds as I fancy her straying in our garden, and taxing me with fickleness and inconstancy; there also I left Adalia, the friend of my heart, looking to me for counsel, subject to a slave he abhors, and my fancy has done naught but picture my love, and my friend, equally reproaching the forgetful Jamī. Every bird on soaring wing, which passes our tents to Hillah, I envy the power of alighting near them, and effacing the injurious impression."

"But, my friend," Omar replied, "why not instantly bound on your steed, and measure back your steps? My heart feels all your sorrows, and wonders at your delay."

"Alas! Omar," he sighed, as he answered, "so young in years as not to see that hence I cannot move, as Jamī, but I must acquaint the sagacious Hassun with the cause? And, as yet unsanctioned in my passion, were he to frown a refusal, my heart would not bear the torture—no, to meet the wrath of Hassun is too dreadful! Nor could I declare the avowal of Lillah's fondness, unless her soft voice first yielded consent!"

"Well, Jamī," Omar, after some pause, replied, "I yield perhaps to feelings which I ought to conquer, but my heart irresistibly is moved toward your happiness—go as Omar, no one of this encampment will question your steps, habituated as they are to nightly missions from our camp. I will occupy your tent until morn—take my dress and arms—the watch-word "Maholath." Jamī started as he thus heard the sorcerer's name, whose fell voice had urged on his death, it nerved him to seek his further guidance at the Kasr, and to take a farewell of Lillah: thanking Omar, he hastened with eager joy to array himself in his Arab garbs—the turban rolled deeply over his forehead, made the transformation complete; again uttering the most earnest protestations of gratitude, the young Arab, as he appeared, was permitted to pass forth by the watchful guard. He mounted his horse, and flew as on the wings of the wind to Hillah. He quickly passed the well known spots, and beheld the gar-

dens; they were most lovely to his eye, as, entering by a door which opened immediately on their shades, they spread their umbrageous groves in the clear moonlight, and he pensively thought of their former interest on his heart, contrasted with the torturing feelings now predominant within him. He listened to the angry chafing of the Euphrates, broken by sounds which he knew issued from the apartments used now by Heman and Adalia; irritated at the vicinity, he was deeply musing how to gain sight of him for a few seconds, when a faint shriek caught his ear—it was so low that he deemed it an illusion of fancy, until again it was repeated, and from the hall where Lillah abode! Rushing thither he instantly reached the saloon, where Ebn Thaher lay pale and motionless as in death, and Lillah, her beautiful features distorted with rage and exertion, was within the power of Heman, exposed to his importunity and addresses. Evidently hateful to her ears, she had been threatening to awaken her father, which the malignant sneer of Heman told her was past her power, when the rude grasp of Jamī seizing Heman, and in an instant wrapping him in the folds of his flowing robe, and closely bandaging him, he became motionless, and deprived of all power of movement, ignorant alike of how the change was effected, and the means of extrication; leaving him in his bonds, pouring forth his childish excuses, with promises of instantly quitting

the saloon, if she would deign to disengage him, Jamī beckoned Lillah a few moments into the garden, and lifting his turban, her eyes beamed delight as she saw the sparkling features of her lover.

"Beloved Jamī," she exclaimed, "how pure, how overpowering the joy of owing my relief to your love; but whence this nightly visit—what ails your anxious mind?" for she saw the dark flash of his eyes fill with despair.

"Ah! Lillah, I hasten hither on the wings of fate to say farewell, perhaps for ever, and to receive, under all changes, your promise of love."

"Whence, Jamī, arises these dangers, and this sudden terror?"

"Alas! Lillah, we are in the hands and bonds of a mighty oppressor, whose ways I now know, and whose subjects all these inhabitants will become, and whose sword is not so powerful as—(he gasped with terror—he could not but with agony articulate the word)—as his charms! he is a sorcerer!"

Lillah shrieked forth, "Melka told me so, and has sought day by day to lessen my horror of the race—poor Jamī! What may we do?—this however know—not death itself shall make me mate with yonder struggling wretch, or wrong the faithful promise here I vow." Jamī's features beamed with delight as he heard her.

"Ah! Lillah, dear gem of bliss, destiny and

treachery weave their snares, now closing fast around me—if I break through them, I claim your hand in triumph—if I fall, then let your love embalm my memory. Give no ear to false slanders, engendered by demons' malice; see this stone," presenting a ring, "fate tells me boldly, that while it bears its emerald green, whatever may occur of adverse fortune, you may rest assured of Jamī's truth, and Jamī's life! This heart may leave its frame, but cannot cease to beat for thee. Farewell—again farewell (as they leant on each other, dissolved in grief)—fear not Ebn Thaher's trance—take the pungent areka dust on yonder plant, rub thrice his nostrils, and it will wear away. Arouse your slaves to watch this night, this awful night, and then fear not to unbind yon abject mould of man!" So saying, and again embracing Lillah, he vanished in a thicket, and mounting his horse with fiery haste, lest the hour of night should pass, he goaded his snorting steed toward the Kasr—his garments streamed in wild disorder to the elements, as the now rising wind threatened a tempest—but his heart filled with agony, his mind steeled with daring resolve, he swept along as the genius of the darkling ruins, and rashly pressing his fiery courser over the stony ravines and rough hillocks of the plain, he galloped forward on his dangerous quest to the Kasr mound.

CHAPTER IX.

> "Elements near me,
> Be mingled and stirred;
> Know me, and hear me,
> And leap to my word!"

Arriving at the wreck of the once sumptuous palace of the mighty monarchs of Chaldea, Jamī sped onward to the overshading tree, revealed lightly in the moonbeam; under its boughs he had scarcely seated himself, ere a sensation of exquisite delight banished the tortures of suspense and dread he had felt, and a thrill of emotion bespoke some essence present, known to the inward soul, though veiled from the eye of sense, and in the next moment Zephon, as the shepherd of the valley, stood beside him.

"What would the son of earth with the bright children of the elements?" he mildly said to Jamī, who bent lowly, and whose countenance was suffused with emotion.

"Alas!" he replied, "the snares of Hassun and the shadow of death are over me, and the powers of darkness are too mighty for my fainting arms. O! Zephon! say, how can the feeble arm of Jamī rescue the lost Adalia?"

"Hear and despair not. Adalia, bound by ties of fate, must die!" here Zephon paused—"unless some being takes voluntarily his bands of fate, and bleeds on the altar of fire!"

"Alas! woe to us," Jamī exclaimed, "where can such an one be found?"

"Such is found," the spirit replied, "if Jamī trembles not! hearken to the dark decree which fate is fulfilling for the wicked; Hassun cannot be priest and officiator, hence the fierce Hassarac is employed daily to drug the blooming Adalia's cup with dust of mighty power—it is ashes of the last year's victim offered by Hassun to his master demon, the God of Fire; these taken three days previously to the fatal banquet, so intoxicate and brutalize, that when the victim, warmed by wine, is at the fated moment brought before the altar, the charm masters all wish but that of death upon the guilty altar! Twice has Adalia's cup been poisoned—to-morrow your hand completes the charm; but as Bibars, influenced by hate, and guided by my power, has hitherto presented the poison to the lips of Heman instead of Adalia, changing the goblets betwixt Heman and Adalia, and eluding the quick sense

of Hassarac, so may Jamī act the preserver also for him to-morrow; but to work this change you must submit to Hassun's power, you must descend into the cave with Heman, you must even become revealed, and bear the terrors of his revenge—such are the perils."

"Oh! gracious Zephon, record my firm desire to bear it all; nay, death itself, so that I rob the sorcerer of his prey, and save Adalia!"

Zephon benevolently smiled, as he replied—"Sweet are the blossoms of thy love, fragrant the fruit of hope and trust divine—to save Adalia thou must wear the form of Hassarac, who, during the moment of trial, subtle as he is, will bend in slumber under my power; say the word, and use this ebon charm by putting it on your eyes, and you become the Ethiopian slave; but ere you do so, hear and pause—no voice but that of Hassun can uncharm the spell, and restore Jamī's form to Jamī's heart—so says the stern fate which governs; but fear Allah, and thou art secure from every one else."

"Be it so," Jamī firmly replied; "I shrink not even at that terrible thought—gracious spirit, vouchsafe the charm."

He stretched forth his hands for the ebon ring, grasping which, he deliberately placed it on his eyes, and opening them, he saw in a bright mirror of steel, which Zephon held, that he was become the form of Hassarac. An emotion of intense an-

guish shot to his heart as he thought of Omar, and imagined his reproaches for what he would deem deceit.

"Fear not for Omar," Zephon gently said, "buried in slumber, a dream even now instructs him to preserve silence on thy steps, which are spell directed. Hassun already has set forth from Al Hymer to meet his faithful Hassarac in the destined hall—one moment more and all our enchantments are complete! Fear not, Jamī, though the powers of evil assail, the end is not yet."

Zephon waved his crook, and Jamī sunk into slumber, from which arousing, he perceived himself alone, in the chamber of Hassun's mansion, bordering on the stream of the Euphrates, and completing the quadrangular pile ever interdicted to his household; its aspect presented no appearance of fire, and the dividing wall which separated it from the hall of Heman's sports, the scene of the conflagration, was completely finished, and now altered into a row of columns, along which ran a magnificent crimson curtain, flowing in long sweeping draperies from the ceiling, and carefully fastened in graceful festoons to the columns. The desolate hall also had been cleared of its ruins, and changed into ranges of flowering shrubs, gay with the brightest blossoms, fruits, and flowers of the east; and the three sides of the spacious apartment, wherein Jamī was inclosed, were marked in sym-

bolic characters, the Oannes and Zodiacal devices of Babel's temple; the whole space breathed a mystery and abhorrent gloom from the darkened roof and walls, incrusted with the hieroglyphic deities, standing amid snakes and wolves, which were delineated black and frowning; one solitary torch displayed the gloom, rather than lighted the space, which was of small dimensions for its lofty height. Ruminating upon the scene, the fictitious Hassarac soon heard the footsteps of Hassun, who, looking earnestly around—"Excellent slave," he exclaimed, "well hast thou arrayed the outward semblance—now for thy instructions; already the morning beams glimmer in the east, and much has thy master to achieve—my dreams of glory now are become the certainties of my grasp, and amid the sweets of Persia soon shalt thou riot—this day gives me the power whereat all Irak shall tremble, and above all, gives me a son worthy to wield my vengeance and my power! The lofty Jamī slumbers at Al Hymer, nor shall stir thence until his chance of interference is passed by; hasten thou at early dawn, smooth thy fiery crest to the boy Adalia, let the sacrifice approach his altar in golden chains; watch Heman—how my soul longs to welcome intellect and fierce resolve flash from those orbs, on which, dull as they are, so often I have hung in the tender sympathy of nature's fondness; keep them in guileless sports until the banquet, which you must lay within this hall; this

potent drug give to Adalia, which once swallowed, stamp instantly on the floor, and at thy bidding swiftly we meet, whence never more the victim to the God of Fire returns to light or day ! Remember, when the sun slopes to the west, repair to these halls, when his orb, plain in our view, rests as for a farewell pause upon that pile, the Birs, then swiftly bear the potion to Adalia; soon, soon shall all the elements subject to thy master's power become to thee means of delight; thou shalt ride the tempest, hang on the burning desert, and add fresh fires and fitter poison to the terror-fraught simoom! Amid the realms of subterranean darkness thou shalt watch the wonders of these mighty agents, which convulse the plains, overthrow the stately cities, and in earthquakes devastate whole realms! Oh! thou shalt quaff thy fill of mischief, nor find thy will as now, repressed and curbed by circling limits closely girting thee, and fraught with threatening perils: perform my high behest, secure my power, then take thy wish!"

He disappeared amid the crimson drapery, which hung in stately grandeur, and Jamī, his soul burning to roll back on the guilty Hassun the mischiefs which he thus meditated, prepared to sustain the part of Hassarac through hours of such unexampled trial. No sooner had the orb of day spread light over the earth, than he hastened to Adalia's couch; unconscious of his change at the

moment, he would have held his arms open in joy towards him, but the averted looks and clouded brow soon admonished Jamī how different his welcome was as Hassarac—with Heman he experienced a far different reception; weakness and imbecility ever practice and rejoice in tyranny, and with whom could Heman feel and practice so freely the evil passions as with this minister of evil? But Heman also felt an impetus he knew not of in those potions of the evil mixture, which, by Bibars' art had been transferred to him, and their aberrations of furious rage, and mental vacuity, in any other being must have been seen and noticed; with Heman it appeared but as a moody freak, the change of imbecility to ungoverned emotions. Around his morning's couch the companions of his hours assembled, and already were discussing on the occupations of the day. Adalia purposed, by the aid of Yussuf, to metamorphose the amphitheatre into a resemblance of the Mountain Ca., and to exhibit a representation of Rustan and the Simorg; this was highly applauded by Heman as a new device, but the voice of Hassarac suspended their design, when he reminded the party of the appointment made by Hassun for their entertainment. Disappointed of Rustan's adventures, Heman grew sullen, and his greatest favourite Adalia failed of amusing him. Although Jamī plainly traced the sorrow and regret struggling in his mind against

the association toward a being so untractable, yet he witnessed with admiration the feelings of pity and regard for former kindness overcoming personal motives, and leading him to those acts of lively and cheerful suggestions of amusement, before which the rugged nature of Heman usually gave way. At present, however, every thing seemed the prelude of discord, had not Nourmahal's dance, performed on a verdant islet of the artificial lake, whilst Heman and his companions floated in their gay boats on the water, somewhat smoothed his brow; a second contest arose upon the admission of Bibars. still in disgrace, into his boat, which was at length effected by the influence of Adalia. Such were the events of the morning hours, rolling onward in the absence of Hassun, marked by those trivial incidents, which gave no indication of the awful storm so soon approaching. The being most tried was Jami, who might wear the visage and terrific lineaments of Hassarac, but whose mind displayed such traits of gentle kindness, and emanations of amiable feeling, as surprized while it delighted the poor slaves, usually tormented by his tyranny. Yet Jami, cautious of the mighty consequences hinging on his disguise, strove to assume a sterner character than his own, one suited to the form he wore. Long he eyed with deepest feeling the unconscious Adalia on the very brink of death, ensnared by the sor-

cerer, and transported to his infernal den; from him his eyes wandered to the imbecile vicious Heman, and he was stung by the distressing thought, that to him even he must be the unwilling instrument of evil. Amid these cogitations, as they floated on the waters, Lillah's voice sounded from the groves, and his heart beat as though it would burst his bosom, as he thought of flying to her side, until the conviction of his Ethiop form came on his soul; but Heman, leaning toward him, fanned him into fury, as, his eyes shooting deadly malice, he exultingly whispered "the certainty of betraying her into his possession on the ensuing day, by the will and concurrence of his father." As he poured forth the guilty conceptions of his polluted mind into his ears, Jamī, who now indeed, in the excess of his boiling rage, fitly personated Hassarac, gave the reins to his fury, and dismissed all lurking regrets at the path of duty before him. The simple tones of Lillah's voice amid the groves in the garden inflamed him almost to madness, and Heman, accustomed to the fierce passions of Hassarac, kept officiously whispering in eager tones his guilty hopes and viciously concerted schemes, demanding his concurring aid.

"Hence, ye weak and foolish scruples," Jamī inwardly exclaimed, "the sorcerer and his brood are well cleared from the earth even at the risk of my own blood," and he hastened to prepare the

deceitful blossoms of the sunt plant to blind the quick-eyed Hassun. Scarcely had he effected it, and rejoined the group, ere the declining sun pointed at the awful hour, and Adalia, little aware how probable the fiction might become reality, suggested their going in procession to the hall, where himself and Heman were to meet with Hassun, to give a character to the exhibition before them. He had taken a garland from one of the female dancers and placed it on his own head, which, with the dress he wore of Nourmahal's lover (discovered, and sentenced to die), rendered his appearance strikingly in unison with the awful scene he unconsciously stood in peril of; for Hassun, impatient lest the hour of destiny should strike, and he become defrauded of his revengeful hopes, himself dismissed the usual retinue of Heman, and, exulting in his wiles, led Adalia, dressed and crowned as a victim, to the fatal spot. Overwhelmed with surprize at the appearance of Hassun, already there, Jamī hastened onward, and one moment only remained for him to shake the poisonous subtle drug into Heman's goblet ere the entrance of Hassun, followed by the slaves, would have made it impracticable for ever. Resuming by a strong effort his self-command, Jamī looked keenly around, and his quick eye, ranging over the apartment, detected that, by Hassun's seat, a reflecting mirror was so placed that it presented to

his watchful glance every action in the hall. Here then, never more to separate, until the powerful spell rendered his victim a heap of ashes, were grouped the obdurate, revengeful enchanter, the victim ready crowned (whose fine and attractive countenance shaded by uneasy thought, not only failed to excite one germ of sorrow or remorse in his ruthless heart, but was eyed with sparkling looks of eager malice), and Heman relapsed into unmeaning apathy. Bibars, deeply agitated and restless, only thought how to exchange the cups, little aware that in so doing he would present the drug of death to Adalia. This blow Jamī had not foreseen, nor could he now avert the fatal and blind interference which annihilated all his precautions, and frustrated the unparalleled effort of his self-devoted sacrifice of himself; still Zephon's words sustained his sickening heart, as he thought of the impending perils. Numerous slaves brought every delicacy, with fruits of the highest flavour, and the rich wines of Persia; when, as if relaxing into the tender parent, and pleased and cheerful master, Hassan quaffed the gay goblet of pleasure, and encouraged it in all around him, until he alone witnessed the powder shaken into Adalia's goblet, as he thought, by the hands of Hassarac—that powder which consummated the sacrifice, and prepared the victim. At this instant his eyes flashed fire, and eager to seize his prey, he pointed through

the opening arches to the distant Birs; the mighty mound now frowned a dark and threatening mass, and on its edge, as on a throne, rested the fiery sun. Tossing furiously his arms towards the glorious luminary, he exclaimed—"Bring forth the goblets; Adalia, I pledge thee to the God of day—hasten thee to drink ere he sinks beneath the hill!" Adalia rose—a solemn pause ran through the hall—and Jamī quivered with agony, for he saw that Bibars had changed the cups, and was bearing to Adalia the fatal mixture. He gasped with horror, when Hassun (who was more and more watchful and suspicious as the hour came on, and who had beheld the transaction in the mirror), rushing from his seat under the influence of uncontrollable rage, himself seized the fatal goblet borne by Bibars, and gave it to Heman, and snatching the exchanged and harmless cup lifted to Heman's lips, he presented it to Adalia. The exchange, so impetuously made, was accepted instantly by the terrified youths, who (as his eyes darted lightnings on them) in a moment of time drank their contents, and the awful spell was irrevocably sealed. A sound as of thunder rolled under their feet, as the sun sunk beneath the hill—"It is done," he exclaimed, in tones of appalling triumph; while he drew his scimetar, inflicting death on the frightened Bibars, who sunk beneath his remorseless arm. All the slaves, in horror and surprize, fled from the hall. "It is

done," again re-echoed from the lofty roofs in Hassun's tones—"I await thee, faithful Hassarac, in the cave;" and, as he spoke, brandishing his flickering charmed blade, with a glance of fire which rivalled the lightning's blaze, he disappeared.

The gates self-closed their bronze valves, the locks and bars spontaneously and imperviously fastened every avenue, and the crimson flowing curtains, descending in lurid pomp, covered the apartment, as a sanctuary, from every human eye—their stately folds were stiffened with embroideries of stars and of signs, susceptive of a solemn character, and awful import. Jamī gazed around in speechless horror. The apartment wore a crimsoned hue as if flooded in human blood—there lay Heman overpowered by the potent drug, a prey for the flames—there lay the faithful Bibars, death's victim from the sword of his master, and himself bound in the spell, wearing an Ethiop's form; whilst Adalia, wringing his hands in anguish, suspecting his destruction at hand, unknowing where to fly, was conjuring Jamī by name to fly to his succour. Touched to the soul at his moving exclamations and anguish, he did fly to him; but, alas! he was warned again, by Adalia's agony, whose form he bore. "Adalia! Adalia!" he solemnly uttered, after a moment's pause, "fly not from me! the moments are most precious. Believe me, it is Jamī's voice, although Hassarac's form. I

have offered myself for thee, and to overthrow the dread magician's power." He then developed rapidly the steps whereby Hassun was deceived, and the dread penalty awaiting himself, pointing to the senseless Heman; then taking the fated coronet from Adalia's brow, he placed it on Heman's. Adalia now shrieked more loudly than before, as he dashed himself on the pavement, declaring wildly, that he never would accept of his deliverance on the terms. "Awake! Heman, awake!" he desperately exclaimed, as he strove to shake him from his slumbers. At this moment the loud thunder sounded again, and Jamī, hastily pressing Adalia to his heart, the agonized youth dropped from his arms senseless on the pavement. Casting a look of tender pity on his convulsed form, Jamī was secretly imploring the aid of Zephon, as a light fleecy cloud filled the room. The cloud rested on Adalia's form; it was but a moment ere it dissolved into air, and Jamī beheld himself and Heman alone in the hall. Resigned to his fate, as he saw Adalia had been preserved—"Now, destiny, accomplish thy decrees!" Jamī exclaimed; and clapping his hands, the chamber slowly descended, amid the strains of soft and mournful music. The pause was felt by Jamī's inmost soul, as the dreadful moment passed of bidding farewell to the realms of day. Soon he summoned fortitude to look upon the scene around; Bibars, unhappy being, lay

bathed in blood; on a golden couch or bed, Heman, the crowned victim, awaiting the summons to the rites; on every side he beheld arcades opening into lengthened avenues, which spread far and deep into the caverns of the earth, the haunts of evil and rebellious spirits—wild rang their songs and sounds of joy, while the bands of wicked powers swarmed forth around. At the rolling peals of their dread charms the caverns shook, and appeared to rock in trembling terror of their potent spells. "Hassun they praised—him they extolled—the powerful, the chief of magic Araby; henceforth subjected to his sway—him, wise and greatest of her race, who had won the gift of wisdom for his son, henceforth renowned on earth." Thus they sung, while Jamī, motionless, stood by the insensible form, lifting up his heart in eager aspirations for support.

Hassun appeared in the midst of the awful scene, and now before him arose the altar which Jamī had seen in the caverns of the Kasr. With loud acclaim it rose, and the teraph, flashing from its ghastly eyes a dismal light, glared pale and deadly from the ribbed rock. Fronting the altar, the flame, as if eager for its prey, and never propitiated but with blood, streamed upward on the altar, majestically bright and clear. The moment arrived, the jarring discord ceased, and silence deep and solemn succeeded, while Hassun, wearing the mystical

magi robes, advanced first to the golden couch; placing his hand upon the veiled sacrifice, he then turned toward the altar, and devoted him to the God of Fire! Songs of triumph again arose, extolling Hassun's faith—"He was worthy to wear and to wield the talismans of the preadamite kings! the greatest of the mysterious sovereigns resembled him in fate! Thus must all his enemies fall before him!" The cup of charmed potency, their pledge, then passed around, from which Hassun no sooner withdrew his lips, than sprinkling a few drops upon the altar's flame, it spread in wavy brilliancy, rolling around its bickering flashes. The sounds and songs of triumph died away, the mysterious thunders paused, and silence, death-like and solemn, fell around on all. The pause lasted—and Jamī scarcely sustained its pressure on his heart, when Hassun slowly approached, and thus muttered forth the spell, which his deep-toned voice echoed amid the arched caverns around:

"Great God of Fire receive a noble victim, the youth Adalia—bear him to thy flames! intoxicate with spells of potency, he reels under thy charmed draught, and voluntarily bends to thy influence! Seize him, ye flames, mix his form with thy primeval elements! receive him as the homage of my heart! Sacrifice! awake! arise!"

Hassun, standing before the altar, with impassioned gestures, waving his wand, at length gently

touched the shrouded form; it stirred—it moved—and shaking off the enchanter's sleep and covering veil, a universal shriek rent the cave, of "Heman! Heman!" as Heman stood before them; and while, in speechless surprize and agony, the wretched Hassun gazed on his son, Heman exclaimed—"Victim of the spell, I come to fulfil thy rites! O fire! I come to adore thy power!"

CHAPTER X.

> "Oh! that each drop which falls to earth
> Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung me!
> Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,
> Would aid his likeness! If I must partake
> His form, why not his power?"

THE dark cavern of the deep central abyss of the earth, in which they were now enclosed, glowed with the magic fires, as they shot their ruddy flame on every side. Here stood the powerful and now miserable Hassun, his visage displaying the conflicting struggles of heart-rending love, and fear, and hate, and horror—each passion usurping dominion of his soul by turns, and rushing through his mind with the whirlwind's speed. Jamī, wearing the savage and colossal form of Hassarac, stood near the hapless Heman, but moulded by the heart which beat to tender feelings, Hassarac's features (wearing usually the lineaments of fierce passions) were now animated by an intellectual spark of

divine humanity, which softened and melted into tears as he gazed on the fated Heman, thus robed and crowned. Heman—at how dreadful a price!—was no longer the weak and imbecile trifler. In these his last moments his eyes shone with a brightness altogether supernatural, and to the agonized parent most alarming, for too well he recognized therein the potent agency of the fatal spell.

The throng of furious dreadful forms filling the caverns, those essences of power malign, who wield these elements with swift impulse, transcending mortal thought, who shall describe? But darkness is their choice abode, so be its oblivious mantle also ever their doom; their names and dreadful rites become as much unknown to man, as in their evil deeds they far surpass his puny powers. Happy for man a curb is placed even *on their* iron necks—they cannot seize on man by force, nor make him at their will their prey. Bait with snares his path, and miserably destroy, they often can and may succeed, as was the case with the wretched Hassun—wretched beyond all power of thought! Recovering at length in some degree from his deep amazement—"Tremendous fate!" burst from his livid lips, as he gazed on his son, on the altar prepared, and the rites awaiting their fatal consummation, while the malicious spirits in harsh tones of rage pour forth their fury and amazement. "Stop the rites," Hassun exclaimed; "am I not master of

your powers? And thou wretch," turning to the fictitious Hassarac, who, resigned in mind to such overwhelming horrors, spoke not—stirred not—during the dreadful scene. "Thou wretch, proclaim the cause of all this scene, this far worse than devil's malice?" With a movement of his wand the ebon hue disappeared, and Jamī re-assumed his natural form At this sight the whole assembly, dropping their seeming hues of borrowed beauty, filled with infernal hate and rage at seeing their cavernous deeds of darkness thus exposed, and their choicest charms thus foiled, dilated into their own demon forms, rolling around them volumes of smoke and flame. The solid earth shook under their furious charms—the ribbed caverns crumbled—all trembled with terror but the heart of Jamī, which still reposed itself in trust that an outstretched arm could yet place a barrier to their power, at worst able only to kill the mortal frame. The sorcerers now surrounding the youth (whom a knowledge of his own feebleness rendered perfectly passive), gnashing fiercely on him with withering looks of fiendish hate, they bound and laid him at the wretched father's feet. "Sprinkle the altar, and sacrifice him thereon," was his command. "O! Heman!" he continued, "come to these arms;" but obedient to the spell which himself had framed, Heman, wearing the crown, kept his eyes immoveably fixed upon the uprising flame. Meantime,

as the remorseless spirits sprinkled the altar, the fire blazed brighter, and the altar heated more and more intensely, until it became itself a molten mass of red hot metal, and Jamī beheld himself seized, to be borne and placed upon its all-consuming flames.

"Perish the wretch, the base traitor," Hassun uttered with frantic tones; "amid tortures, racking as these internal horrors which shake my soul, may he expire! O! monster of deceit, this then is thy fair lesson of virtue and of gratitude! to frame a snare, that even demons, such as these, would shudder to achieve! to snare a father's hand to slay his son—his afflicted son! but seek to thy favouring genius now to help thee. No, even the God of Fire will retrace these charms, and hear his favoured votary; meantime, take thou the meed of thy own black perjured heart—place him amid the flames."

"Stop, I command, by him who made these flames, yourselves, and nature, for a moment, stop," Jamī loudly called—and at the sound, uttered with the accents of power, the horrid deed was staid, and Hassun waved his hand impatiently to hear his words.

"O! wretched father!" slowly spake the much oppressed and mourning youth, "miserable Hassun, blame not me, nor dare to tax the bright quality of goodness from which you have so lamentably

strayed; did I prepare the victim for this scene? did I heap charm on charm to rob the soul of sense, and brutify it even to the stern necessity of commixing itself with elements such as these? Think on my youthful wrongs! on Adalia's wrongs! on midnight sorceries of the Kasr cave! on the foul intent to murder Adalia on this altar! Whose arm smote that poor faithful wretch?" pointing to the senseless Bibars; "whose snatched the goblets even at their lips, and ministered the draught of death to Heman's form? It was his father, the once wise and all-persuasive Hassun, grasping at powers beyond the might of mortal man justly to wield; the ruler—seeker—slave and victim of these juggling demons! Even now they deride thy torments, and exult at the success of their own deadly net. One—one good may flow—O! Hassun, turn ere too late—renounce their evil rites—let one sad victim suffice, and dare their hellish power as I do. Abjure thy spells, and even yet shalt thou find rest."

Hassun had stood speechless, aghast, and conscience smitten, as Jamī, rapidly, and unterrified at the prospect of death, poured forth these galling truths; but the universal fury and interposition of his evil agents seared him against the passing gleam of better thoughts, awakened by the words of Jamī's mouth, and he raged with tenfold bitterness as they sunk with scorpion stings into his mind.

Reverting to his cruel commands, bound and borne in encircling arms, Jamī undaunted and unresisting, now sunk on the fiery burning altar; but the instant that his frame touched its glowing surface, and they looked on to see him scorched in torments, the fires became self-extinguished, and he lay unhurt upon the solid bronze. All gazed upon it in mute wonder; meanwhile a sullen smoky vapour wreathed around, amid which was seen the terrible brightness of the teraph's eyes; silence held the whole assembly in suspense, as in tones of appalling shrillness were heard these words:

"Master, yet slave of the spell, it must be obeyed; Jamī's life, by fate's decree ye cannot touch—he has not drank the dark tartareous draught—he devotes no offering—is not prepared nor crowned. 'A victim stands before me, and the fire, relentless, claims the willing Heman from his father's hands."

"Say not so, say not so," the shrinking Hassun exclaimed—"consult the spirit; spare Jamī if it be his will, but take this victim, he breathed his last amid these walls," pointing to the senseless Bibars, whom, at his bidding, they rose from the earth, while Jamī, freed from his bands shrunk back in sickening horror, watching the event. By Hassun's trembling hands the corpse was placed upon the golden bed prepared for sacrifice, as the altar lighted up its flames, and again glowed with heat

intense; singing a propitiatory charm, they bore him onward, and Heman, his hands leaning over Bibars, moved as they moved toward the sacred flame; his eyes shot a meaning glance as they reached the spot. Hassun grasped him in parental agony, and loosed the hold for one moment only to seize his flowery coronet, and place it on the substituted form of Bibars, when, at that instant of fate, quicker than lightning, a gleam of the teraph's eyes glanced on Heman, and he, *filled with the fury of the spell*, leaped on the molten altar; it was done—instantly his mortal frame, in such intense and glowing flames, perished away. With a wild shriek of agony the parent, the sorcerer Hassun, leaped also on the flames; they sunk, and the cold bronze altar was his resting place, and his eager hands grasped—Heman's ashes! Thick volumes of dusky smoke flowed forth, and impenetrable gloom covered the horrible scene.

Jamī long lay amid the obscurity and darkness which followed, while the father's dreadful sobs of grief and rage alone were heard. Jamī felt as if light and life, and peace, were lost for ever, though at length his consciousness returned, yet it was a considerable period ere he could recall or poise his affrighted mind; borne down and overwhelmed by such horrible deeds, it seemed as if he had penetrated into qualities and essences of wickedness beyond his strength even to think upon, and ex-

ceeding the frame of man to bear; but no sooner had his breathing evidenced that his powers of suffering were restored, than all rushed on his soul, and looking fearfully around, a pale light revealed the miserable Hassun, grasping an urn of polished black marble, wherein lay Heman's ashes; and the cave which enclosed them was dark, desolate, and solitary. His faded eye was marked with hate, malignant and inextinguishable, as he gazed on Jamī, pale, silent, and motionless before him; his lips scarcely moved as in low murmurs burst from him, in almost inarticulate accents—" Wretched being, my destroyer and my foe, deem not"—he paused a lengthened space, and silence, as dreadful as his threat, pervaded the cavern—" deem not thy destiny, or that of any of thy hated race, is yet complete, or beyond my power of vengeance. No, never, until death ends thee or me, dead now to glory, I seek it for revenge; since the death I destined for thee is withheld, take thy fill of sufferings—bereaved be thy tongue of speech, thy mind of power, to disclose these cavern rites."

Not a word from Jamī to deprecate his wrath, not a sigh followed his disappearance, which left little pause for suspense as to the sufferings awaiting him—nature, in her sternest mood, seemed agitating the bowels of the earth, which trembled to its centre. The darksome cave gave way on every side, and clouds of dust nearly suffocated

him, as he in vain endeavoured to penetrate its gloom. Not the winter's blast more furiously impels the lashing surge, than now held the struggling youth in the mazes and horrors of these sad abodes of evil spirits. Vainly did he labour to sustain the falling earth and vapours of the cavernous depths wherein he was enclosed; his breath came and went in torturing effort; at length the agony became intense, and he surrendered himself to the death which seemed inevitable, for nature heaved beneath the oppressive load which crushed and pressed him down, and gradually his respiration ebbed away; but he was not yet to taste the repose of the grave, or cessation from trial, for a scene far different now succeeded to these moments of agony —he thought a celestial voice whispered—" Fear not, Jamī has the guardianship of higher powers than Hassun's." He then felt his lips moistened with a single drop of heavenly balm, his breath renewed its strength, and the pantings ceased; but although he never had known more rapturously the contrast of suffering and comparative ease, yet his heart still doubted whether the past inflictions might not be merely suspended to enhance, by the pause, their renewal, and to augment his torture. Soon the whole volume of his fate was unrolled, and he heard the dread award repeated to his ears, which had led Hassun to the agonizing deed of immolating his son. Such it seems were the decrees of

fate, that he could not snatch an attribute of power, and exert it against the race of Habesci, without yielding to them the advantage of a similar faculty of revenge if they were disposed to exert it. Now, therefore, came on the dangerous hour for virtue's influence; and Hassun, foiled by the self-devotedness of Jamī's sacrifice of himself for Adalia, and counteracted in the spell by Bibars, was also deserted by the powerful agents of his malice. Revenge was the test both of himself and of Jamī. If therefore the sense of past injuries, and the feeling of acute suffering, could sharpen on the heart to seize with transport the means of retaliation, Jamī soon, too soon, saw the boon placed within his reach.

The clouds of dark vapour gradually subsided, and from amid the darkness, as in a shadowy tabernacle, appeared two forms of angelic stature and majesty; they bore a regal, though a faded port, and shone with seraphic lustre, notwithstanding the melancholy traits which dimmed their brightness. Jamī doubted not that he saw before him the celebrated angels of desolate Babylon, the sinning spirits who had partaken of the inebriating cup of her apostate charms. Now they mourn in darkness, and penitentially await their hour of doom, rescued thereby from utter exclusion from their former bliss; hence they joy to execute the behests of Allah, which brings light and life even to their

doleful sojourn. Commissioned to place before the amazed and awe struck youth the award of fate—"Arise," they together spake, "arise, feeble son of the dust, and decide upon this important crisis of thy life: whence came Jamī to this cave? and why hesitates he to roll back on his enemy the destiny now ready to crush its victim? Learn now, that such is the decree, that Hassun's fate abides on Jamī's voice."

"Oh! show me the path—instantly will I tread it," exclaimed the excited Jamī.

"One moment await, ere you learn the consequences attached thereto, and then boldly seize thy choice," was the reply. "Within these caves is a sepulchral chamber, in which rests a regal form; although death has taken his prey, he bears the impress of life; and the signet which he wears, once placed on Jamī's hand, renders him master of Hassun's life and power. This is the signet of the preadamite king which Hassun sought to seize by Jamī's death; he who wears it becomes supreme over the East; and then may thus be the deliverer of Adalia—the spouse of Lillah!"

The eager glances of Jamī bespoke his kindling passions as these important benefits were mentioned, until, hearing Lillah's name, he no longer paused, but stretching forth his eager arms to the angelic forms—"Show me, oh! show me the cave!" he exclaimed. A moment only passed, and he beheld himself in

a chamber hewn from the living rock, and lighted as brightly as the region of day, by a living carbuncle suspended from its roof; before him, on a regal couch, lay a form, dressed in royal habiliments, and crowned, sweetly reposing as if in sleep, and his arm gently resting by the side of the couch; so august, so striking the countenance, that Jamī was enchained by silent awe—" Seize thy charm!" issued a voice from a dark cloud, obscuring the extremity of the chamber—" but know, when possessed of the power of Hassun, you must henceforth experience the temptations which attach to such pre-eminence: what may flow from Jamī's choice fate carefully hides in the inscrutable book of her decrees—what fruits Hassun has reaped he knows full well."

The heart of Jamī had already gained time to weigh, in some brief measure, its criminal doubts of Allah's justice, by rashly wresting from his grasp the consequences of the future; anger and revenge faded before the calm dictate of reason, and, even as his hand was extended for the prize, he deliberately exclaimed—" Hence tempting snare—Jamī may perish, his life is in the enchanter's toils, but neither revenge nor fear shall banish [illegible]." Scarcely had he uttered the thoughts, than darkness completely shrouded him, and Jamī, although resolved to the act and renunciation of duty, groaned deeply in anguish, as he felt the keen throb of fear

associated with the feelings of Lillah and of Adalia strike on his spirit—how powerfully did it yet tremble under a sensation of dread, arising from the severity of his sufferings; but the more he searched out his innate principles of action, the more entirely did he repose his mind on that guide who so eminently had sustained him. Jamī had overcome the desire of vengeance, and the fragrance of his trust in Allah rendered his severe afflictions light and easy to be borne, compared with those mental agonies which his adversary had justly reaped as the meed of his deeds.

Although subjected to darkness and terror, he felt no fears; the power whom he thus honoured infused within his soul the aids of hope and trust, whereby the oppressor's power was curbed, and the trial sustained. After a long and weary period of suffering, he became aroused by hunger and thirst to make an effort for his extrication, as he beheld with joy a faint glimmer of light steal inward from some aperture, and his ears, sharpened to every sound, caught a faint splashing as of water. Searching around, he soon became sensible of a small oozing of water which filtered through some rocky vein or channel, and filled a cavity within the cave; herein Jamī cooled his burning brow, and slaked his thirst, with a gratitude of heart flowing from the life-giving liquid; and as he traced the tremulous ray still marking the gloom, he cautiously tried to follow

its auspicious beams. How great were his transports, how fervid his thankfulness, as he sought an opening of deliverance from the living tomb which inclosed him! "Doubtless," he exclaimed, "the powers of celestial love break off the oppressor's yoke." He scarcely spoke the words, ere, with happiness too great for utterance, he beheld himself in an over-arching cave, whose wide aperture, midway up a mountain, overlooked the great plain, with the majestic river winding along its level; the grass, which grew rank and thickly in front, was wet with the dews not yet exhaled by the heats of the day, the cool air felt most grateful to his care-worn frame, the orb of light lingered yet beneath the distant horizon, but the firmament was shot through with its radiant fires; and, as the glowing tints came on, Jamī sunk on the turf in rapturous admiration of the magnificent scene, and adored, for his deliverance, the vicegerent of Allah. From admiring these his works, his mind turned inward, and he revolved the various trials of his life; here, indeed, the scene changed; nature pursued her course as plastic as when first called forth by the all-powerful Artificer—all her works glorious, and all their ends good; but man, in every retrospection, seemed a frightful anomaly in all—a wreck sublime, warring with every good principle, enemy alike to himself and others; on every side on which he rolled his thoughts, nothing appeared

but wretchedness. Jamī saw that during insensibility he had been transported far beyond the precincts of Hillah, or of Babylon; and, from his late eventful trials, dreading to throw himself into the snares of his enemies, here he resolved to abide, to make the cave his mansion, the fruits around, and the limpid pool, which trickled forth from the interior of the cavity, his support. His character, refined by trial, had fully acquired the mastery of his passions, hence the tranquil tenor of his life soon completely restored him to a firm texture of confidence, that again could sustain the full weight of whatever sorrow his allotment might present. The frugal simple fare of the cave had strengthened instead of weakening his habit, and added a refreshment, and confidence, the reward of peace and of abstinence. The silence of the desert, on the edge of which he abode, was no solitude to him; the blazing ardour of the noonday sun, to his invigorated powers, brought no suffering. Lying near the aperture of his cavernous abode, his ear drank in the softest sounds of any of nature's numerous family, of various kinds, peopling every nook and corner of the soil and stones around. "Solitude! there is, there can be none," Jamī wondering would exclaim—"Earth, air, and skies swarm with their myriads of happy sentient beings! See this lizard creeping to the glorious sunshine; now it stands and opens its leathern jaws, slow and languidly,

yet the eye speaks of pleasure felt and tasted See its curious movements. Ah! the barbarous tyrant seizes a victim fly, and eagerly destroys it—so one preys on another less strong, and death prepares a triumph for his general rule on all!"

Day by day stole by, and still saw Jamī lingering near his cave, watchful only of the scene around, so keenly and intently had his imagination fastened on the habits and traits of the surrounding animals and birds, and creeping things, that his heart somewhat forgot the nobler purpose of man's creation, not to bind down his mighty powers even to such lessons as the works of nature may disclose; these, grand and wonderful as they may be, are but the footsteps of the Deity. Man has within him a spark, a kindred spark, that claims affinity with the skies, and can be satisfied with naught beneath its native home. This Jamī was forgetting —too powerfully tried in affliction's school, terrified by the black catalogue of crime which he had encountered, he gladly merged his thoughts and views in a complacent search into the plans and footsteps of the physical world, and wonders of creation. The view was innocent, but the application was sinful; it withdrew him from life, from the sphere of active duties, from his path of trial Jamī had begun to derive some such conclusions as he regarded the regular course of all around him—he watched the bird of prey in her swoop

prepare her young one's food—soon he saw her lead them on to flight, and then dismiss them to their own unerring instinct. Other races followed, nothing remained immutable; even the rocks and caves showed symptoms of a certain law which wore, and broke, and decomposed their surfaces.

"Can I then," he musingly questioned with himself, "can I abide listlessly observing and not improving by these lessons?" As he was thus wrapped in an evening contemplation at the mouth of his cave, of the sounds and appearances around him, of nature's boundless family of creatures seeking the shadow of her canopy of darkness, and resting from their labours, he became so absorbed as to be totally unobservant of a dark electric cloud which had gradually spread over the sky to the small hill wherein he abode; the storm burst over him with tremendous violence, and the bolt of heaven shattered the lofty palm near which he sate, splitting it in pieces as if it were a brittle reed. The violence of the shock stunned him for some seconds, and so violently affected him, that he could scarcely crawl a little further under the protecting ledge, before a second crash and brighter stream of light hurried him into the interior of the cave.

The night, which closed in ere the storm subsided, brought no peace to the couch of leaves on which he reposed his weary and aching frame; a sense of error, of deflection from the path of duty,

intruded, and Jami, unused to draw on himself these arrows of darkness, which no panoply can turn aside, writhed under the sense of stinging reproach which the monitor within thus awakened to his misery. As if to render the pressure still more severe, he became sensible of the entrance of some other beings on his hitherto sacred retreat, driven thither probably by the tempest. His first effort was to arise and direct their steps, for nature, willing to fly from inward reproaches which she could not stifle, caught at the break which this interruption interposed; but he became sensible of a degree of languor which at the instant repressed his effort, and ere he renewed it a faint whisper awakened attention, as he heard the name of Hassun, and soon gathered from their imperfect and broken murmurs, that they were emissaries determined to seek him throughout these solitary spots. Become thus apprized that his preservation now hung entirely upon escaping the notice of those whose hostile views the late threatening storm was thus made a means of unfolding to him, he heard with eager solicitude that they meant with the first approach of morn to proceed immediately along the river, and by night to repair to the present cave, leaving no portion of its vicinity unexplored. Long had he hesitated in executing any plan of change from his dear peaceful cave, uncertain as he felt whither to bend his steps—if some leading direc-

tion," he thought, "must be vouchsafed." Now then he resolved, without delay, although with deep regret, to hasten away, and fly to Bagdad—there, amid the crowded city, he might perchance find some clue to guide him.

The morning shone brightly upon the great Babylonian plain, when Jamī, somewhat restored to strength, ventured forth from his retreat. The more he considered the events of the past, the more he felt as if centuries in point of duration had lapsed by; when he thought on the threats of Hassun, and compared them with his power, the firmer he was convinced that his enmity could expire but in his blood, and that defeated as he was in the act, to inflict death, and controlled by higher powers to suffer his escape from the depths of the earth, yet now he would strain every nerve of his wide-spreading rule to surprize and destroy him by force of arms. Irak, therefore, great as was her space, and numerous her cities, could be no abode for him, unless he could shelter amid the crowds of Bagdad, the residence of the renowned Harûn al Raschid. Then his heart reverted to Lillah, Ebn Thaher, and Adalia, as the only persons now sympathizing with him, and longed to know their fate, Adalia especially so singularly disappearing. At length he determined to repair across the plains to the river, and thence refuge himself at present in some city; his frame was emaciated and changed,

although his raven locks and sparkling eye rendered his general appearance prepossessing. His clothes were torn and lacerated, and were the slave's habiliments usually worn by Hassarac. In this humble appearance, plucking a staff, Jamī journeyed onwards, and was unmolested, through the day; the plain appeared solitary and deserted, and the traveller paused not to question the few humble labourers of the fields. Reposing a short period, and refreshing himself under a verdant tuft of palms, Jamī pursued his fatiguing exertions through the night until morning's golden prime, when he joyfully espied the swift shooting Tigris flowing before him. Here arrived, he sat down on its banks, eating a few dates he had plucked by the way, and while he was thus thankfully relishing his frugal meal, he started at a salutation from the river, as a Bagdad boat's crew, seeing him seated on the banks, drew near the shore; they inquired for water of Jamī, which they had neglected to provide themselves with in their haste to leave the city; they were manifestly bent on speed, and agitated by some recent misfortune. The steersman, hastening his men on board, inquired of Jamī whither he was bound, and whence he came thus alone in the wilderness? hinting that he deemed him to be some runaway slave. This charge Jamī denied, but owned that recent misfortunes rendered his speedy journey hence of great importance; perhaps the preservation

of his life.—"Well," exclaimed the steersman, "one good turn deserves another—if a trip to Bassora will serve your purpose, even in Allah's name embark!"

The opportunity seemed too propitious to be neglected, and he gratefully entered the boat; the crew were the domestics of a person of rank, and they conversed with each other by turns with great emotion, as of an event known to the world, so that Jamī, remarking that he had for many days been stationary in the wilderness, craved, if not improper, to hear of the event. The mildness of his air, and a nobleness of mien, apparent even through the meanness of his attire, had already won upon their consideration, and one and all exclaimed—"Where have you lived this moon long, not to have heard of the death of our master El Kazim, grand judge of Bagdad, murdered in open court by a Hassunee."

Jamī trembled at the recital, and exclaiming—"Alas! venerable El Kazim, then is the light of justice quenched indeed," desired to hear the details hitherto unknown to him.

"Perhaps, then," exclaimed the steersman, "the tidings has not reached you of the great revolt among the Arabian tribes, following a chief whom they have chosen as their sheik, and placed upon a mountain fortress? This terrible leader has for years artfully stolen the good will of all these

regions, exercising a physician's skill; he was however suspected by my master, who came to court to impeach him to the caliph, but he unhappily was absent, preparing for a journey to Khorassan; ill luck! which has lost him a province or two, which even he will find it difficult to win again. El Kazim, our master, sagaciously left an old cadi, Ebn Thaher, to watch the rebel's movements, but Hassun's craft got him within his mansion, persuaded him of his truth, and won him entirely to his views. Meantime, it is said, Hassun had two brothers, youths of Syria, whom he resolved to put to death because they would not aid his views, so he took the first to some caves and slew him, but the youngest escaping (at this part of his narrative Jamī gasped in horror, and could scarcely support himself on the bench; not observing his emotion, the steersman continued), the youth flew to the cadi, and told a piteous tale, charging Hassun with sorcery; but all discredited the boy, and whether he has perished, or what has since occurred, rumour has hitherto not wafted along the course of the Tigris. Slender is the prospect of the hapless being ever escaping from such an oppressor—vainly would he seek for mercy from his hard and callous heart."

At this horrid account, Jamī sunk down nearly senseless, wringing his hands; in frantic accents, unwarned by danger, he exclaimed—"Adalia is lost—

poor Adalia!" The sympathy and astonishment of Ibrahim was great, when he recognized him as known to his master, and paying Jami every respectful attention, he proceeded to comply with his reiterated desire to hear the events so important to himself and his race.

"Hassun fiercely throwing off his disguise," the narrator continued, "had called for his Arab warriors, and prepared to seize on Hillah, just as a boat from our master had reached the gardens of his mansion, with the grand judge's officers to seize on Hassun, and bear him off to Bagdad. They arrived to see Hillah carried by storm. The cadi, amid the confused tumult, hearing of the event, had himself transported on a couch into the boat; Lillah was following, when, lo! a troop of Arab horse dashed into the gardens, and bore the shrieking Lillah off, even in the eyes of the fond father, to the tents of Hassun. All the tribes have risen, and his standard floats over the Euphrates. Our boat escaped, bearing the wretched Ebn Thaher to our master at Bagdad; a day only elapsed after having proclaimed a price upon this Hassun's head, this murderer's; El Kazim was seated on his high seat of justice, and had begun to interrogate an offender, when an athletic Arab sprung on the bench, and, ere an arm could interpose, struck his dagger into El Kazim's heart."

"'Receive that gift,' he exclaimed, 'from Has-

sun.' So daring an outrage has, you may suppose, enraged the caliph, who, lingering in the vicinity of Bagdad ere he departed for Khorassan, is now in his capital, and has ordered the murderer to be burnt alive; but all the confession he will make amounts to this—'that one thousand of his followers are ready, at Hassun's will, to endure the same fate, to perform the least of his desires.' Meantime, sorrowing for our best of masters, we are despatched to Bassora, to convey the mournful tidings to El Kazim's brothers and kindred in that city. The news at Bagdad, as we left it, was the tidings of numerous hill fortresses, near Casbin, and through Persia, having been seized by this daring race."

Jamī had heard with mute despair the fate of those so dear to him, of Lillah borne to a fortress of Khorassan.

A settled determinate purpose of tracking the oppressor to the farthest East, and of rescuiug her he loved, fixed itself irrevocably in his mind, but how could he penetrate to the spot where the object of his heart was confined? Chiefly Ibrahim advised him to preserve the strictest secrecy upon his plans, and urged him by earnest entreaties to continue his present humble appearance, and remain under his brother's roof.

They soon reached Bassora, which wore a warlike character, in consequence of the revolts of

numerous Arab tribes. Here, however, Jamī received a shelter and kind welcome under Walid's roof.

The next day Bassora rung with surprize at a most daring outrage; in the bazaar stood an arrow bearing an Arabic inscription—"Jamī lives! this Hassun knows, and Kaher leaves not Irak until his forfeit blood is shed—this swears a Hassunee."

Walid had known misfortune, and he sought to sustain the courage of Jamī, at the same time that he dissembled not the extreme danger of his remaining in parts of the East so filled with his enemies. At this moment he heard of a large party of merchants intending to proceed to Ispahan, the leader of which was his friend, and Jamī, eagerly seizing on the opportunity, prepared on the following day to pursue his route for Persia.

He could not forbear pausing in bitterness over the past, and contrasting his forlorn and solitary state as a wanderer, followed by the hate of such a powerful enemy, and felt as if he gladly would have resigned his life at once, were it not that the soul possesses a vigour of existence adequate to its trial.

"No," he exclaimed, "great as is Hassun's power and malice, there still is one greater far than he; the pismire, humble as she is, may sting the lofty eagle—Jamī yet may touch the crest of Hassun's pride. The most unhappy man is he that is not

patient in adversity, for men are not killed by the adversities which they have, but by the impatience with which they suffer them."

As Jamī meditated on his fortunes, all impelled him to seek Casbin. He had heard at Bagdad the reports of the valour of Persia's sovereign, and he felt as if hope and liberty would again be his, when he had reached a land beyond the sphere of Hassun's deadly malignity. In Persia he might find confederates, and join those forces which were directed against the chief districts of his enemy's power, and a fierce attack he could not doubt would speedily roll on him from the shores of the Euphrates, directed by the anger of Harûn.

Events had taken place at Bagdad, which made it wear a dark and threatening character to Jamī, whose mind and nerves, shaken by his severe trials, associated every cloud with the dreaded character of his enemy.

Harûn, after seventeen years of friendship and intimate regard with his vizier, had subjected his favourite and friend to a cruel experiment, which recoiled upon himself, and in one of his paroxysms had beheaded the amiable and deeply lamented Giafar. Jamī wept over the mournful tale of Abassah, late so illustrious a princess, now a despised wanderer; and the caliph himself, the prey of melancholy, was preparing to try the benefit of his native air in Khorassan.

Reflecting upon these most singular circumstances connected with his own calamity, and recalling, with a shudder, to his remembrance the threats in the Kasr cave, he conceived the resolve of instantly proceeding towards the East.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "as he thought of Hassun, and his fine features glowed with elevation of thought—"ah! he is on the pinnacle of greatness, most dangerous post. A shadow, passing light, throws to the ground power's baseless fabric; and adversity, as a sponge moistened in gall, soon sweeps each flattering trait away."

Indulging these visions of the future, he prepared for his long and painful journey. Often he sighed to learn the fate of Adalia, but he dared not to venture forth, the city contained so many emissaries of his enemy, for he felt his life a sacred deposit to counteract the base designs and cruel injuries against those beings whom he so tenderly loved, and for whom he resolved to sustain every trial.

Their principal stop was at Shuster, on the river Karoon; here Jamī felt his heart relieved from the bitterness and poignancy of his own reflections, as, calculating on the halt of a day, he eagerly prepared to visit the impressive mounds of ancient Susa. Their dreary silence and desolate character, haunted by wild beasts, struck him forcibly as resembling the well known structures of the Babylonian plain;

more especially of the Mujelebè, whose ruined walls and mountainous look the eminence he now stood on greatly resembled. Like the Chaldean pile, its whole basis was artificial, the ruined materials of some mighty edifice, and its vast platform was spacious enough to be the base of the splendid palaces of the great king; near him stood another mound of still more awful dimensions, the only representatives of the magnificence of the race of Cyrus. Neither archway nor tower show their shattered walls; no polished marbles declare the grand apartments, where silken hangings hung on golden rods, and jewels gave additional brightness to the radiant beams of day. "All are gone far hence," Jamī thought with a sigh, "oblivious as my poor Adalia's fate; and these vast swelling mounds survive as the graves of their empire, ample enough in bulk to bury all their pomp."

As he considered the silent waste, which now reposed in solitude, marked only by heaps of crumbling ruins, as he reflected on their days of glittering splendour, when the winding Choaspes, and the gardens of Susa, shone in radiant beauty, Jamī drew that estimate of life which the serious and reflective ever must arrive at; how transient, how insignificant to an immortal essence are all the illusive pursuits of vain mortals, except in those acts of power and beneficence which, by blessing his species, also expands his heart, and, as Zobier says,

"brings the warning home, that riches are a damage to their owner, except that part of them which he sends before him into the domain of eternity." Jamī had lingered so long amid these ruined heaps, that a horseman, detached from the party, warned him that they had been a considerable time in movement, and that his absence had so much displeased their leader, that he obtained with difficulty the permission to gallop off and give him warning, so that he might join their onward course; the reason of this unexpected movement, he explained, was the great alarm excited throughout the province, by the appearance of Hassun and his troops at Yezdikhaust, which he had captured, and the Armenian leader, aware that nothing was so likely to allure his followers as the knowledge of a wealthy numerous caravan, lost not a single moment in immediately putting them all in motion for the South, resolving to take the celebrated Istakhar in his route. The absentees on the march were severely reprehended, and especially Jamī, towards whom he already bore a grudge, as his lofty mind ill brooked the petty peculations and charges of the leader, an Armenian usurer, who hated those qualities most in others, which rebuked his avaricious feelings; they, however, safely reassembled, and aware of his danger, so nearly followed by his foe, Jamī, during the remainder of their route, kept closely to the

centre of the band; they arrived in safety at the village contiguous to the ruined palaces of Persepolis, and here they purposed to make a short halt; during which Jamī resolved to explore the splendid remains of so celebrated a spot. He gazed his fill on the gigantic forms sculptured on the walls, sacred to Mithras, and contemplated the curious lines of figures graven on the second terrace, covered with the splendour and pomp of the Nouroose feast, commemorative of the first festival of the human race, of the opening year, which still is held as the prime festival of Persia's annals, where it first commenced: "Thus did our mighty monarchs reign," Jamī said, "and here was Jemsheed's throne of justice," as ascending the platform he beheld the superb Chehel Minar before him. He had just mounted the ascent, when he saw an appearance of a floating robe disappearing behind a column, and in an instant a piercing shriek drew him quickly to the place where lay a venerable figure, who had fallen over a fragment of the ruins; the blow was severe and stunning, and Jamī, lifting the stranger's head, beckoned toward him the slave; together they assisted in the offices of aid, so well known to Jamī, whereby the stranger by degrees recovered his sense and powers; he was manifestly of advanced years, rendered more feeble by the accident, and Jamī persisted in sustaining him to his abode. Hitherto, pros-

trate or reclining, he had not seen the features of Jamī, but no sooner did he fix his eyes upon him, to acknowledge his proffered kindness, when he exclaimed—"Merciful powers! Hakim Habesci! it cannot be—the grave gives not up her dead! Alas! some delusion of the sorcerer follows me!" then, as if he had said too much, he sought to shake him off, and retire alone; but Jamī's heart was too highly interested by what he had heard thus to part, and earnestly imploring his favourable opinion, and still assuring him of his innocence and truth, the old man pointed to a distant speck in the towering mountain as his abode, and they slowly paced along these regal ruins, whose polished slabs reflected their forms; they skirted around a mound of rubbish rising as a hillock, occupying the central space amid the lofty pillars of the terrace, and, as they looked upon it, the aged man profoundly sighed—"Alas! young man! grieve not at your cares, look there and weep—these ruins once were Darab's palace; here in these halls the mighty Iskander feasted, and incited by wine and madness set them in flames. As amid these structures you peruse the certain overthrow of man's proud race, and view the marks of kings and conquerors, who deemed the world too small for their ambition, draw the patience needful to sustain your little part with fortitude. Look at that brightly polished column! it perchance reflected the features of Feridoun, the

greatest of the Persian race; now, as the sweet moralist sings—

> 'The spider weaves her web in the palace of Khusroo,
> And the owl stands centinel in the watch-tower of Afrasiab.'

Support my infeebled steps a few paces further, where I tranquilly may await the hour which shall mingle my dust with theirs."

They slowly pacing onward, amid fragments, and magnificently moulded windows, from one of which a startled jackal threw a sharpened glance, as if marvelling why man should disturb his lonely abode; the old man reached the base of the mountain, and ascending up a short space only, he fronted a plain and simple tomb, hewn in the solid rock; its stone portal stood wide open, and within, on a recess, where a marble sarcophagus had rested, now was strewed a simple bed of rude materials. Exhausted by the recent accident, and by his efforts to reach his sad asylum, the miserable Guebre experienced a convulsion which Jamī dreaded would have proved his last effort; reviving faintly, he seemed under the operation of some powerful feeling, and Jamī, by aid of a lighted cresset lamp, set in a stone recess, saw with acute agony the glazed appearance of his eyes and sharpened features; the colour of death was on him, and his mind laboured under the feeling of approaching dissolution. "O Sun!" he apostrophized, as if expostulating in the upbraiding tones of his suffering spirit, "thou hast, O Sun! concealed,

by thy illuminating body, the way to the true being who rules in thee—take off that veil for the guidance of me, thy true devotee." The agony of his frame bore evidence that he suffered all the tortures of suspense upon truths essential to his repose, but soon again—"Oh! thou, who nourishest the world, movest singly, and who dost regulate the whole mundane system—O Sun! son of Cushyup, disperse thy rays for my passage, so that I may behold thy most prosperous aspect.

"Why should I (again retracting himself), why should I entreat the sun, as I am what he is? that is, the being who rules in the sun rules also in me.

"Let my breath," resumes he, "be absorbed after death into the wide atmosphere; and let this my body be burnt to ashes. O my intellect! think now on what may be beneficial to me. O fire! remember what religious rites I have hitherto performed.

"O illuminating fire!" continues he, "carry my soul by the right path, to the enjoyment of the consequence of our deeds, and put an end to my sins, that being now unable to offer thy last rites, I may give my last salutation!" Here the sobs bespoke the deep emotions of the aged Guebre: long Jamī, with the greatest torture of mind, listened to those sad and mournful accents, so descriptive of a soul, sensible that it is passing away from

its fleshly tabernacle, and awakened to anxiety, where, or in what state, it may next find itself. Jamī, fearful of his weakness, was reluctant to leave him, and still pressed his services; but the sufferer bade him mind the spot, and repair to him on the ensuing morning, as he repeated the movement for his departure, adding:

"If, as I believe, thou art the son of Habesci, I have need of some hours repose to tell thee of thy race, too well known to me; but to-morrow we will confer."

His desire, at this instant, to be left alone, appeared to become almost uncontrollable; the veil of deep appalling mystery, hitherto shrouding his destiny, was about to be lifted up, and Jamī justly dreaded to leave him in a paroxysm of such extreme horror, which he feared might prove his last agonies.

Doomed ever to be the sport of trials, Jamī received, with anguish, at the point of midnight, a hasty summons from Walid to join the caravan forthwith; but, on the eve of such important communications, he resolved to risk every danger, that he might again meet his venerable friend; and at a very early hour, ere the sun had risen on the ruins of the plain, he was at the mouth of the sepulchre, wherein he found the old man, whose countenance betokened great anxiety. Marked with the lines of age and suffering, his silver beard swept his

breast; on his head he wore the tiara of the Güebre worshipper; his splendid ear-drops and girdle bespoke him a priest of no mean distinction, and his ornaments were now arranged in studied care, forming a striking contrast with his sunk eyes, and fallen and pallid countenance.

"Welcome! welcome! noble youth, my spirit I feared would exhale to the essence of its worship, ere I could satisfy its eager yearnings—who art thou? whence is thy parentage!"

"Alas!" replied Jamī, "I know not; reared and fostered by one who lately has unveiled his real atrocity, myself and another ill-fated youth, whom I fear he has destroyed, have been the objects of his kindness"——

"Meanest thou the wretch Hassun?" he exclaimed.

Jamī, with a start of surprize, owned it was the name of their oppressor.

"Then my thoughts the moment I beheld you are confirmed. Image of Habesci Malêk, thou art his son—behold your father's dearest friend; I feel the hand of death is on me, and what imports it now my pouring into your ear the horrors and trials inflicted on my heart by him who has been your foe. Knowing all his crimes, his wide extended villanies against your family, no sooner had he been foiled in his grand design, than he made so powerful an endeavour to seize my person, that with difficulty

I could escape, notwithstanding my sacred character as priest of Oromasdes. In flying hither, I sought, amid these temples and tombs, a temporary refuge; but now shall make it an everlasting one! Where indeed so well as in this temple"—pointing to the sculptured Mithratic devices adorning the cave.

Jamī embraced his knees, and hung in mute attention on his words, as with solemnity, and by many pauses, he proceeded:

"My faltering breath, son of Habesci, scantily suffices to unfold thy fate; but darkness, which hangs on these closing orbs, clouds not the visual ray. The sorcerer's decree was pronounced amid these caves, that in thy course they saw a portent of danger to their race; they doomed thee therefore to death by Hassun—Adalia to the God of Fire! But fierce Hassun rashly seized on thy father's life, and made himself obnoxious to the wrath of heavenly powers—hence Heman's fatal visitation; things mysterious I would unfold, but a destiny too, too favourable to that dread enchanter's purpose, has brought thee hither some short hours too late."

Here a violent trembling seized his frame, his respiration became suspended, and Jamī, in mute despair, gazed on the dying man. After a pause he again revived for a few instants, and scarcely intelligibly uttered:

"Thou shouldst know his crimes—*thy mother he destroyed.* Habesci fled to Damascus—*there he perished*—but his four sons survived the objects of hate and terror to the dread Hassun. Charmed from his supernatural power, therefore his subtle treachery tracks your course, and death points to those dismal bounds where end the bitter woes of all thy lineage; yet fear not, force cannot violate thy will, and seeking virtue, thou wilt reap a bright reward. Son of Habesci, fain would I state thy fate, but no direction is given, only thou must proceed in paths unknown, and to the region of the Orient sun"——

As these accents rather were breathed, than the effect of speech, Jamī, who saw him sinking, exclaimed:

"Friend of my father, of a parent revered, although unknown, unclose those eyes—veil not glances of affection long long unfelt by this poor beating heart, so quickly lost, lest my dejected weary frame should sink to earth."

"It may not be," he murmured, "wish me not other end than what great Oromasdes has decreed—in the sun's glorious sight, and in his temple thus to die!"

As he spoke, and pointed with his finger, the bright orb broke forth above the ruins, and poured his radiant beams upon them. Jamī gazed around, it was indeed a glorious animating feel; he then

turned, but his friend's eyes were closed for ever, the spark of life was exhaled. He was still grieving, when his slave and the messenger reminded him of the infinite danger and risk of his ever overtaking the travellers, while the bands of robbers multiplied around. Arousing himself to the necessity of immediate action, aware of the deceased Guebre's tenets, he refrained from reserving even the staff of his hands, but depositing the body in the stone recess, he left it to the operation of the elements; and sighing, and waving a farewell as long as his eye could distinguish the magnificent ruins, or the plain of Margaub, he then hastened to the spot of their late encampment; to his inexpressible distress he found it deserted, and the caravan already two days in advance.

Jamī was bitterly reproaching himself for the separation, when a slave, left by a kind-hearted merchant for his safety, drew near to him, leading a camel, and he learned that the Armenian, alarmed by some Arab scouts, had resolved at midnight to set forward on their route, and, instead of advancing more into Persia, that he had influenced the majority of the travellers to turn rapidly, and hasten towards Khorassan.

The fickle turns of chance had not yet ceased from harassing the path of Jamī with incessant alarms; the slaves had begun their route, and were already advanced on the journey, when, as they

entered upon a long valley, skirting a ridge of rough defiles, a hasty order to stop, and the long couched lance, ready to pierce them if an attempt was made for flight, revealed to Jamī that he had fallen upon a band of Turcomans. Descending from the roots of the far distant Himmaleh, they had hastened with eager speed to take part in the disturbances and rumours of wars among the Persian provinces, most rapidly they had spread over the country to the very gates of Ispahan, and, having loaded themselves with plunder, they were now preparing a hasty return to their own tribes. Thus become their captive, Jamī, again the sport of fortune, wisely resolved upon endeavouring to cultivate the good will of those among whom he had fallen, and however they were inclined to distrust, at length the gentleness of his manners, and a decided air of manly courage and skill in horsemanship, won on their regards. Hastening as they were by rapid journies, they suspended setting him free from restraint, and employing him in their band, until they might reach their own precincts, and become secure of his adherence to their cause. Impatient to reach their native spots, and travelling day and night, they at length considered themselves free from every danger, and in the wild mountains of Afghanistan they resolved on taking a temporary repose.

In the midst of the darkness and the stillness

of night, when, worn down by their hitherto uninterrupted speed, they were buried in deep sleep, a sudden alarm threw them into confusion and dismay. Blows and wounds were given in the dark, amid which, dismounted, bruised, and trampled on, Jamī lay senseless, and, in the universal confusion, the Turcomans, for a moment discomfited, hastily retired, leaving Jamī wounded near some of their fallen comrades. Here death would have closed his trying career, but for the intervention of a set of merchants hastening onward (from the details of the robbers infesting the roads), to reach before the heat of the day the frontier pass leading to Ghizni; seeing the bruised Jamī still surviving, they bestowed a few simple recipes, and as he recovered enough to beg their compassion, the generous feelings of a humble camel driver, of a kindly disposition, and animated with the desire of doing good, resolved on assisting and preserving him.

While Jamī, destitute and feeble, felt a glow of thankfulness that a sympathizing heart thus shared with him its lowly mess, and afforded an impressive lesson to the more affluent of the party, his heart sunk as he heard the sound of Kashmeer, the garden of delights, the terrestrial paradise, named as the proposed end of their journey.

CHAPTER XI.

> "You have opened brighter prospects to my eyes,
> And sweeter to my heart."

Jamī, reduced by continued sufferings, and the heated sands, which he had mostly traversed on foot, felt more and more the kindliness of the camel driver, who thus took pity on his worn and wretched state. Human nature, overborne by such trials, and unsustained by the kind offices of humanity, must here have sunk, and life, as a neglected lamp, soon have quenched its vital spark, but Jamī nerved his firm-strung soul to the trial, resolute not to yield this triumph to his great foe Hassun; death hovered over him, and he wanted not, even in the sandy desert, or its wild solitudes, sights of mortality to evidence he would only share too often a wanderer's fate. Often through the heated hours of day the sky became a burning blaze of light, unmitigated by one temporary gale, and the dreary monotony of the sands was rendered more dreadful

by the scattered bones of man and beast lying bleached in the fervid sun; humiliating desolation —the wrecks of that noble being man, crumbled from the face of the earth, and fast returning to powder, to mix with the elements, with the dust of the wilderness. Twice in the course of the day had this sight struck a sadness on his already dejected tone of thought as he gazed on the scene; and, while the whitened bones spoke of the sad calamity, a lagging bird of prey, which hung heavy on its wing, as if sated from the dead, betokened that the calamity was of recent occurrence. Too well Jamī felt his slender stock of strength rapidly wasting away; his noble uncomplaining spirit, excited strongly the commiseration of his humble companion, who, witnessing his fatigues, resolved to lessen them by placing him on his beast. He then sought to revive his courage by the assurance they now should, in another day, reach the beautiful valley of Kashmeer, the paradise of the East. Indeed, as he spoke, he gaily pointed to the distant horizon, wherein his keen and practised eyes discerned what seemed to Jamī specks and motes of sand, but to Ahmed groves of verdure and palmy tufts, shading copious springs of water, reviving the languid throbbing pulse even in anticipation. Thus they journeyed, while the sun went down behind the distant boundary of the desert, which spread its convex surface to the sky, as the dilated

orb swept its sands with its beaming rays; and after the curtain of darkness was drawn over the earth, as they still journeyed onward, the firmament shone out with innumerable stars, guiding these sojourners of the desert through its apparently interminable wastes. Ahmed, as if self-satisfied with his renunciation in favour of the fainting Jamī, and desirous of consummating his effort, entertained him with details of the lovely valley he so confidently spoke of their approaching. Himself a camel driver, he had for fifteen years past followed the caravans from Kashmeer's vale to the neighbouring cities, all whose tracks and routes were familiar to him. Ghizni, the wide spreading Indus, with its tributary streams, Candahar, Cabul, the mighty kingdoms of Kharism and Kashgar, he had in turns visited. Twice he had crossed the mountainous barrier leading to the rich provinces of Hindûstan, and viewed the wonders of imperial Delhi; but chiefly his fancy revelled in the beauties of the paradise of Kashmeer, doubly blooming when revisited from the sterile and sandy wastes of Peshwawhur. The enthusiasm of the Kashmeerian seemed however softened, as he dropped hints of the severe and cruel rule under which they groaned. Rockn-ed-din appeared a tyrant and monster; yet, amid the dark traits of blood, the cautious narrator glowingly praised his valour and courage, exercised upon the plundering bands

who so often had desolated the valley from the surrounding fastnesses and rocky eminences which encircle it as a magnificent barrier.

These tales brought on the hours of dawn; as yet no object was discernible through the obscurity of the night, but Ahmed, mounted on a slenderly burdened dromedary, exultingly pointed out to the silent and careworn Jamī the increasing speed and renewed efforts of the poor tired animals, who testified unequivocally their joy at approaching the refreshing groves and shades. Soon the darkening line of objects showed that they were entering upon the footsteps of animated nature and vegetable life. All was tumult and intoxicated joy; noise and clamour reigned throughout the whole party, who resigned themselves to the entrancing feelings inspired by their garden of sweets, and their own families awaiting them. Plunging amid the thickets, without order or arrangement, they trotted forward at a rapid pace. Jamī, well nigh spent with thirst and fatigue, yielded to the entreaties of his benefactor to use the now no longer needed fragments of his scrip and water-skins, placed carefully by the camel's shoulder to sip during the night. How gratefully flowed the tepid stream, as he indulged his impatient lips, and slaked his thirst. Thrown off his guard by the action itself, the camel proceeding at will, and without regulation, at a rapid pace, he was engaged in this most grateful meal,

when an unexpected and stunning blow from a large limb of the chinaur tree, which his beast was passing too near, precipitated him in a moment on the earth. Aware of his danger, he uttered a scream as he fell, but the sound was completely drowned in the mixed noises and clamour of men and beasts, and in a few minutes he had the mortification of finding himself left alone in the solitude. He called after his companions in vain, his shouts were unheard, and he felt, as he recalled his scattered senses, grateful that others of the caravan had not, in the darkness, trampled upon his already bruised and injured limbs. Unable to proceed far, yet judging himself dropped into jungle grass, he felt resolved to endeavour at his extrication from the usual resort of venemous reptiles and beasts of prey. As he struggled to free himself, a beam from the fiery Al Kaher, the planet of war, shot through the interlaced boughs, assisting his bewildered steps to clear the tangled thicket, but it was an exchange only of difficulties. Every object was hidden or distorted by the gloom, and all around him lay a country and neighbourhood unknown, and his frame was sadly bruised and wounded by his dangerous fall. Revolving these subjects of anxious thought, he slowly groped onward, and in some time, by perseverance, found his steps easier. This informing him he now was on some

beaten track, soon a dense impervious gloom, and the echo of his steps, satisfied Jamī that he was entering a spacious cavern. Fearful of finding its deep recesses the lair of some savage monster, he sought its rocky side, and traced thereon a deep and curved indentation, elevated about six feet, and so protected by a bristling ridge, that he thankfully seized on it as a refuge, and immediately formed a couch of his loose apparel to recruit his toil and careworn frame. Sleep, deep and heavy, seized him for her own, but not yet was he destined to enjoy her welcome embrace. He thought, in his broken slumbers, that he was hunting in the dread vicinity of the gloomy piles of the imperial Babylon, that he essayed in vain to follow the prey, while the shrill horn chided his delay. He awoke with a start, for the sound echoed in his ears—it was no vision of the night. To his surprize, the immense cavern (for such a glimmering of torches revealed it to be to his hasty glance) was animated with several human beings, who appeared in earnest debate, which the sound of the horn suspended, until a distant answer appeared to fill them with joy. Jamī soon gathered from the stifled converse, and imperfect hints, that his safety rested only upon his retreat being undiscovered, and had reason thankfully to ascribe his preservation to the happy position of his rocky refuge. He lay in

breathless silence, noticing by stealth, as he could direct his glances, the wild and extraordinary beings around.

One evidently was of superior station and rank, and his habits of command were evidenced in the decided tone and lofty action, he also seemed the leader and soul of the enterprise, whatever it might be, which formed the subject of their deliberations; deathful it seemed, and their voices, as if involuntarily sinking at the anticipated horrors, fell into hollow whispers. Something his sharpened ear caught of Ashreff, but all was imperfect and vague, and even in a moment, ere he could ascertain any signal, the midnight conspirators had vanished. No sound or voice was heard, the gray dawn glimmered in the mouth of the cavern, but poor Jamī, spent by his feverish vigil, sunk into a deep repose. How long he slumbered, under the powerful need which his nature felt of recruit, he knew not; again the slumbers of his eyes were chased away by the sounds of a horn, but they accompanied other objects than the thoughts and deeds of darkness, the whole cavern reverberated the shouts and clamours of hunters, and the trampling of steeds. The sun darted his fervid beams deep into the savage chasm, and in an instant a tiger, with eyes of flame, and fangs dripping with gore, rushed into the interior of the cavity; it was the effort of a moment only for Jamī to leap on the ground, and draw, in self-de-

fence, a short dagger from the folds of his belt. He was instantly surrounded by the astonished huntsmen, who, heated in the chase, and vehement in their passions, treated him as a culprit and an outlaw; in vain would Jamī have explained the mischance which thus presented him to their notice, fruitlessly would he have appealed to their generous sympathies for an unprotected stranger. Violence and uproar confounded all; the cries of dogs and men retreating from the interior of the cavern, to escape the furious rage of the baited monster, were added to the impetuous wrangling and deafening outcries of the assault, while the exterior glade was filled by horsemen, careering about in vain inquiry after the cause of the unknown tumult. The external agitations subsided before the aspect and authority of the chief, but Jamī, chafed as the angry pard, and flashing fire from his dark eyes, his reiterated exclamations of innocence disregarded, seized a boar-spear from the foremost of his assailants, and prepared to defend his person to the last extremity; in an instant every hand was uplifted to destroy him. Surrounded on every part, in spite of his amazing exertions, he must in a few moments have sunk; the arm was raised, and the gleaming sabre descending on his defenceless head, when the baited monster, rushing from the interior cavity, beset by the dogs, whose noise had been drowned by the human struggle, tore the thigh of the unsus-

pecting huntsman intent on destroying Jamī, and bore him to the earth, making a furious attack through the crowd of assailants. The wildness and strength of the animal excited such surprize, that Jamī might have withdrawn amid the confusion of the scene; but well accustomed to the chase, he saw, by the direction and fury of the tiger, that a few instants would bring him in contact with the noble steed of the chieftain, unsuspicious of this sudden rush. His fears were instantly verified, and the horse and rider lay overthrown on the sward, the tiger fiercely turning on the entangled horseman. Another moment would have sealed his fate under the remorseless jaws of the furious beast (despite of an universal shriek from the company, the eye-witnesses of his danger), when a spear, whizzing through the air from the hand of Jamī, pierced his flank, and cumbered his rapid course, and in another instant, swift as lightning, his dagger's point was buried in the monster's throat, which, giving a sharp groan, lay dead within a few paces of the yet struggling huntsman, the leader of the band. This deed achieved, and in cool reflection sensible of the madness of resisting such a multitude, Jamī proffered his surrender, and the guards around, astonished at his noble daring, led him to their chief, who, freed from his steed, and surrounded by his retinue, displayed the deportment and character of high rank. Displeased at viewing

him who had been so recently his deliverer wearing the constraint of a prisoner, he commanded his release, and interrogated Jamī of his name and rank. "A traveller from Bagdad," was his reply. The guards then described, with some heightened colouring, the appearances under which he had been discovered in the cave; but the noble stranger taking off a signet of value, placed it as a token of gratitude on Jamī's hand—"Stranger of good promise, wanderer from the land of sweets and flowers, welcome to Kashmeer; your reception has somewhat of roughness unusual in these bowers of softness, and partaking of thy towering mountains, but we will seek to efface the fault; thy willing hand and sparkling eye speak of a propitious star, such as guided thee to this land of delights, where thou shalt find a friend; until the morrow's dawn let these make thee welcome, and now let us regain our home." Waving his hand, Jamī obeyed the signal, and instantly he saw those eager to supply his wants, who so recently had sought to destroy him, but now the sun of favour shone on him, and the persecuted Jamī, the persecuted wanderer, found every want amply supplied. A gallant steed, with superb bit and housings, led by two slaves, was brought to him; a perfect master of horsemanship, he vaulted into the saddle, when he was joined by an elderly personage, of majestic appearance, who, politely accosting him, acquainted Jamī that

he was delighted to become his conductor and his friend. As they collected their numbers, and slowly rode onward toward Kashmeer, Jamī inquired to whose rule they appertained, and the chieftain's name whose life he had so happily preserved, and uttered an involuntary cry of surprize, as he learnt it was Ashreff, the chief minister and favourite of Rockn-ed-din, the king of Kashmeer.

The party to whom destiny had thus united the fate of Jamī were the hunting train of Ashreff, the favourite of the sovereign, and their equipments had, as usual, been arranged for many days; following the chase and their game through the magnificent scenery of this happy country, already nearly satiated with the enjoyments of their sylvan sports, they were about retracing their steps, which the events of the day contributed to confirm. The morning light saw them in movement toward the capital, and the scenery that spread on every side fully deserved the tales of its richness and grandeur; it combined all that hill and dale, or wood and water could unite in the various excellencies of nature; the finest fruits loaded the trees in blossom and full bearing; mulberries, peach, and apricot intermixed their gay tints; the pomegranate and luscious fig hung in pendant clusters; the vine clung heavy on her slender props, of every hue, the purple and white clusters swelling in juicy bunches. A plenteous harvest of all the grains of the earth

waved their luxuriant produce over the plains, as they moved along in eastern magnificence, which proclaimed the state and grandeur of Ashreff. The line was preceded by several elephants, bearing all the luxuries of the Kashmeerian court; numerous horse and foot surrounded the vizier and his friends, in the rear of whom rode Jamī and his companion. A guard of some strength, and fully equipped in every weapon of defence, marked, in lengthened files at some distance from the hunters, the nearest station that the passer-by, or peasant of the district, might approach the cavalcade, and the strictness with which the guards repressed every incautious intruder, would have surprized Jamī, but for the awful hints of the cavern in the past night; he could not cease reflecting upon the chance thus bringing so near two different parties evidently at bloody enmity, while himself, unacquainted with the being thus strangely brought in contact with his fate, resolved to treasure the short notices in his heart, and carefully watch the course of things. He felt some surprize at not again being summoned to the presence of Ashreff, but the slaves, who sedulously assisted him in every office, made a plea of pressing business in despatch from the capital as an excuse. The constant speed of their journey thither, instead of pausing to hunt by the way, betokened increased desire to be at Kashmeer, in which Jamī participated, without precisely defining why.

Through the unknown, the hidden sympathies within ourselves, our spirits often carry on mysterious intercourse with nature in her invisible operations, and Jamī felt a singular and solemn thrill while the name of Kashmeer met his ear, as if fate revealed that within that spot his chequered and uncertain destinies would be fulfilled. Himself seemed strangely elevated by one of those freaks which fortune, in her revolving course, is ever exhibiting; he who lately welcomed the frank benevolence of a camel driver, and was abandoned on the bare earth, now beheld himself caressed by the friends of the mighty, waited on by slaves who bowed at the glance of his eye, and riding as his own a horse of fire and beauty, caparisoned with singular richness. Nor had his person undergone a less genial change; short as had been the interval, the active Kashmeerian had prepared for his master's awaking, a refreshing bath from the pellucid spring, impregnated with the rose waters of the happy valley; the invigorating luxury had renewed his vigour, and he clothed himself with a feeling of deep emotion in the splendid habiliments laid by his bath; his drawers and vest were of superior fineness, and his turban and sash of the famed fabric of the valley. A dagger of brightest steel, set in a black cornelian haft, struck him as of singular beauty, in the extraordinary polish and lustre of the stone, as well as the blade; it had a very

narrow delicate rim of unknown marks, whether the tracery of fancy, or characters, Jamī could not determine, but the weapon altogether had far superior merit in his eyes to the embossed and richly chased scimetar which lay ready for his side. Thus accoutred and mounted, Jamī formed an object of peculiar interest; his tall muscular form was seen to great advantage in the Kashmeerian garments, which sat close to his well-proportioned figure from their fineness, the full capacious sleeve gave dignity to his towering stature, and although the trials and sufferings he had undergone had robbed his youthful years of their freshness, and chased the laughing glance of joy usual to his open ingenuous features, there rested a solemn collectedness in his look, tempering the fire of a dark full eye, which invested Jamī with a potent ascendancy over every mind he came in contact with; the tinge of melancholy clouded indeed his fine features, and gravity sat on his brow throughout the day, as he reflected on his own singular turn of fortune, and the deep conviction that himself, a stranger, unknown to all, yet bore within his breast a secret affecting perhaps the existence of Ashreff, the possessor of all this power. Never did the mutability of human events come more vividly on his thoughts, never did he experience less inclination and desire to exult in the beams of prosperity, which he viewed as the scorching and tran-

sient sunshine, preceding the appalling storm of the Ghauts, when the pealing thunder and dazzling lightnings become the dread emissaries of Azreel, and nature, in her wildest convulsions, seems as if proclaiming her final close. His companion, although more advanced in years, forbore questioning Jamī, from the seriousness which his thoughts had thrown into his carriage; and through scenes shining in every charm, and a country replete with all that the sense can imagine of beauty, the returning suite of the vizier of Kashmeer hastened their steps to the capital; some cloud apparently hung over all the band, which Jamī felt too congenial to his heart to try to clear away. When the sultry hour of noon drew on, directions were given to halt, and the sumpter elephants supplied every requisite for refreshment. A tent of ample dimensions was fixed, looped up at the sides for the free circulation of air; the ground was covered with rich carpets, on which a *dolcka* with embroidered cushions was placed for the vizier; the refreshing sherbet and kailoons were soon placed, and ere Ashreff appeared from an inner private apartment, Jamī had time to admire the extraordinary beauties of their halting-place. A torrent of water, bursting with impetuous force from the side of the mountain, formed a considerable stream; flowing down the declivities to mingle itself with the lake, its spray dashed into foam, rising in cool drops, vivifying the languid

air, and imparting an emerald green to the surrounding sward. The chinaur, with its straight taper trunk, and silver coloured bark, spread its leaves of pale green, not unlike an expanded hand, and exuberant in beautiful foliage, offered its refreshing shade; before them lay the celebrated lake of Kashmeer, the distant towers and palaces marking the site of the capital.

As soon as they were arranged in their parties, and Ashreff, furnished with his kailoon, tranquilly enjoyed its perfume, he bade one of his slaves introduce the young stranger who had rendered him such signal service. If the grace and open firmness of Jamī, and the settled melancholy of his air, forcibly struck the observant Ashreff, not less calculated were his characteristics to fix the regards of so observant a mind as Jamī's. With a countenance and features whose outlines were strong and repulsive, was united a tone of decisive energy, the concomitant of strong passions; the lines of suffering were full and prominent on the brow and temples, although the flower of youth was scarcely passed, and the eye sparkled still with a brightness that warned the beholder it could flame in angry and fatal fires. A nose, arched and aquiline, communicated a sternness to the whole, which was rather increased than softened by a mouth of unbending seriousness, and a beard of raven blackness reaching to the breast; the whole expression

would have been highly forbidding, had not a voice of silvery sweetness, and a certain air of benignity, as he spoke, awakened the feelings of affection and kindness in all his hearers. Such was the commanding being who now called for, and welcomed the youthful Jamī with a gracious smile, as he beckoned him to occupy a vacant cushion by his side. Interrogating him upon his reasons for hiding in the cavern, he complimented him on the intrepidity and address with which he had overcome the fury of the savage beast; he then turned the subject upon the country and habits of Jamī, on which he observed an unusual gloom overspread his countenance as he replied, "that Hillah, of Irak, was his sojourn, but misfortunes of his early youth had acquainted him with many of the eastern capitals, of the grandeur of Bagdad, and the magnificence and character of the famed Harûn al Raschid." Ashreff most eagerly inquired respecting him, and dwelt greatly upon that stern severity which in many fatal instances became a blemish on his fame. Several days were rendered pleasing in their progress by Jamī's vivid delineations of the caliph, with which Ashreff seemed never to weary. Nothing struck the mind of Ashreff more powerfully than the contrast exhibited between the animated look and the fire of Jamī's eye, and the profound melancholy which usually marked his thoughts and habits. The bril-

liancy of his conversation and delineations evidenced that it was not naturally his bias—how deep then must be the anguish that imprinted such a wound! These feelings, added to the irresistible attractions of Jamī's mind, had produced a confidence almost imperceptible to himself, and which already had grown to considerable strength, until at length Jamī confided the dreadful scenes of the Birs. He traced enough of the past to attach his hearer to his fortunes by links of potent sway. Ashreff awaited for news from Kashmeer, and ordered his retinue to pitch their tents for some days around the springs. His intercourse with Jamī became more and more intimate, and as they discoursed on Bagdad, Jamī casually detailed the last news which he had heard of the caliph's revenge on the noble-minded Giafar—"It lay deeply," he said, "in his heart; it was a fatal proof of the caliph's severity."

"Alas!" Ashreff replied, "you touch a tender string, reviving a deeply-rooted sorrow; but my soul has long yearned to share it with the sympathy of another, and now rejoices at the prospect. Ere we benefit from the signal warning and instance which the illustrious Giafar presents of the instability of fortune, I will unfold to Jamī the fate of a dear relation, the victim also of his inexorable rigour. The sun is yet high, and the favouring gales will waft us swiftly over the lake when business claims

us; the present sultry hour will commence my tale of this celebrated caliph in return for those thou hast communicated—it is the woes of

"MALEK AND ZELICA.

"Malek was a youth of the highest promise. and his soul was a spark of the purest fire; swifter than the gazelle in her course, his tender hand guided with unerring aim the shafted arrow to his mark; noble and fierce of purpose, the mind supplied what nature had not given to early youth, the sinews of strength; and the scimetar in his grasp was bathed in his enemy's blood, more by the potency of courage and excited animation, than from powers of force or muscle. Lively and imaginative, his sweet voice rivalled the melody of Feroze, and rendered his wild tales, of unhappy wanderers and ill-starred lovers, the theme of delight to all who heard him. Alas! that his own should so resemble his song! A form of perfect symmetry and lightness, features of the most sparkling animation, such was the being I have to tell you of, such (lowering his voice to a deep and melancholy tone) was my brother, the son of my mother, but I had long quitted the paternal roof, when those circumstances occurred which my tale will unfold. It boots not to speak of former accidents and changes, which led

to my quitting the rich gardens of Damascus, the flowery vales of her beauteous river, the scene of beauty, and the asylum of my fathers: suffice it, that destiny, which rules all, had guided me through scenes of her usual fickleness to the post of greatness I now have enjoyed for many years, and rumours of my advancement had reached the caliph's court, that prince assiduously promoting intercourse between the most distant countries. This account a merchant from Damascus, a friend of my father's, bent on an adventure of trade, upon his return to our native city, bore to my family, and inflamed the fervid mind of Malek to seek a more brilliant destiny than the safe and happy one secured by paternal watchfulness. Shortsighted and delusive views! how often, amid the court and all its splendour, has my soul sighed for the safe and unsuspecting enjoyments of my relative's happy abode, who, blest with a store of competency, as a wealthy merchant of Damascus, unenvied and unnoticed, saw life flow on undisturbed but with the choice of *Muezzim* or *Motsellim* of his quarter, and the diurnal easy task of frequenting the neighbouring bizestein. But these are after reflections—the penalty is paid ere the risk is known—the door of fate thrown wide, which never again closes until we have passed its threshold!

"Among the Arabs who frequented the pasturage of Syria, the tribe of Amrû had fostered the aspiring feelings of Malek. Following the chase with

inflamed ardour with some youths of the city, they fell in on the edge of the desert with a party of these Arabs; both eyed each other with suspicion and injurious contumely. The Damascenes, superior in numbers, and feeling their strength, would have proceeded to hostilities, but for the provident sagacity of Malek, exercised beyond his years. Charmed with the rare union of virtue and valour in so youthful a form, the fiery Arabs contracted a sacred friendship for the boy, and invited him to their tents; where, delighted with their independent life, Malek was a frequent guest, and soon became as expert in hurling the javelin and warlike exercises as he was already in the arts of horsemanship. Thus flowed on his youth, when my name and fortunes struck his ear, and he resolved to devote himself to arms, and, traversing Irak and Persia as a soldier of fortune, to repair hither to my protection. Fruitlessly did his venerable parent strive to divert his purpose, and bemoan the loss of so dear a son. By long indulgence he had admitted the seeds of arms and ambition to be sown, and the harvest was, by destiny, far, far from his protecting hand to kindly gather in.

"You wonder, Jamī, how I, a stern statesman, thus consume the precious hours of fate in a lover's tale; but know, that the accents that speak of my father's home—of the children of his house—of the paradise of my youth, are sweeter than the rich

melody of the bulbul's notes to my ears! The roof that sheltered my youth has long been fallen and unknown—the kind parent who fostered my infant steps has long been sheltered from the storms and perils of life by death. Often I wonder, since my ears have tingled with the deep woes of his chequered course; how he bore his trials with such fortitude. His children were his delight and his joy; those dear pledges of love (a destiny over-ruling his plans) were torn from his embraces, after the catastrophe occurred, which swept me, his eldest born, from his side! How proudly he once lifted up his head among his brethren, exulting in his sons! Now misfortunes followed in an unbroken chain, until fire and insatiate cruelty extinguished our very name and abode: Malek, his last solace, fatally led to enter the field of life; while himself soon after perished in a sudden fire which enveloped his residence, and attained a furious height before it was discovered! When become vizier of Kashmeer, I despatched a friend of my power to bear my presents and gratitude to my parents: such was the sad and mournful tale which reached my ears. Wonder not that I select you, thus recently a stranger, for my confidence, start not, the sequel will show that we are not so apart as thou deemest, and the mysterious fate which governs our destiny has meshed you and myself in the same toils!

"Although the track before Malek was long and dangerous, he revolved its chances, and provided against its probable perils with a foresight of rare promise. He gained a knowledge of the tribes of the desert from his friends, of the race of Amrû, he prepared his arms and stores for the journey, and awaited the safeguard of a caravan for Bagdad, where he resolved to sojourn until matured for his next flight toward these bright regions of the East: thus the young eaglet of Caucasus quits his parents' nest, and flutters his wings to the sun, the rugged rocks of Demawend echo to his cries of joy as he bears away, exulting, the timid hare of the thicket; but, in the mid career of his new-fledged ferocity, the keen barb of the marksman brings down the noble ruler of the air from his eyric of the rock, and levels him with the dust—so was it with Malek. But I anticipate events. The caravan left Damascus, and the youth, overcast with sorrow at the separation, almost wished his purpose overruled; but the day, as it proceeded on, brought other thoughts, and his joyous dream of hope revived. It is not my intention to dwell on all the incidents that follow, as I have done of those mixed up with the home of my youth. The caravan passed on in perfect security, and had traversed the desert within a day's journey of Bagdad. Already the prospect of the near termination of their fatigues delighted their hearts, and relaxed

their accustomed vigilance; not a sign of an enemy on the route had lulled them into perfect security; the evening coolness brought a zest for enjoyment; spread irregularly on the desert, they were passing a dreary hummuck of sand, when a sudden war cry, the shout of the warlike tribe Djerdham, spread consternation and ruin among the thoughtless travellers. Disordered and panic struck, they fell like the stupid and unresisting bird of the desert. and were instantly scattered over the dreary wastes around. Those who survived the spear of the spoiler only protracted their hours of suffering amid the desert to perish of heat and hunger. Malek, calling upon a few companions near, and wheeling his horse, presented a fierce resistance; with his spear he successively demolished three of their boldest assailants, and his little party charging on the Djerdham troop, made a deep impression. Enraged to see their booty disputed by a mere handful of opponents, headed by a beardless boy, the Arabs closed around them, and speedily reduced their numbers to the heroic Malek and two others. At this instant the brave and impetuous son of the sheik of the Djerdhamites rushed on Malek to bear him to the earth. Drawing off his courser dexterously, Malek allowed him to pass, but then instantly wheeling round with the rapidity of lightning, he smote him on the neck so furiously with his scimetar, that his head bounded on the

sands. At this horrible sight the whole band precipitated themselves on him, and bore him to the earth. What could one arm avail against multitudes? and they were preparing to massacre him by a thousand blows, when the frantic cries of the wretched parent adjured them to preserve him for a slower and more torturing death, a deeper revenge. Throwing himself beside the headless bleeding body, he embraced it with the most piercing shrieks and lamentations; then gnashing his teeth on the disarmed, yet dauntless Malek, he solaced his agony by the anticipations of his sufferings. The remaining survivors of the once numerous caravan were all slain or dispersed; their frighted straggling camels and plunder was collected together, and Korrah was still, in darkest gloom, contemplating the ghastly features of his son; when warned that it was time to part, he aroused himself to revenge—'Strip the wretch who has slain my ever-gallant boy, bind him to the javelin; let his murderous arm be first severed that dealt the blow, and, losing limb by limb, let him slowly expire.' The savage command was obeyed; his garments were forcibly rent from him, and his youthful form exposed to their barbarities. If the flexibility and delicacy of contour showed the first bloom of manhood, the scornful eye and flashing disdain of his brow spoke his contempt for cruelties meditated for an act of self-defence. Thus poor

Malek stood, nerved by his excited ardour to endure the worst, and a savage Arab was unsheathing the shining blade, as the eyes of the parent glared over the youth like those of a ravening hyæna, when another object presented itself, which for a moment arrested their purpose. From behind the high hummock of sand stalked a majestic form: for an instant deeming him a fugitive of the caravan, the Arabs prepared their bows—'Forbear your idle arms, my errand is not done,' was the stranger's reply, as he swiftly approached the circle, and fastened his look, as with the potency of a basilisk, on the shrinking Korrah; 'told I not to thy deaf and obdurate ears the horrors now thickly falling on thee?' he exclaimed in a voice hollow as if it sounded from a sepulchre; 'but shrink not yet, nor believe that the page of destiny thou hast dared to open can now be closed at thy bidding! Woes on woes impend, but the end is not yet; only thus far, Korrah, hear and obey—Touch not, harm not that youth; in the lineaments which rage and scorn combine there to develop, I read that, irrevocably, the same hour ends him and thee! Nay, start not, but even also thy tribe—so says the stars, if he meets a violent death.' Here Korrah, with a horrid imprecation, swore no juggling fiends should palter with his deep revenge, and was fiercely turning to the stranger, when he perceived he was already gone, his dark garb of brown flowing to his

feet, his variously dyed sash and floating shawl of Kashmeer crimson, just disappearing behind the sand-hill. Korrah although awed for a while, was firm and inexorable to his bloody purpose; but the tribe themselves, involved in the fatal consequences of the imprecation, and moved and softened by the beauty and courage of young Malek, refused to perpetrate any violence against him, or allow of any. Not the fell tiger, in his most furious mood, raged more, when scared from his bloody repast of the lofty deer, prostrate and torn beneath his fangs, than Korrah at this unexpected opposition. At length, worn out by the violence of his emotions, and even part of his fury subsided in its swell, he somewhat yielded to his tribe's united voice; but inflexible of heart, he swore, by all the gods of earth and skies, no shelter or sustenance should be afforded to the suffering youth, but that, bound and naked, he should be left in the trackless desert to perish. This doom did not involve the consequences predicted to them all, if his blood was shed, and, he contended, was the only safe course for their tribe.' The Djerdhamite warriors, already wounded in mind at opposing their sheik, no longer resisted the cruel decree, and, in despite of the loud and earnest prayers of Malek, at once to end his sufferings and put him to death, they prepared to leave him to his fate. How mournfully languished the eyes of the unhappy youth after

the retiring forms of the Arabs as they became more and more dim in the distance, and when they wholly disappeared, anguish, more bitter than death, seized on his sinking and desponding heart; bitter tears gushed from his eyes as he gazed on his arms and legs, closely pinioned and girt to the immoveable lance; with emotions of envy he eyed the blood-stained sands, the act of his well strung arm, and longed for his own life's blood to swell the stream, and mingle with his foes. These fierce alarms of soul by-and-bye abated by their violence; and eying the grand vault of heaven, and the wild solitude around, his softened mind commended itself to Him who fills all space, and in whose sight he placed himself.

"Some hours lingered by with tardy pace, the tempered night blew chill to Malek's frame, when his sharpened senses gave notice of some footsteps approaching, and his voice plaintively implored pity and commiseration; it was indeed the crisis of his fate, since, however poised and highly gifted, his mind would not much longer have resisted the horrors of his situation. The being whom fate thus threw in his way to rescue him from death, and fulfil his destiny, was a rich merchant of Bagdad; he, returning from a speculation of great profit into Syria, had purchased the safe passage and guard of the powerful Banou Seide branch of Arabs, who now were escorting him to his home at Bagdad; the

cautious Masoud, so was the merchant called, heard Malek's short and pathetic detail of the circumstances of his misfortune, nor did he proceed to unbind him until he had received the pledge of the youth to become his slave; naked, fettered, and perishing, so fallen were his proud hopes, that it was with an emotion of gratitude that Malek found there was a being interested in his preservation. The arrangement took up a short space, the Arabs evincing great impatience. A camel, which had borne provisions, was allotted him, and the spare clothes of a follower of Masoud's answered for the exigency; the habiliments of the slain Arab lay on the sands, which, after preparing the dead corpse, they left hastily behind, as stained with blood, and inflaming the grief of the father. These the merchant collected, and added to his camel's burden.

"They again began their route, and soon lost sight altogether of the fatal spot. Poor Malek, exhausted and worn down by the events of the night, welcomed a short halt which they allowed themselves by some springs, and recruited thereby; the ensuing day was passed in safety, the end of which brought them to the walls of Bagdad. It was night ere they reached this splendid city, which they found resounding with joy, and brilliant in every quarter with lights; the rapid Tigris shone as they were reflected in its waters; the bounty and magnificence of the caliph spread universal gaiety around; the gardens of pleasure

were crowded by parties giving full scope to their exhilaration; music and dancing filled the streets; the crowds of this great metropolis poured forth as ants from their ant-hills, when in sultry summer they blacken the plain; the numerous shops and coffee-houses scarcely sufficed to supply the crowds with sherbets, orange-water, and the delicious liquors of the East; the sparkling wines of Shirauz flowed freely on all sides in this night of universal joy.

"Toiling through the suburbs, Masoud passed the bridge of the Tigris, and entered the great square of the mosque of Amrû, near which ran the lengthened street of the gold and silver stuffs, and merchants' bizesteins of brocades and silks, where he resided; beyond their quarter stood the palaces and spacious gardens of the great Harûn al Raschid, the Commander of the Faithful. Malek, as they entered the square, thought that he had never beheld so splendid a scene, although his eyes were accustomed to the riches of Damascus; when Masoud, catching a neighbour's eye in the crowd, eagerly questioned into the cause of the public rejoicings. 'What! knowest thou not that our caliph celebrates to-night the naming of the prince Al Amin on his coin, as lawful successor? We have had nothing but pleasures since the moon which ushered in this happy eve; hasten to refresh yourself, and join our party of merchants.' Halting at a house of

simple and plain exterior, Malek was left in the midst of the household, consisting of a few slaves and an aged woman, to perform the duties of his new station, which required his arranging the rich stuffs and bales his master had brought home in a place of security; this done, he was permitted, under the guidance of another slave, to witness the gaieties of the festival, but the shock was too great, the downfal of his hopes too overwhelming to permit of his resting at ease; joy and pleasure augmented his grief, and, retiring to a remote corner of the court where he could scarcely hear the revelings of the populace, sorrow and silence brought him that repose so necessary. A few days made him quite a favourite in the house of his patron. Rightly judging, that the strokes of adversity are best parried by the cheerful mind, and life is ever bringing round compensations to those who despair not of themselves, Malek gradually regained his gaiety and his frolic spirits of youth, and accommodated himself to the duties he had pledged himself to fulfil; they were, indeed, habits he had witnessed and aided his father in. Every morn he accompanied his master to the stand where the stuffs of the East, the brocades and silks, were displayed, and assisted him through the day in his concerns.' The fortitude and cheerfulness with which he bore the change, won his master's regards, who, although selfish and avaricious, beheld his favourite passions benefited

by the auxiliary he had acquired; the comeliness and form of Malek made him pleasing to the visitors of his master's stand, and many a fair inmate of Bagdad preferred the stuffs which his youthful slave exhibited. Whilst his natural accomplishments thus attracted the good will and notice of the whole bizestein, Malek himself drooped under a course of life so opposite to his desires; if, perchance, an officer of the caliph's army, or of his guards, entered the stand, his eyes sparkled, his colour mounted to his brow, and he never withdrew his regards from the object of his envy while he remained in the bizestein, when he would relapse into a deep melancholy, regardless of all around. One day that he had particularly felt the kind manners and voice of a page of the court, and his spirits (after furnishing him with his wants) were sinking into gloom, Masoud, who felt the value of his services, rallied him on his dejection—'Malek, I see,' he continued, 'would still rather fight the Arab of the desert than supply the page of the palace; nevertheless, the one path, as he knows, may be strewed with blood and sufferings, while the latter sees life flow by equable and refreshed, as the fountain before us gives coolness to our frame; but I will give him the relish without the risk, the rose without the thorn; every returning week that the youth exercise the djerit in the square of Amrû, before the caliph's mosque, shall Malek, clothed as the gayest, resume the sports

of his youth, and try his strength of arms.' With transport, and bounding with delight, he thanked his kind master, and assured him of his zealous services; and panting for the exertions of his youth and heart, he besought him that he might, that very evening, join the sports, in the habiliments of the young Arab he had slain, which, carefully freed from every stain of blood, had been placed in the secret stores of Masoud's house, which himself, cautious and wary, and well versed in the Arab tenacity of blood for blood, and their revengeful nature, had carefully refrained from exhibiting. Masoud attached an importance in keeping secret these spoils of death, whilst his avarice restrained him from destroying the fatal tokens; delighted at thus recalling the sparkle to Malek's eye, and overborne by his ardour and grateful thanks, he unwittingly gave the gratified eager youth his permission, and the more willingly, as the evening was somewhat advanced. Without a moment's pause, dreading a reversal of the gracious assent, the youth flew to his resort, doffed his daily garb, and pantingly clothed himself in the Arab's spoils, being much of an age and make; they appeared to his eager desires more attractive than the caliph's robes. Desirous above all that, in his new metamorphose, no eye should recognise the attendant of the bizestein, he marked his features with a dye which gave the swarthy hue of the desert, and enlarging his eyebrows and whiskers, he found his

disguise so complete, that exultingly he rushed forth to partake of the warlike and manly sports. Fatal exultation—mysterious link of the associated emblems of the dead—how did their consequences avenge the fallen, and end in blood for blood."

Some days had flown by as these incidents, from time to time, had flowed from the lips of Ashreff; he now closed, by observing—"We must for awhile suspend the fortunes of Malek, the vizier's duty leaves no longer parley; as soon as leisure permits, we will resume the fates of my brother, which, strange to say, although his blood has long been dried from the earth, and the stains effaced which cruelty caused, seem still to continue a mysterious connexion with the present scene, and to draw together your destinies and mine."

Waving his hand to his attendants to draw nigh, Ashreff gave instant orders for their proceeding toward the lake, where his barges had long awaited him; and Jamī, who had been assigned, in the most gracious manner, to the offices of the aged Kashmeerian, retired to his stately pavilion, which was now placed in the favoured circle of the viziers; he was soon buried in thought, and devising plans whereby he might learn the tidings of those beings with whom his heart sighèd again to become associated. Unable to define the attraction he felt towards Ashreff, or to form any certain appreciation of his present position, it was, perhaps, fortunate for Jamī that he

was recalled from dwelling upon the singular circumstances connected with his own situation, and his internal wretchedness, when he reflected on the fortunes of Lillah, to feel a deep commiseration for those of Malek; if the settled melancholy of his air gave a sombre character to his general deportment, it vanished away before the pity and sympathy which the recital called forth, additionally attractive also as it became from the affecting sweetness of voice and thrilling hints it contained. Ashreff pronounced, indeed, these words of sorrow as a superior intelligence would describe the pains and cares of an order of beings removed below their sphere; his heart, tutored in the changes, and strengthened in the storms of life, regarded them with imperturbable firmness, and hitherto had often averted the perils clinging to his elevation, by the undeviating coolness of his resolves. In the general outlines of Jamī's manners, short as had been their intercourse, he saw much to accord with himself, and, in the gentle pity and kindliness of his mould, elicited by his brother's fortunes, his heart weaved insensibly the ties which knit their bond; but in public it was still the vizier and his dependent, although a dependent favoured for the high service he had been enabled to perform; in private, indeed, the vizier set no bounds to his confidence and esteem. Their route to the lake, in one of the most beauteous evenings of this delicious climate, filled Jamī with delight; from the base of

the range of mountains, a spacious plain, preserved in constant verdure by numerous rills stretched to the lake of Kashmeer, whose waters, filled to the brim, presented a landscape of unrivalled softness; the gardens perfumed with the attar roses, and every fragrance of nature, ranged in sweet variety, displayed before their eyes; a cool breeze tempered the air, and the clear azure was bright in light and radiance; while, on the distant horizon, as if framing in the soft expanse of waters, reposed a wide outline of crimsoned and gilded clouds. The peasantry were busy in their labours around, with singing and joy; and in the distance, on the lake, arose the gilded domes and sparkling towers of Kashmeer. Even grandeur and state, deadened too oft to the voice of nature, exulted at the prospect of such a scene, and the heart of Ashreff would gladly have made the spectators of its beauty full participators in its benefits, but his hands were straightened, and his wishes thwarted, by the austere and cruel nature of his sovereign, Rockn-ed-din. Nevertheless, so great was his influence and control, that the capital groaned whenever the annual excursion to the mountains, as in the present instance, left the light-hearted inhabitants exposed to the unmitigated severity of their sovereign.

Approaching the lake, a gay assemblage of boats received the band, one adorned with an awning for Ashreff and his suite, among whom

Jamī was numbered; they scarcely were seated, ere a snake boat, swiftly rushing through the waters, reached the vizier's vessel, and delivered to him despatches which seemed to spread the beams of joy over his countenance. Gaily smiling on all around—"My friends," he said, "our sports are not quite ended, the news from Kashmeer shows that our sovereign has left his capital for the palace on the lake, where our presence is summoned in three days hence; meantime, the kingdom at peace, the harvest abundant, we may here pass the days in the pleasures of the lake." Turning the barge toward the northern borders, they had scarcely passed numerous boats filled with parties of pleasure, enjoying the coolness and freshness of the waters, before, at some distance from the shore, they were hailed by music, resounding from several boats filled with the family of the vizier, who felt relieved of the engagements and calls of state, which had summoned him hence. Their presence excited the sincerest joy, and, unburdened of state, Ashreff tasted the pure delight of real joy, and unfeigned affection. Jamī admired no less the singular loveliness of all he saw, as they reached the palace of the vizier; it seemed to be a long and irregular building, rather a collection of pavilions than a stately palace, ranged along a rising mound, facing the lake, closed with deep verandahs, and furnished with shutters; its varnished trellices supported the

choicest flowers of Kashmeer, through whose interlacing screen, the views opened enchantingly to the waters of the lake. Trees of gums and aromatics, placed in clumps, formed an intricacy of verdant walks and shades, amid whose branches sheltered the peacock, the lory, and gorgeous dyed birds of the East, while kiosks of open lattice-work, of deeply enamelled green, were interspersed around, and scarcely distinguishable from the groves they adorned. In the centre of a broad and smooth sward of emerald green, fronting the principal hall, was a spacious basin of clearest water, stocked with rare and golden fish; from the centre played high in the air a perpetual stream, diffusing coolness around, and as the mid-day sun shot his radiance through the vista, forming a rainbow of crystalline dyes, overarching the fairy glade of green, which it completely spanned. Animals, the most beautiful of the deer and domestic tribes, were left to roam unsuspectingly through these flowery bowers, where nature, no less prodigal of her favours than man, had lavished every attractive charm. Short days of bliss were here vouchsafed to the wounded heart of Jamī, as, banishing retrospection from his thoughts, he sought to cultivate the pleasures presented to him by all around.

The remaining hours of the day Ashreff was wholly secluded amid his family, but on the ensuing morn, Jamī received notice to attend him in the

fountain kiosk, a summons which he eagerly welcomed, hoping that it would lead to the further communications of Malek, whose fate deeply interested him. Refreshed by the bath, and revived by the short respite he had enjoyed, Jamī approached with an elasticity of step and mien, which gave the most commanding appearance to his form; he eagerly thanked the vizier for the proofs of his bounty, and tokens of his protection, assuring him he trusted to deserve his favour. Smiling, Ashreff replied—"In privacy, Jamī, drop these badges of life's vain distinctions, and be my equal and my associated friend; my heart long has sighed to commingle its thoughts thus, to be regarded for itself alone. Appearances betoken that such boon is now vouchsafed—may the Fates take from the hour those presages which would infer that you are sent to embalm my memory, to gild my final hour with precious friendship, as the phœnix of the East collects his heavenly unguents to grace his pyre. But a truce to auguries; I sent for Jamī to unfold to his feeling mind and ears the closing and eventful trials of my lamented Malek;" pointing to the vacant cushion in front of the refreshing fountain, in a voice suited to the lulling murmur of its splashing waters, Ashreff continued as follows:

"Overjoyed and breathless, Malek hastened to the square, which was fully occupied by the combatants; Togrul, the Turcoman, a venerable com-

mander of the caliph's guard, with several officers of rank, looking on with interest and delight, as renewing pleasing impressions of their youth, and occasionally interfering as umpires when the fray grew warm. To this respectable group, Malek, with pleasing humility, addressed himself to be admitted to the sports. Admiring his bold eye and animated gestures, his request was instantly granted, and he was required to select his side; at that moment a small band, hardly pressed by superior numbers, and badly organized, were on the point of dispersing in the south corner of the square, when pointing hastily to their group, and receiving a djerit from the hands of Togrul, he hastened with loud shouts of encouragement to join himself to the losing party. His plan was difficult, and even dangerous, for mixing with the weakest he appeared to share their fears, but when the opponents elated rushed forward too promiscuously, he encountered two of the most vigorous, and instantly disarmed them successively; calling then together the late discomfited party, who had a breathing pause by this bold act, he succeeded in dividing the scattered body of their assailants, and amid the encouraging exclamations of the spectators to the young Arab, as Malek appeared to be, he completely vanquished one half of their foes. The remainder of the struggle was more difficult; their leader, athletic and bold, and enraged to see his triumph snatched

away by an unknown youth, attacked him with the utmost fury, aiming his weapon with blows deemed unfair, and unlawful for the game. Malek, perfectly collected and cool, and too generous to impute his conduct to design, from exercise in the desert a perfect master of the sport, was contented to parry his strokes, and permit him to waste his strength in unavailing efforts; but unable longer to mistake his malicious intentions, he avoided a vehement assault with such dexterity, as forced the djerit out of his grasp, and laid him completely prostrate at his feet. With the kindest action then Malek rose him instantly, and comforted him on the chances that the game some other time would indemnify him by success for his failure, for the active leader of the party, whom Malek so opportunely joined, had now also most successfully overcome the remainder of the band. He was surprized, in return for his effort of kindness, by the look of deadly malignity with which his conquered foe met his greeting, and the vow he uttered loudly, 'that he should one day, false Arab as he was, repent his officious intrusion,' with which threat he mingled with the crowd, ere Malek could detain him to require the meaning of his observation. Turning towards his associate and leader, he was alike surprized and delighted to observe that he was the officer of the palace, whose kindness at noon had led to his present enjoyment, and who had no sus-

picion whatever that he had ever seen Malek before, so perfect was his disguise, and so little similitude of manners appeared between the bold and accomplished youth of the square of Amrû, and the resigned and softened manner of the attendant of the bizestein. Once or twice the voice seemed to catch his ear, and call forth a gaze of recognition, but Malek, whose heart yearned to secure the firm friendship of this interesting companion, trembled lest the knowledge of his real condition might dissever them for ever. During the rest of the sports they combated side by side, and already it was noticed that blow caught the officer's eye quickest which was aimed at Malek, and Malek's hand instinctively turned away the djerit which flew toward Osman's breast; it was a deep mortification to him not to repay Osman's confidence, who urged him for his name as they were proceeding towards Togrul, to receive the small rewards given as stimulants to the highly distinguished. The first prize was awarded to Malek; but he, observant of the moment when this appropriation wholly engrossed the zeal of Osman to confer it on his new-found associate, so managed, that he could no where be found, having adroitly in the instant slipped behind the foremost circle, and so mingled in the crowd, as to leave the square undiscovered. But in rapidly gliding along the street leading to Masoud's dwelling, he felt a

gentle pull at his cloak, wrapt around him to strengthen his disguise, and turning hastily to know whence the interruption, he could just discern, to his infinite distress, a Djerdamite Arab of the desert.

"'Dear youth of my tribe,' he addressed Malek, 'how has my delighted eyes dwelt on thy deeds this night, thy bold and artful wiles known only to the free and happy sons of the desert, bearing the palm from all these pent up prisoners of the walls and towers of man! how my heart exulted as I saw thy choice of the weak, and thy overthrow of the proud! But whence thy present stay in Bagdad? has the friend of our tribe communicated any news from Bassora?'

"Malek, acquainted with Arab customs, saw at once the necessity of concealing his residence, or nothing could avert their vengeance for the death of the son of their sheik; yet curious to ascertain what the hint meant respecting Bassora, he ambiguously replied, that 'he was on a secret and most delicate service, which a few days would open to his tribe; meanwhile, prudence required their keeping quite apart, or our friends should ere this have heard on the points thou namest.'

"'Then,' replied the Arab, 'I will fly to the khan of Gaza, there day and night our friends abide.' In an instant he vanished, and Malek, fully sensible of the danger of a recognition, and

deploring his rashness in thus having distinguished himself in the Arab habiliments, made haste to regain the roof of Masoud. Within its friendly walls he recalled all the events of the evening, with mixed emotions, until sleep sealed his eyes in repose.

"The following week beheld him assiduously anxious to please his master, whose indulgence had afforded such an opportunity, as he trusted, of acquiring the esteem and friendship of the young officer; also of gaining perhaps a means of letting his father hear of his fate, who would doubtless restore him to liberty. As the impression wore off of his first dangers, his desires revived to enter again on the path he had chosen.

"Pondering these thoughts at mid-day, and the bizestein being unusually crowded, he saw a group which strongly attracted his attention, for they seemed approaching towards his stand. A female was seated on a camel in very rich apparel; a beautiful child near her suspended a shade of silk embroidery to screen her from the sun; several black slaves walked beside the camel, which was led by one of their number, and another of superior appearance bore a golden rod and a purse. The bustling crowds opened instantly as they approached, and gave them ready access to the stand of Malek, who deeply blushed at the notice he apparently received from the party, no less than from

the concourse collected near the cavalcade, which came from the palace. Taking her seat, the female requested to see the richest brocades for the use of Zelica, the favourite of the princess Zemroude, as well as of the caliph. With the most active attention Malek displayed all the stores of his master; some objection arose against each as he presented it, and the caprices of the harem beauty deeply tried his patience. Determined, however, to neglect nothing for the advantage of Masoud, he procured from the adjoining merchants, with whom he was a favourite, the rarest and richest specimens, but all failed of his wishes, and Malek, although accosted by a fair and interesting female, under such circumstances of necessary caution, felt the greatest difficulty in controlling his dissatisfaction. Far from taking warning by the mounting colour and sparkling eyes, to repress her railleries and ill-timed mirth, Malek's capricious visitant apparently took a malicious pleasure in pushing his forbearance to the uttermost; she, unknowingly, also drove him to despair by the length of her stay, as he foresaw that the necessary attention to replace the deranged state of his stand, as well as to return the borrowed stuffs, would consume all the time he had delighted to consider as his own for the sports of the square.

"Sensible, from his accession of colour, that some new cause of torment was added to the annoy

of her fickleness, the fair slave exerted every art and wile to extort from Malek his feelings; but he felt his master Masoud's indulgence demanded his gratitude, and, by a powerful effort of mind, he so overcame his vexation, and parried the attack on himself, mixing such easy and voluntary attentions, that at length, testifying great gratification at the visit, and loading the camel with some of the richest bales, which were paid for on the spot, she retook her way to the palace.

"Retiring then to his abode, somewhat dejected at the loss of his projected enjoyments of the evening, he was met by his master, who inquired the cause of his absence from the square. Overjoyed at the details of the slave's purchases, and anticipating the richest advantages from an introduction of his commodities into the palace, he overwhelmed Malek with his praises for the assistance and zeal which he had shown; and shrewd to his own interest, and aware that the preference arose from some latent personal cause, he determined to neglect nothing which should bind Malek stronger to him. In this disposition, he presented him with a portion of the golden profit the purchases of the slave had afforded, as an earnest of his good will, that he might supply himself with the necessary equipments for his favourite diversion. Although late, Malek eagerly ran to the quarter where arms and warlike weapons were exposed for sale, hoping

that he might yet enjoy, ere evening closed, the luxury of wielding a scimetar of his own, and entering hastily, he requested to see the most tried and tempered weapon. Among a number instantly produced, one quickly attracted his notice; it was a weapon of peculiar strength, and an increased width to the hilt gave it in an arm of energy a tremendous sweep of force. His eyes shot forth fire as he gazed on the glittering blade, and essayed its temper against the floor, bending it part way back to the hilt. At length, aware of the presence of a stranger, who retired from the impetuosity of his entrance, he lifted his eyes to notice him, and with pain caught the lineaments of the disgraced individual, whose enmity he had provoked in the contests of the djerit; by the indifference and apparent coldness wherewith he met his glance, Malek flattered himself that he was undiscovered, and, delighted with his prize, he immediately closed the bargain, and hurried back to Masoud's dwelling. No miser ever eyed his store with deeper joy than the youth contemplated his scimetar, which kept him waking through the night, and even banished the thoughts of the malicious stranger.

"The next morning scarcely saw Malek in the bizestein, ere Adbal, for such was his name, entered it, and, instantly approaching Malek, with the fairest cordiality testified that he had penetrated

the disguise immediately from knowing his striking figure; then affecting to treat the whole as a diversion and amusement, and blaming his own petulance, he solicited the forgiveness and friendship of Malek, in terms which won the kind and ingenuous feelings of his heart, opened also at this moment to pleasure by the recent kindness of Masood; they therefore appointed to meet in the evening in one of the pleasure gardens of Bagdad, and the spot, selected by Malek, led out of the square of Amrû, and stretched toward the waters of the noble Tigris.

"Here a garden of celebrated beauty attracted the inhabitants of this gay city, but its peculiar character rendered it chiefly the resort of the grave and contemplative. Its shrubs were intermixed with the cypress and pine, giving somewhat of a sombre character to its scenery. A stream introduced from the river, after forming various falls, spread into a most spacious basin, surrounded with an entire amphitheatre of cedars, and other dark umbrageous trees, and under their mighty branches peeped forth kiosks and latticed halls, where the rich inhabitants could regale themselves, the whole being occupied by an affluent merchant as a public garden. On the centre of the lake, surrounded with sedges and rushes, arose a rugged islet, entirely appropriated to aquatic birds of every variety, who there resorted and bred in perfect security, no boat being permitted on the water,

while the depths of the surrounding shades, as well as its vicinity to the Tigris, and their undisturbed state, gave invitation to the shyest species; here especially those who sought concealment took shelter, and oft, in the silence of night, the booming cry of the bittern was heard.

"This spot had the strongest attractions for Malek; naturally lively and imaginative, here, in his favourite converse with nature, passing some of his evening hours, he had overcome the torturing regrets of his disappointed hopes and fallen condition. Here he had cultivated a calmer frame, which, instead of fostering vain retrospections of the past, produced gratitude for his deliverance and present comforts, and always sent him to Masoud's dwelling soothed and assiduous to please; and in one of these kiosks (appropriating a part of his master's bounty to defray his share of the expense) the new acquaintances spent an evening of particular pleasure for Malek. Long debarred from the charms of society, he gave a free rein to his many accomplishments, and formed a most captivating union of those qualities which delight and attract; but, although apparently participated in by his auditor, for Malek had the uncontrolled direction of the converse, his feelings were lavished upon a heart hard as the nether millstone, nay, which, even amid the gaiety of Malek, was meditating his destruction! Notwithstanding the un-

checked delight of his heart, a remnant of prudence forbore all reply to the occasional guarded inquiries upon his early life, to which Adbal dexterously led, and especially he felt the appearance of Malek as the Arab was a secret he could not yet venture to touch on; nevertheless, he learned with pleasure that Malek was a perfect stranger in Bagdad, and, swallowed up in the grief of his situation, had hitherto made no acquaintance (for he dared not rank as such the young officer, whose part he espoused against Adbal, as he had never met him since that evening). Apparently mutually satisfied with each other they parted, under an engagement of speedily renewing its pleasures.

"A few mornings rolled on, when Malek heard the merchants around discoursing of the brilliant assemblage which even then visited the mosque of Amrû from the caliph's palace, and Malek's mind in some degree experienced an agitation, as if some event approached connected with his destiny. Too truly it was one decisive of the short span which fate had decreed to him! Bending his eyes toward the avenue leading from the square, a numerous crowd approached, preceding a party of the caliph's guards. A corps of black slaves surrounded a litter of splendid magnificence, which, stopping before the bizestein, the female approached who had before visited the merchant, and coming near the litter, and giving directions to the retinue who

bore it, instantly a line of Persian carpeting was spread to the stand of Malek, and a stool, richly gilt, immediately placed; while a female, carefully veiled to her feet, resting on the attendant, approached, and took possession of her seat. An embroidered cushion being placed under her feet, the former negotiator renewed her questions for the stuffs, which were rapidly spread open by Malek in unlimited profusion. The opinion of the superior was only given to her attendant in whispers; but the melodious softness in which they were uttered fell as music on the passions of Malek. It was no longer the vexed and irritated individual who stood before her, but the lofty port and piercing eye of a youth gifted with strong intellectual powers, and a heart of the most fervid affections, hitherto unexcited. Malek knew not himself of their force; but, at this present moment, the shining and graceful figure before him, awakened a world of sensations unfelt before. Instinctively aware of his having been rendered, through some channel, an object of interest to the elegant being he beheld—deprived, as he hitherto had been, from his years and other circumstances, of ever meeting with beauty and youth in the females of his acquaintance—his eyes drank in with rapture the many traits which evidenced her loveliness, and he eagerly longed to catch a glimpse of her countenance; but aware of the peril, should he show any emotion, he

conveyed such subdued, yet impassioned interest to the movements of his lips, as evidently had an effect, although almost imperceptible, on the object of his attention. Once the veil partly blown aside, revealed an arm and hand of exquisite softness and fairness, encircled by armlets of jewels, and, in gently replacing its folds, Malek fancied that he caught the glance of eyes darker than the stags, and far more brilliant. Sensible of the keen regards of the jealous attendants surrounding them, he rivetted his glances on the floor until the dangerous emotion had subsided. Soon after, the purchases being completed, and all delays exhausted, a purse of gold was placed in his hands, and, in solemn pomp, the litter and guards retraced their way to the palace. Malek longed for night, that he might give vent to the tumults, and analyze the varying sensations of his mind in the solitude of his favourite gardens. The duties of his master's business, however, closely engaged him, and even the next day he was busied in their occupations, caused by the bustle of the visit. He was unconscious of all around, when a tap on the shoulder recalled his thoughts to a black slave, who, putting a billet into his hand, quickly vanished. Its contents were one short line only—'Confide in Osman;' but in these three brief words Malek gathered a world of speculation. At length, freed from the engagements of the day, he involuntarily

flew to his home, and girding on his scimetar, as if it conferred a dignity on his person worthy of the aspiring thoughts he scarcely dared to pause upon, he flung a long cloak over his whole form, and rushed to the shades of his favourite gardens. Here, buried amid the deepest thicket, and the gathering obscurity of night, as if the hour lent her concealment to his daring views, he questioned his mind upon the events of the day. That the unknown object he thus suffered to engross his thoughts was eminently lovely, his imagination was too captivated by what he saw for a moment to doubt, and the illusion of fancy acting on his ardent mind, thus aroused and inflamed, formed indeed the greatest source of his danger; that she was high in favour in the palace was manifested by the state which surrounded her; but the peril, the utter hopelessness of prosecuting his passion for a female, encircled by guards, and under the protection of the Commander of the Faithful? At this thought, his spirits fell into deep dejection, when he revived at the idea of the billet enjoining him to trust Osman, which manifestly opened a clue of pursuit and of hope; but still, too sensible of the rashness of his unrestrained reflections, and the dangers he was courting, he longed mentally to withdraw from the internal combat. At this moment, a form entering the thicket, instantly and eagerly accosted him! it was Adbal, who in a mo-

ment, with a vulture's glance, espied him in the deep obscurity he had chosen. 'What darkness so thick which the eye of hatred will not penetrate?' Astonished at his recognition, but pleased to escape from himself, Malek cheerfully acceded to his invitations to occupy a neighbouring kiosk. His abrupt and sombre manners, and his sparkling eyes, did not escape the quick glance of Adbal, nor the conviction, from his appearance, that some unusual and extraordinary event had befallen him. Affecting an unwonted hilarity, he introduced the costly wines of Schirauz, and Malek, already bereft of his usual guard, sought to drown his tumultuous thoughts in the cup. Thus, as Adbal hoped, prepared by unwonted indulgence for his snares, and, as he deemed, unarmed, he viewed the moment as a most propitious one for his revenge.

CHAPTER XII.

> "I would have look'd
> On beauty in that sex which is the type
> Of all we know or dream of, beautiful
> Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh."

"NEVER are we more within the reach of danger than when the mind, wholly bent on some individual point, views all nature as in a pause, excepting what concerns the all-engrossing object of our soul; then, as if to assert her supremacy, destiny exercises the most absolute control over the hopes and fears of man, administering to the former, and sharpening the latter, by accidents the most unexpected and unforeseen.

"As the evening drew on, Adbal feigned an excuse for a short absence from Malek, recommending to him the refreshment of a few moments repose, ere he returned to close their evening treat with iced sherbets. Malek, confused and overcome, a prey to wildering thoughts, and heated by his

excess, resigned himself to short and unquiet slumbers, from which he was roused by the eager gestures of Adbal, who, loudly expatiating upon the lucky chance, acquainted him he had just met with an old acquaintance in a captain, from Ormuz, who had on board the rarest pearls and rich vests, such as never had been seen in Bagdad, which, on the morrow, he meant to offer to the merchants of the bizestein, asking if any such would be desired by his friend? To the heated and impatient fancy of Malek, the idea of the fair unknown was instantly associated with these rarities, and determining, by his own wishes, that he was merely advancing the interests of Masoud to secure the choicest of these commodities for his purchase, he desired to see the captain instantly, which, after some difficulties, started merely to be overruled, Adbal consented to accomplish for him. Hastily retiring from the gardens, he led Malek through a darkling and secret glade to a doorway, which let them out fronting the waters of the Tigris. The banks were nearly forsaken, and as they passed an adjacent mosque, which was called, from its ill-fated builder, 'the Mosque of Tears,' he questioned Adbal upon their solitary route—'Hasten your steps,' he quickly replied, 'or the captain will have left the shore for his vessel.' In fact, in a few moments a boat, well manned, was visible, to one of whose crew Adbal made himself known, inquiring

for the Captain Baherim? He was informed that the captain suddenly had been called for on some business, but had left the boat to convey them on board, in which they could return almost instantly, as he should sleep himself on shore. A movement of Adbal's, as if to resist the overture, decided Malek to go, and together they entered the boat, which, displaying a powerful set of muffled oars, soon in silence reached the vessel. Mounting to her deck, he was welcomed by a rough athletic figure, who announced himself as captain, and with much attention ushered them into a small and neat cabin, whence he immediately retired to order lights, and Adbal as quickly followed, on the pretence to suggest to him, as their time was precious, that he should at once display the precious produce of Persia and Ormuz. The door, instantly as he had passed the threshold, was strongly shut to, and bolted externally; at which sound Malek aroused, and, suspecting from the action some treachery, darted towards it. He found it firmly fastened, nor was the least answer given to his repeated calls. Approaching the windows, he found them so closely grated as to exclude the possibility of his forcing himself through their aperture. Overcome with horror at the conviction of the treachery designed towards him, he suffered those pangs of rage and intense excitement which flow from the evidence of our having partly framed our own mis-

fortune, and woven the net which entangles our feet; but it was now too late; all around proved he was in extreme danger, and in the power of an enemy. Convulsively grasping his scimetar, which his cloak had concealed, he resolved to sell his life dearly; and felt some solace that the means he hoped were thus afforded him of avenging his fall. The hours crept slowly by, fraught with the paroxysms of rage and bitterness, as the thoughts of his soaring imagination and ardent hopes crossed his mind, to shed unutterable bitterness over the present change.

"Darkness still lingered over the sky, although it approached toward dawn, when the door slowly opening, Adbal, followed by four fierce and well-armed individuals of the band, entered the cabin, and facing Malek, fixed upon him a look of such malice and fiendish hate as withered all hopes that would have lingered at his heart. The first impression on Malek's mind was to throw aside his cloak, and springing on Adbal, at least to secure his revenge; his second, and better thought suggested, to watch the workings of his will and actions, keeping him in view as his victim. By the fearless mode in which he placed himself within his reach, he easily apprehended that Adbal was altogether unsuspicious of his possessing any weapon of defence; for after glutting his eyes with his features—'Fool, dolt,' he burst forth, 'to dream that

injuries as mine from thee, a slave falsely wearing an Arab's dress, could be atoned for by a few soft words, defrauded of my hate against the wretch you rescued from my arms! A few moments would have seen a real dagger pierce his heart, as if mistaken in error for the idle and childish implement of the games—but thou must interfere! Twice since has your evil destiny made you cross my path; but, thanks to my arts, now will I amply avenge my wrongs.'

"Although trembling with indignation, Malek controlled himself to reply—'False and miserable man, to entrap the unfortunate and forlorn, deem not my blood will be unavenged! How can the hardest heart yield to such hate for the trifling ruffle of a game?'

"'Not so!' fiercely burst from Adbal; 'not so! You have defrauded me of a revenge I had nearly secured against one who has twice brought me to the brink of destruction, and the moment my eyes scanned your features, a conviction shot to my heart that you would be a serpent in my path, and as we trample on the adder, so will I crush thee!'

"'Hear me!' Malek exclaimed, 'while I adjure the gods, who avenge broken ties of honour, to witness against your heartless baseness. Oh! that we were matched upon the open plain! there seek, and welcome take my ill-starred life.'

"Adbal made a sign to behead him, on which

Malek retreated a step—'What, dost thou resist? drag him on the deck, and there despatch him.'

"A sudden thought rushed into Malek's mind of the deck, and he suffered himself to be quietly led towards it, but no sooner did his face feel the breeze of heaven, than, suddenly and convulsively darting forward, he freed himself from their grasp, and, rapid as lightning, drawing his scimetar, he clove down the foremost of the ruffians. Amazed at finding him thus armed, Adbal raved and raged at his folly in bringing him on board without a search, but all now darting forward, Malek had to sustain a most furious assault, pressing him on every side; he was indeed in very imminent peril, but, completely restored to his judgment by the danger, he so skilfully resisted, that the contest was nearly equal. His brown cloak, joined to the obscurity of the just dawning light, greatly favoured him, as well as the cool eye and activity whereby he eluded their fierce attacks. A bold and swift blow, which swept off the sword-arm of one of his assailants, somewhat daunted them, and he used the breathing moment to scan, with an instantaneous glance, the distance and impediments to his reaching the side of the deck; assuming then the offensive, he gave the foremost a dangerous wound, receiving himself a blow on his turban, which brought the blood on his features; before, however, they could renew the combat, disengaging himself in a moment of his

cloak, and flinging it in their faces, which, in their surprize, received two or three gashes intended for his frame, he plunged, by a violent spring from the deck, into the stream, and swam with all his activity from the vessel. Adbal gave a shout of joy when he saw his victim in the water, as he deemed a certain prey, and lowering the boat, they rowed swiftly toward him, most distinguishable now by the rising sun spreading his radiant beams over the Tigris, and his glistening scimetar, which he clung to and held aloft in this perilous moment. They rapidly drew near him, but Malek, ere he took the desperate step, had noticed, with that sharpened acuteness which danger communicates, that a boat was approaching toward the vessel, in whose track he threw himself; the crisis of his existence hung on the very moment, as Adbal's voice was heard vehemently encouraging and stimulating his boatmen to overtake the dauntless Malek, and they rapidly gained on him, notwithstanding his incredible exertions. But his scimetar, which he still at intervals brandished aloft, proved a means of his preservation, as its movement in the air attracted the notice, and quickened the progress towards him of the boat, on whose approach and protection he had thus staked his life; still so hazardous and perilous was the chance, that the two boats nearly met, as Malek, swiftly floating by the oars, swam around, and,

seizing the stern by some ornamental carved work, implored protection. So malignant and deadly was the purpose of Adbal, that he aimed a stroke, as the boats passed, at the head of Malek, which must have proved fatal, had not the steersman's vigilant eye warded it off by a steel rod he held in one hand, a badge of his office, for it was one of the caliph's boats, bearing an officer of the palace on some duty; and the guards it bore instantly arising to secure Adbal, his crew rowed off with greater rapidity than they had approached. Meantime, their whole attention was directed to draw in and support the exhausted youth, whose strength barely sufficed to cling to the holding he had gained; no sooner was he on board, and in safety, than he recognized, with the liveliest feelings of gratitude and joy, Osman, the officer of the palace, to be his preserver, who, no less astonished, beheld, in the wounded and rescued Malek, the being he had so attached himself to, from the amiable attractiveness of his demeanour and appearance. His wound was slight, and, relieved from fears on his account, Osman ordered his crew to secure the aggressor; but found they had so well used the instants of his attention to Malek, as to have already retreated far out of sight. Sensible that he durst not neglect the caliph's commands for their pursuit, and conceiving that the narrative of Malek would completely identify the culprit to justice, he pursued

his course towards the garden and pavilion of paintings, which he had directions to prepare against the evening for the reception of Zobeide, the consort of the caliph. In his way thither, which was quickly gained, he soothed the feelings of Malek, and expressed his intention of keeping him until the evening, which would enable them to repair together to the dwelling of Masoud. Landing on the banks, Malek was intrusted to the domestics of Osman, who furnished the bath and other refreshments, which, with a short repose, a pause that was lightened and revived by hope's fairy dreams, so recruited Malek, that he awoke long ere noon, animated, glowing, and enthusiastic in his sentiments towards his preserver, who quickly sought him in his apartment of the range of the palace allotted to the officer on duty. He could not but feel struck at the improved port and interesting figure of Malek, whose features and form evidenced the purest ingenuousness and openness, now peculiarly radiant with an innate gratitude, and undefined hope, connected with Osman and the mysterious billet, which, together, lent a brightness to his eyes, and impassioned character to his form, diffusive of the most fascinating air. The dangers he had also escaped imparted its native boldness and fire to his step and mien, highly improved by the attire which he was supplied with by the kindness of Osman. Thus,

mutually pleased with each other, the confidence of the two young men became without reserve, and Osman soon learned all the details of the trials of Malek's former life. He gently blamed the rashness of using the slain Djerdamite Arab's garb, and repeatedly and anxiously questioned him on the words he was accosted with by the Arab on quitting the square. He apparently mused deeply on their import; he also endeavoured to ascertain the motive of the revenge which could have led to the late daring outrage, and was much surprized at himself being also the object of such hate; but his disappointment was extreme on ascertaining that the individual was unknown to Malek. Passing for the present from the subject, a short pause ensued, which was broken by Osman fixing his eyes on his friend's countenance with a peculiar expression, while he uttered—' Malek's tale has added fresh links to those ties of regard which his personal merits alone had formed, but ere you answer, ask your own heart if it is able and willing to dare further dangers for a prize which I can set before you?' The flashing eyes and crimsoned brow of Malek, with the action of placing his hand on his heart, was his reply. ' Already have you seen the beauteous being whose eyes have testified the truth of that report, which brought you to her notice, the lovely Zelica, the favourite of the caliph.' Malek clasped his hands as in despair and horror at the

desperate prospect of crossing the will of his sovereign, he faintly uttered the sounds, and struggled with his awe and dread of the name, while the sparkling flame of his eyes bespoke the ardour of his passion. 'Believe not, Malek, that firm and faithful as I trust our friendship will prove, I should daringly lend myself to violate my generous sovereign's privacy and commands! No: but in this matter, singular coincidences have shaped forth your fortune, and claim my active concurrence, even at the hazard of my life. An aged slave, who saw and admired your mien, on one day passing the bizestein, so enraged and piqued the attendant of Zelica, upon some accidental dispute, that she resolved to personally see you, and achieved her design under the pretext of supplying the favourite of the princess Zemroude with some stuffs; the dispute continued on her return, with additional bitterness, and induced Zelica herself to see this object of the harem's cabals. She easily obtained the consent of the princess to return by the bizesteins on their next Friday's visit to the mosque; the moments spent in ridicule of her attendant proved, however, injurious to the peace of Zelica. Still she would, perhaps, have stifled a regard so disproportioned as love for a supposed slave, but for an incident at this crisis of her attachment to you, most unwelcome and inopportune. The languor and sorrow manifested by the princess that night,

led Zelica to require respectfully its cause, from whom she learned, that her mother, Zobeide, her natural penetration quickened by jealousy, had ascertained the caliph's intentions, which she had long suspected, of withdrawing Zelica from his daughter, and fixing his affections on her, to place her in some contiguous palace, apart from the watchful eyes of his consort. Hence Zobeide had that very evening strongly urged her daughter to dispose of one who might prove so dangerous a rival, and the struggle between personal regard and duty had caused the sorrow so visible in her countenance. Zelica, whose heart was filled with the passion your appearance had occasioned, thought she saw a prospect of accomplishing her wishes, most unforeseen and unhoped for; and throwing herself at the princess's feet, she avowed ingenuously the passion awakened by her visit to the bizestein, and Zemroude instantly reporting the same to Zobeide, the resolve was immediately adopted by these princesses, of framing some instant mode of communication with you, and furnishing ample means for your flight into Persia, where you may be safe from the anger of Harûn, even if he should feel the wish to pursue you; but as yet the inclination is green, and would probably be forgotten on some well-digested tale, accounting for the disappearance of the object of this sudden flame.... Aware of the imminent peril of this secret purpose being

known, the angry passions of Harûn being terrible and overwhelming as an earthquake, Zobeide, in this exigency, cast her eyes on me, the object of her bounty, and son of her foster-sister, who, summoned to her presence, was intrusted with her views; her joy was extreme at the favourable augury of our amicable acquaintance, and a billet was sent to you, referring ambiguously to me; I also repaired to Masoud's dwelling at a late hour, but found the neighbourhood alarmed for your safety, from your unwonted absence. Our movements were quickened by the caliph's unexpected orders to have the pavilion of paintings prepared in a few days for his reception. His consort, Zobeide, disturbed therefore at your disappearance, I was hastening hither, when destiny drew me near to render you this useful assistance, and adds another proof of her propitious help to our views.

"'Wherewith can I thank you adequately, Osman, for the preservation of life? yet more the boon of kindness towards me when apparently a slave. But to crown all these gifts, you add the prospect of the only bliss which could make that life tolerable; even Zelica, beauteous being! towards whom, as the favourite of dread Harûn, I dared not lift up my eyes. My life, asks Osman, if I will venture on the pursuit? Yes! as readily as the light straw is given to the stream! Only

show me how Zelica can be attained, and doubt not me.'

"'To-night, Malek,' he replied, 'the princess Zobeide, with her daughter, visits this palace. I am commissioned to make all the preparations. Zelica accompanies them, and, under the auspices of Zobeide, you will see the object of your love; for, delighted at the ready acquiescence given, she generously wishes your hearts and views wholly to accord, and has instructed me to ascertain if your birth and attainments were beyond the standard of a slave, which your appearance so plainly indicated, and which this morn has brought to light so very auspiciously, that, satisfied of the end embracing the happiness of two beings so valued, I deem fortune now points most clearly to your following her favourable auspices without a day's delay.'

"'What means my guide, my preserver?' faltered forth Malek, while his eyes witnessed the tumults of hope and joy which Osman had excited within him. 'Alas! where all is sacred ground, how dare I look towards these courts but through your guiding arm? Were the object of my heart in any custody which the direst peril or danger only fenced, fearless I would face and overcome them; but within the precincts of these courts I bow submission to the caliph's rights.'

" 'It is to open the portals to your eager feet, that my mind now suggests your abiding here for the evening's events. The caliph's orders are instantly to prepare this palace for his reception, and Zobeide, who long has used it as her repository for her store of rarities, visits it to-night to place, as she declares, her choicest treasures ready for his reception; but, in reality, to prepare the plot which bears hence, to Persian skies, the rival she so dreads The sun now hastes to set, and nothing prevents your daring the attempt at once, and meeting Zelica.'

" 'Oh! that it might be so,' Malek ejaculated; 'any disguise! any danger! Give me but the means, and I will boldly, rapturously court it.'

" 'My friend,' said Osman, 'this I trust will bring no peril; but curb your fervour; call forth the fortitude, the calm impassiveness of the greatly poised resolve, which deviates not for a slight excitement, or the world's changes; but as yon luminary shines undimmed in brightness, though the elements blacken and spread their rage, and when the turmoil is passed away, its beams shoot forth more purely bright and cheering for the interruption, so be prepared for all which may occur.'

" 'Well, Osman, at your bidding the proud exalted Malek shall attend as humbly as the inhabitant of the bizestein, deign to develop your plan?'

" 'Our plans,' Osman replied, 'must be governed

by circumstances. I shall announce that a person courting the patronage of the princess, under my auspices, awaits her will; the future must guide and govern itself; meantime an expression used by you claims our thoughts. Masoud, your master, should be lulled from inquiry, lest angry at your absence, and perchance furnished with some clue by the malice of your enemy, he should make inquiries, or, thinking you at the palace, should appeal to Harûn, which would be instantly fatal to all parties.'

"Malek, struck for the first time with the recollection of his master, wrote a short billet, exhorting him to preserve silence on his part; that an attempt had been made on him to bear him into slavery, which he had defeated, and had been wounded; his retreat he could not discover, as he hoped thereby to trace out his enemy, but a few days would amply recompense his silence. This done, Malek, with a heart palpitating with hopes and fears, and left by Osman, whom duty called away, awaited the slow approach of evening with the most intense emotions; that he was in the palace, pursuing an adventure, in which the least detection brought certain death; that a few hours only had elapsed since he faced such dangers; all were obliterated, and his heated imagination saw only one pervading object. Musing in what disguise he might easiest penetrate the harem's pre-

cincts, he selected a musician's robe, assured of meeting few who could touch the lute with superior sweetness; clothed in the simple white vest and caftan, his fine symmetry, glowing youth, and radiant eye, shone superior thus simply clothed, than when richly apparelled, he laid aside his trusty scimetar, covered himself with a dark cloak, and impatiently awaited the summons of Osman. Time speeds onward, however slowly we deem it creep, and thus the floating music announced the approach of the illustrious owners of the palace, and increasing noises and lights manifested themselves through the safely closed hall and rooms appropriated to the officers of the palace guard, whose windows all fronted the Tigris. Malek, refreshed by the collation constantly laid, the bath, and the soothing cares of Osman, had endured the keenest emotions; hour by hour passed by, and the shades of night came on; with sickening impatience he was pacing the marble pavement, when a compartment, painted as part of the ornament of an alcove, opened, and an object, undiscernable in the darkness, whispering Malek, slowly approached his station. 'I am Malek, but who art thou?' he firmly articulated.

"'A friend,' he whispered; 'silence, for thy life; follow me.'

'Where is ——?' Malek questioned, but paused —'Osman thou meanest,' replied his conductor;

'he is absent on the outside of the palace walls, where his duty lies—trust in me.' 'Lead on,' was the short response, as in another moment, passing the alcove, and the pannel falling with a spring, Malek beheld himself in the beautiful gardens. Could the senses only have been satiated with delight, here he might have inhaled it amid shrubs and flowers, and spreading trees of exquisite beauty, fragrance, and shelter; their perfumes wafted forth a rich offering of sweets as Malek and his conductor (whom he now recognised for the black slave who bore to him the billet) crept silently along the darkest alleys to the palace, splendidly lighted up in every part; whispering, he gave a few short hints as they soon drew near a wide spreading luxuriant fence filled with exotics; here the slave, hastily stooping, produced a gardener's apron, and burying the cloak, dexterously intermingled Malek among many promiscuous slaves and domestics, who were busied carrying in the ornamental shrubs which Zobeide had commanded to line the superb Hall of Columns. Unsuspicious from the many domestics brought in the princess's train, Malek was freely admitted, and had not his heart and senses been already preoccupied, must have betrayed the natural wonder which such splendour created. A row of twenty columns, from which this grand saloon took its name, ranged through the apartment; betwixt their spaces were couches of green silk, spotted with golden leaves; at either extremity were golden

stands filled with numerous lights, betwixt which were stationed the handsomest flowering plants, the resplendent light throwing a hue of peculiar delicacy on their capsules, glowing with nature's tints and dyes. Gold, ivory, and marble tables, now covering with delicious viands and fruits, were arranged along the centre, and the space above the columns was singularly enriched by a border of cornelians, turquoise, jaspers, and precious jewels, on pure white marble, imitative of the flowers and beauteous blossoms of the East; one side of this hall opened upon the unparalleled gardens, in the centre of which played a noble fountain, throwing up four crystal streams, and at each corner blazed an orb of flame, fed by naptha, which, in the darkness of the night, lent a surprizing brilliancy and beauty to the silvery spray of the dashing waters, exhibited in glittering hues to the hall by the bright light shed around. In a recess at the upper end, fenced off by golden lattice work, stood the caliph's throne; the ladies forming the attendants were entering, when Malek, still lingering as directed about the shrubs, was withdrawn toward the lawn, whence, fevered with joy and agonized suspense, he was admitted into the adjoining Hall of the Seasons, so called from the beauteous paintings on its ceilings, wherein awaited him a being fairer than the feigned goddess of the opening spring. Zobeide had purposely directed the glare of pomp, and sudden occupation of the attendants in the Hall of Columns,

to enable her faithful slave to introduce Malek within the female range, where he was safe from interruption, the whole palace being filled only by her own regular servants, devoted to her will. The apartment opened to Malek was the last toward the Tigris, and entered by none but the caliph without permission of Zobeide; its whole character was that of subdued splendour, refreshing coolness, and the triumphs of nature's bounties; the roof was sustained by green enamelled pillars, clustered by the mimic fig and pomegranate; the roof had vine leaves and fruits curling along its surface, and hanging pendant; every charm was displayed of abundance, richness, and plenty. As Malek entered this delicious retreat, his conductor divested him of the disguise so useful, and, making an obeisance, left him alone; the light revealed in one instant the object of his search, and in the next he was at her feet, pouring forth the vows and emotions of his soul, intoxicate with joy, for she was fairer than his most fervid fancy. With a complexion of dazzling whiteness, were arched brows, and eyes of melting softness; her fair ringlets breathing perfumes, and wreathed with roses, shaded an expansive forehead of pure ivory; her mouth and swelling lips had a peculiarly gracious smile, and opening, disclosed rows of teeth rivalling pearl; her contour and form were majestic, yet slender, and her whole appearance, simply decorated by flowers, as suiting the dangers and humble cha-

racter of Malek's disguise, yet was thereby more attractive and more powerfully impressive of Zelica's extreme loveliness and youth than any other appearance she could have made. In mute wonder and inexpressible transport he long lay at her feet, his full dark eyes rivetted on her form, as if he feared that the beauteous vision would vanish from his view; the mutual commingling of their hearts was perfect bliss, both in youth's early bloom, in life's first hopes; truly paired in the attractive charms of person, no less than of mind, the communications of affection flowed forth fervent and indelible. Malek, while his whole soul avowed how far more precious are the ties of so pure, so fixed a sentiment as theirs, beyond all that palaces or grandeur can confer, was yet mourning to Zelica the necessary privations of a humble lot, as compared with the magnificence around. She heard the theme, delighted that thereby she might testify how worthless such sacrifices were in her eyes. Thus mutually were they pouring forth their feelings, and tasting the inexpressible bliss of anticipating their union, and of their future lives devoted to each other, flowing on free from perils and from care, when the black slave, rushing in from the garden in the most inexpressible terror, announced the unexpected appearance of the caliph, who, wishing to visit Zelica, and somewhat jealous of the intentions of Zobeide, had followed her steps, and

had already entered the garden, preceded by Mesrour the chief eunuch, and his guards; the slaves already had taken their stations around the palace, as he was hastening to the Hall of the Seasons, expecting to find Zobeide in her favourite retreat; escape from it, therefore, was impossible; in this dreadful moment, the first impression of the lovers was, linked arm in arm, to meet the dreaded wrath of Harûn, and expire together; but the earnest entreaties and agonies of the poor slave, and the assurance that by this step they would certainly occasion the destruction of Osman, and all those who had risked their lives to serve them, turned their thoughts, though tortured with agony, to devises ome means of escape. Every moment rendered their state more precarious, as the approach of footsteps was clearly distinguishable; the black slave also had left them, but, in a moment reappeared with the gardener's disguise, and tearing them from each other, he hastily placed Malek behind an aromatic shrub, which imperfectly shaded his person, and Zelica, casting a look of unutterable woe, had scarcely passed through the flowing draperies which screened the entrance into the Hall of Columns (before which the faithful black slave placed himself), when Harûn al Raschid, preceded by his confidential slaves, entered the Hall of the Seasons; he was speaking to Mesrour, who followed him, listening with reverential attention, and evidently in accents

of high pleasure and satisfaction. His commanding gait and brow of sovereign control struck an awe and chill to the heart of Malek, as he approached, preceded by lights, blazing as the noonday sun, and the pulsations of his heart were to himself distinctly audible, as the caliph, attracted by its beautiful and perfumed blossoms, stopped to admire the luxuriant shrub, which alone intercepted his full view of the hapless Malek. It was not a thought of self, or fear of death, that blanched his cheek as white and colourless as the alabaster block beside him—it was Zelica, and their just formed loves, which moments only had converted into a bond of indissoluble firmness—it was awe of the great vicegerent of the prophet, which, at this appalling instant, assailed unitedly his soul, when another minute's pause would have destroyed him. A cry from the further apartment called off the caliph's eye towards it, and the curtains, thrown back by the watchful slave, as if in obedience to the movement, displayed the Hall of Columns, and Zobeide and Zemroude risen to receive the sovereign. The latticed fence opened, and the way to the throne appeared lined with beauteous females bearing lights, and prepared to assist their lord in ascending his royal seat. The music that moment burst forth, as if in gratulation of his presence, but what rivetted the glance of Harûn, and instantly drew his steps to the hall, was the cause of the cry

which struck his ears, even the voice of Zelica, who, overpowered by her sensations and the violent revulsion of her feelings, had fainted at the feet of Zobeide, and now lay senseless in the arms of two of her attendants. The caliph, hastily passed into the magnificent apartment, and called all the slaves around him to assist the fainting fair one. The conductor of Malek dropped the curtain, which separated himself and the hapless youth from the hall, and involved them in darkness. Flying to him, he exclaimed—'Allah be praised, a moment more and all was lost; fly, fly, the caliph's alarm once subsided, the slaves will return hither, and retreat then will be rendered impracticable.' He was alarmed at receiving no answer, for Malek, catching a glimpse of the same scene which so alarmed the caliph, was plunged into the most insupportable agony, and with difficulty could refrain from rushing into the hall to revive his Zelica. Death he deemed transport if sweetened by another glance of her eyes, but the poor slave, driven to despair by the dangers accumulating each instant, forcibly dragged him, passive and unresisting, into the gardens, and through a thicket of roses into the path leading to the river. Recovering himself somewhat from the fragrant odours of the garden and the night gale, which cooled his feverish senses, with deep sighs he questioned whither he was leading him?

"'To Osman, instantly,' was the slave's reply; 'the caliph here, would you abide to ruin all? await his departure, then may you safely renew all your hopes. Most probably no settled plan, but sudden frolic, has attracted Harûn hither, who, in a few hours, may relieve our minds of misery by repairing to his principal palace; the more so, as the vizier Giafar is not with him, his friend and favourite.'

Thus discoursing, by circuitous glades and paths, they reached the building occupied by the guard, and through the secret aperture gained the hall which Malek had lately quitted, and which they found solitary and in darkness. Malek was then advised instantly to summon and consult with Osman, whom he might fearlessly call, as the slaves never entered without commands, and would not have remarked his absence. Repeating that he must fly to the palace, and promising the earliest intelligence which he could convey in safety, the black slave disappeared, and Malek, wretched and heart-broken, prepared to implore the friendly sympathy of Osman, who, on seeing the deep distress of his friend, was most agitated, and urged him instantly to repair to the roof of his father, Walid, where he might safely refuge, until the departure of the caliph gave them again the opportunity of hearing from Zobeide.

To return to Masoud in the present indecisive

state of their plans, unable also to account for his distress, or the present state of his feelings, was impossible; the assurance also that the mother of Osman, in pursuance of the princess's wishes, knew of and encouraged his passion for Zelica, decided his resolve to seek the covert of Walid's house, which, being at the extremity of Bagdad, Malek did not calculate upon reaching before the break of day. Osman's duty at the palace rendered him unable to assist him in his progress, and his remaining near the walls being highly dangerous to his safety, Malek, somewhat aroused by the exhortations of his friend, and promising to shake off the forebodings which overwhelmed him, that he should see Zelica no more, set off instantly on his route.

"The night yet dark, he crossed the bridge of Bagdad, and pursuing mechanically this part of his way, which was so well known to him, he entered the square of Amrû, and was rapidly crossing its angle, unheeding, and almost unconscious of some persons who suddenly turned the corner swiftly by him, when one of them, catching his features as he passed by, flew back to attack him. An involuntary exclamation, however, which he uttered put Malek on his guard, for they were the tones of Adbal. Drawing his dagger, while the obscurity of the night concealed his defenceless situation from his deadly foe, he called loudly for help, which being answered from an adjacent place

by the night guard, he became emboldened by the proximity of succour to defy Adbal, who, perceiving the near approach of the guard, hastily whispering the men, they approached near, and immediately, instead of attacking Malek, flung a heavy sack, which they were bearing, across his shoulders, and momentarily disappeared. The extraordinary weight of the sack, and the singularity of the action, struck him with wonder, and ere he had quite disengaged himself of the incumbrance, the guard he had called for were assembled around him. Seeking some offender, and seeing Malek only, with a sack lying by him, they immediately seized him, in despite of his explanations and remonstrances, and proceeding to examine the sack, to their horror, as well also as that of the youth, they found the body of a man recently murdered, and yet bleeding. It was now that his mind comprehended the full scope of Adbal's malice, and he beheld the dangerous predicament wherewith he had involved him. Regardless of his explanations, they dragged Malek to a place of confinement, with the assurance that, early on the ensuing morning, the cadi of the district, a man of celebrated strictness, would speedily requite the murderer for his bloody deed. Overwhelmed with the peculiar difficulties on all sides besetting him, he saw himself at noon conducted under a strong guard into the presence of this redoubtable judge, who, after an harangue upon the

increasing enormities of the wicked, and an eulogium on his own watchfulness, proceeded to the case. It was unhappily but too clear against Malek on every side, as the protestations of his innocence, and declarations of the alarm being given by himself, were treated with perfect incredulity, unsupported as they were by any testimony. When closely questioned where his night had been passed, his silence and confusion created the most unfavourable impression, as also the singularity of his dress, partly as musician, partly as gardener, an appearance of dress and character utterly irreconcilable with reference to his engagements with his master Masoud; and the murmurs against him became more audible, as his master, arriving upon the requisition of the judge, and instantly apprehending, from his confusion and his appearance, some event which might involve himself in danger, openly took part against him. Thus unhappily placed, and bereft of all power of establishing his innocence, his fine features fixed in despair, which filled his large dark eye with anguish; he saw himself about to suffer an ignominious death, and heard the sentence ring in his ears, which consigned him to the executioner, to be beheaded in the square of Amrû, near the spot where he was found by the guard."

"Malek, agonized by the sad reverse of his fate, and thus dreadfully tried, was passing toward the termination of his earthly career, without the least

power of warding off the fatal blow, as Osman, having set the morning guards at the palace, and anxiously agitated for his friend's safety from his despair when they parted, was hastily riding toward his parent's abode, to satisfy his perturbed spirits, when he found his progress impeded by a crowd, which he quickly perceived followed by the public executioners and the culprit. Turning with pain from the sight, he was clearing his way through, when a bound of his horse brought him in close contact with the prisoner about to suffer, whom, to his dismay and horror, he instantly recognized as Malek. The surprize for a moment overcame his senses. In this dreadful instant, he rode up to the executioner, already preparing to give the fatal stroke, they having stopped at the designated spot, and in frantic agitation forbade the execution; but the ministers of justice, not seeing in him any official commander, and supported by the prejudices of the crowd, who considered Malek as a murderer, were disposed to execute their fatal duties.

"Malek, at this moment, lifting his eyes, recognized the faithful Osman, and making a gesture of affectionate farewell toward him, the touching expression of his youthful countenance somewhat melted the spectators, which was increased by Osman's declaration, 'that he had passed the last night with him, and he would testify to his innocence, requiring them to accompany him forthwith

to the cadi.' This was at length consented to, and performed, to the great astonishment and anger of that austere judge. Upon an assertion, however, so decidedly important as Osman's, he felt the necessity of lending his attention, especially as he learnt also of Osman's situation at the palace, and the exhausted and worn frame of Malek, after being bound, and twice paraded through the streets as a murderer, was again placed before the seat of justice. If his eye and look wore a determined and lofty air, it was the mind alone which communicated the innate strength to support colourable accusations and foul stains of crime, more stinging than the death which they threatened. Alas! his trials were protracted, not dispersed, by the interference of Osman, who, in his first exclamation of passing the night in Malek's company, did not sufficiently reflect upon his inability to reveal his actual retreat within the palace, without exposing the whole circumstance to the knowledge of the caliph, and thereby drawing down upon them all inevitable destruction. The penetrating judge immediately noticed this fatal point, so unfavourable to Malek, and could not be prevailed upon to reverse his sentence, until Osman, whose mind was thrown into a paroxysm of despair, demanded a respite of three days only, during which he pledged himself to produce the real offenders to the cadi; and that judge, severe as he was, felt some emotion at the striking display of devoted

regard and friendship manifested by the two unhappy beings before him. Indeed, Osman himself wondered at the strength of his sensations, when he reflected upon the short time wherein they had been mutually known; but the singular chain of misfortunes, which had chequered Malek's career, had worked the effect of time, and combined with his engaging and sweet qualities of mind and person, and the natural interest which ingenuous youth ever creates, to form the strongest bond, inducing him to fearlessly risk his peace, nay, even his life, in the service of a being become so dear to him. These traits, reciprocally exhibited, worked (as genuine nature ever will do) even on the flinty heart of the cadi, who, though accustomed to scenes of distress, agreed to accord, in compliance with the impassioned entreaties of Osman, a respite of three days; but solemnly recorded his resolve to take Malek's life as the offender, if his innocence was not by that time fully established. With the strictest charges to the jailors to guard his person safely, but to admit Osman freely to his presence, Malek was then conducted to the prison, and placed in the strongest apartment.

"When solitude and silence, combined with darkness, at length surrounded him, his mind fled involuntarily to the beauteous gardens and to Zelica, unaffected by the dangerous perils environing himself. Thus passed the night, but as early as

his duties at the palace on the ensuing day admitted, Osman appeared, whose devoted attachment and trying exertions demanded his most serious care. He felt acutely the anxieties he was the cause of to his friend, and with sighs and tears they bemoaned the unhappy chance thus plunging them into such misery. Osman acquainted Malek at length with the recovery of Zelica, and of her determination to seclude herself on the plea of illness during the time that the caliph remained at the palace. Harûn had not expressed his intention of stay, or the motives of his visit, hoping every hour would restore the health and sight of her he had fixed his affections upon; and Zobeide, penetrating his thoughts, protracted time to give Malek the power to reappear, and concur in the flight of Zelica, which would relieve her from her rival. Osman dared not, however, to communicate to her the fatal obstacle which thus frustrated all their hopes, and bound Malek in fetters. Hearing all his story, his heart inflamed with rage at the malice of their mutual enemy, although quite unable to discover who he was, for the person of Adbal, and cause of his hate, were unknown to Osman as well as to Malek. The former had innocently thwarted his prospects, which were fixed on the office in the guards, now held by himself, but to which Adbal was nominated, and would have been appointed, but for the interposition of the princess Zobeide, who de-

cidedly secured it for the son of her foster-sister. Adbal, naturally fierce and jealous, ever afterward bore to Osman the most rancorous hatred, and smothering it awhile, he adopted some dangerous associations, wherein he was twice nearly discovered by the vigilance of Osman, who yet knew not the party against whom his watchfulness had been directed. Thus prepared to hate all who smiled on Osman, and working up his mind to murder him in a mock combat, he viewed with intense rage and fury the casual interposition of Malek, and from henceforth, considering him, from his humble station, a mere spy or creature of Osman's, he entertained as great an enmity, mixed with contempt, against him, as against his original foe. All these causes had worked unknown to Osman, who consequently was deeply disturbed at the insuperable difficulty of tracing this individual; his duties at the palace also, which were incessant during the residence there of Zobeide, occupied much of the hours he sought to devote to the purpose of the discovery; and thus, in despite of every effort and exertion, the precious moments flew by without the promised result being attained, and Osman and Malek saw the three fatal days elapse, the extent of the boon of grace granted for Malek's forfeited life. The night, as their last, they resolved to pass together; and Malek, calm and resigned, sought to communicate his own fortitude to his

friend, when, reverting to the horrid sight of the corpse, which he was accused of murdering, Malek inquired if any article of dress whatever was about the body? 'None,' Osman replied, 'but a plain handkerchief, or caftan, hastily supplied to staunch the stains of blood oozing through the sack.' This Malek expressed an anxiety to see, and found, from the guards, it was still retained in the custody of the jailor, who instantly brought it to him. Malek, keenly and minutely examining its texture, was greatly astonished to find that it was his own, torn from him when in the power of the Djerdhamite Arabs, and connected with an incident in his paternal mansion, which rendered a mistake impossible. No sooner had he, with emotion, excited by the recollections thus revived, acquainted Osman with the fact, than some important clue appeared supplied, by the eager voice in which he pressed Malek to repeat the events of the caravan, and the communications of the Arab to him as he was in the dress of the sheik's son. Catching at the hints respecting the khan of Gaza in the city, as soon as the day dawned, without particularizing his hopes or intentions, he flew to the residence of the cadi, acquainting him with the concealment of two Arabs, not merely the probable murderers, but the agents and parties of a horde who had infested their intercourse with Syria, and other provinces, and whose extinction the caliph ardently desired.

Aroused to the most active exertions by the prospect of accomplishing a point so advantageous to his views on Harûn's favour, long ere the streets were visited by the citizens, or the khans were opened, the officers had seized these persons, dressed as travellers from Haleb, and brought them before him. Being kept apart, and examined with the utmost acuteness, their consternation and surprize were extreme to find their Arab extraction known, and also hints thrown out of their accomplice having fully made every discovery. Totally ignorant of Malek's escape or existence, or of any accomplice or channel but Adbal, while they obstinately refused every communication as to their identity, in the first fury of their minds, they imprecated every curse on Adbal by name. But soon relapsing into the most positive silence, they declared their ignorance of the charge, and sought to connect the name they had uttered with some foe at Haleb; they were, however, in the hands of one, too accustomed to trace the subtleties and crimes of the human heart, and too earnest to substantiate a claim to the caliph's favour, to be hastily thrown off his object. Remanding them apart to prison, he also directed the suspension of Malek's fate for a few hours, while he prepared to search the vast population of Bagdad for the individual thus brought to his notice; long and fruitlessly might he have used his accustomed measures, but the minuter incidents, which man ig-

norantly terms fortune, here evolved a discovery so important to the persecuted Malek's existence. As the cadi was leaving the court, a chiaous of the police solicited permission to leave the city, and join an intimate friend to a wedding, the parties of which were *unknown to him*, and residing in the suburbs of Bagdad, whereby he craved a remission of the cadi's orders until the morrow; his chief long hesitated on the request, but at length exhorting him to additional exertion after his festivities were over, he obtained the desired permission, and with joy exchanged the laborious duties justice requires of her servitors, for the fresh and balmy gales of the gardens, and the happiness of the nuptial banquet. The parties were betrothed, and returned to their joyous abode, the musicians struck up their most cheerful and congratulatory strains, and the intimate friends advanced to salute them by name, when, to the astonishment of the chiaous, he heard the bridegroom addressed as Adbal! It required that habitual control which practice and necessity engenders among the followers of justice, to conceal the extreme emotion which seized him, as thus he saw, by the strangest accident, the person so important to be discovered thus revealed to his knowledge. Commanding himself so far as to pay the necessary compliments, he beckoned his friend apart, whom he had not hitherto seen, and artfully questioned him respecting Adbal. He

found that his life was utterly unknown to him, but his present bride had long been the partner of a merchant, well known and respected by him, whose sudden death leaving her in possession of all his wealth, she had immediately supplied his place with her present choice, who was his most intimate associate; to those of his friends who remonstrated against the hastiness of their espousals, she alleged the great danger and weight of charge of such mercantile importance revolving, with her utter helplessness and inexperience. Thus armed with all the friend knew, he hastily withdrew, under plea of indisposition, and flew to the cadi, whom he overjoyed with a circumstantial detail of his discoveries; too soon was the banquet of joy overclouded, and the armed guards surrounding the assembly excited universal dismay. By the strict commands of the judge, Adbal and his new partner were carefully separated, as well as many of their slaves, and all were strictly guarded until the approaching morn; but long ere that period arrived, the active judge, ascertaining the place of burial of the deceased merchant, and opening the tomb, had demonstrated the absence of any human corpse, a figure of wood carefully wrapped being supplied. Separated from the artful Adbal, promised her own life, and trembling under a sense of detected guilt, and a fear how fully her vice had been discovered, the wretched woman sought, by the most

ample exposure, to secure her own safety. Her guilty details too clearly explained the atrocity of Adbal, and the innocence of Malek, for doubt to exist any longer in the mind of the judge, and a summons sent to Osman, prepared him to meet the cadi in the morning, he, by his necessary absence at the palace, being as yet unacquainted with the favourable turn which had taken place. The confessions, most secretly guarded by the cadi, amply proved that Adbal, enraged at his disappointment in life, had enticed the merchant into a secret correspondence with the bands of Arabs infesting the deserts around, to whom they imparted the movements of parties and caravans of wealth and importance, for pillage, a part of which was transmitted to Bagdad, and disposed of in mercantile exchange, being always the stores not there recognizable. This system had procured them great wealth, and also Malek's party had become their prey, their stores being in part transferred to the merchant's wares, from the proximity of the attack to the city. This last atrocious act, however, laid the foundation of their ruin, in the dissensions caused by its partition, amid which struggles the merchant, closely watching Adbal, considered himself dishonoured by his intercourse with the favourite and first of his wives, and stung with remorse for the course of life he had followed, he meditated only how he could safely retire from his dangerous

plans. Amid these cogitations, Adbal, having his passions inflamed by the hatred he fostered against Osman and Malek, perplexed at the character of their friendship, and the disparity of their stations, fancying from the Arab disguise of Malek that he knew his practices of treachery; acquainted with the merchant's discovery of his baseness, from the subornation of his slaves, thus urged on every side to some desperate step, Adbal ventured on the murder of his former friend, hoping, through the guilty league between himself and the merchant's wife, to acquire the power of removing all the riches and plunder he coveted by the vessel and aid of Baherim to Ormuz. It was a triumph beyond his highest hopes, when the sudden rencontre of Malek had thus also furnished the means of rendering the body of his accomplice the source of his enemy's destruction; the progress of the event had been secretly but carefully watched by his emissaries, and in the pride of his heart he resolved on consummating the guilty nuptials, which secured his triumph, and placed him in possession of the wealth which he sought, on the very instant when he calculated that, in pursuance of his public sentence, Malek's blood would flow under the sword of the law.

" Nothing in the course of human events could arrest these consequences as far as man could judge, when the setting sun on the preceding eve, apparently, to the eye of Malek, for its last time,

drew the covering of darkness over all sublunary things; hopeless of any discovery arising to clear his name, he viewed the eager animation of Osman, and even the notification of the jailor, that he had yet another day of life, more as a means of prolonging his torture, than as a prospect of deliverance. The great trials he had undergone, while they had not destroyed the power of endurance, had clouded his spring of hope, especially as he thought of Zelica, and he urged to his friend the entire ruin which must flow from his unhappy detention. Osman owned that the distressing delay had converted Zelica's feigned malady into real disease, and that it would require a rest on her part even if he proved his innocence. Thus came the morning the cadi appointed, the hall was filled, the officers of justice around, the various discoveries reserved in the mind of the judge; Malek pale, but firm and collected, was led in, followed by the agitated Osman, whom the cadi required, in solemn and impressive accents, to redeem his pledge, unless he admitted the justice of his friend's sentence. Speechless and in agony Osman awaited the next word, when, the cadi clapping his hands, Adbal was brought in, and confronted with the friends: Malek energetically throwing off the cloud of guilt which had so heavily overwhelmed him, eager to vindicate himself face to face, protested 'that he should die in peace, now Providence had put before him

the 'base' cause of his dishonour, and furnished the prospect of proving his innocence.' At a rencontre so unforeseen, it was impossible to say who evinced most surprize, Adbal or Malek, but the manner of each was decidedly in favour of the latter, while boldly he laid open the various wiles whereby he had been entangled. Adbal's confusion at first was apparent, but it gradually yielded to a character of malice and unmingled hate, lighted by a lurking exultation, as he marked that no positive proofs backed the shrewd conjectures of Malek. But short was his triumph, when the judge, taking the thread of narrative which Malek concluded, turning towards him with indignation in his eyes, exclaimed—'Treacherous murderer as thou art, the grave itself shall give up her dead to convict thee,' and on a signal made the chest and fictitious body were brought forward, and his crime fully established. Who can describe the inward pangs of guilt and rage with which Adbal was agonized, as he saw this unexpected and extraordinary change, and himself delivered into the hands of the executioner, to undergo the death he had prepared for Malek. Overwhelmed at the catastrophe, he trembled; until, hearing the judge order the liberation of his victim, and witnessing the pure ecstasy of the friends as they flew toward each other, he became filled with rage, and his eyes glaring as if their malign beams could blast them, he exclaimed

—'Exult, exult! short hours of joy, the cloud gathers—' more he would have uttered, but the death he so richly merited hovered over him, and the sword descending, poured forth his guilty blood, as his severed head fell on the marble pavement.

As Ashreff reached this point of his narrative, he gently laid his arm on Jamī listening with intense interest to the involved destinies of his brother, and pointed to the scene so beauteous before them; no display of nature could more completely have varied its aspect, the sky was hidden by piles on piles of heavy dense clouds, which appeared resting upon the bosom of the waters, and coloured of a burning red, intermixed with streaks of sooty darkness; the lake heaved and swelled in sullen ridges, and a silence deep and portentous brooded over all, save a hollow shrill murmur occasionally sounding from the woods, as if to warn man of the storm: the rainbow had departed from the fountain, and its waters, instead of lulling by their melody, fell in sullen splashes upon the ear, in sounds mournful and dreary. The vizier's eye met Jamī's, as he gazed on these signs of desolation—"Such, Jamī, partner of my destiny, such are the few but eventful incidents which cloud the earthly existence of my ill-starred brother! Soothing has been the hours thus given to his fate and you, soon will the business of government call us away to other scenes,

and to our own trials, while, amid their vicissitudes, the quiet of these groves, and the sympathy of Jamī will rest numbered among my blessings."

They parted for the pavilion, which soon rocked to the fierceness of the tempest, the spirit of the dread and giant Himmaleh appeared to let loose all his ministers of lightning and storm, the thunders roared, so that the feeble buildings of man shook as the slender reed, the loftiest trees bowed their heads to the fury of the blast, which swayed them, as the dry stubble of the field, while the solemn darkness of the night added its appalling covert to the scene; but at length these signs of angry nature died away, day peered forth from the East, and the radiant sun spreading his glad beams over tree and shrub, drooping from the storm, appeared to renovate and gem their branches with clustering diamonds, they reared their languid heads, and exhaled forth on the loaded air fragrance and sweetness, redolent of every joy and balm to the gratified sense of animal and of man. The slender antelope of the mountains brushed off, as he bounded rapidly along, the morning dews; the famed goats of Kashmeer browsed delighted upon the sweetness of opening morn; chiefly the grateful heart of Jamī lifted itself in thankfulness, as he penetrated these bowery shades. "What," he murmured to himself, "what if my fate is dark and mysterious! and this becomes a pause lent my being, to arm me for some

fierce overpowering trial? Abide but equably its howling and its threats, and, even as the tempest of the night, a morn will follow of brightness inexpressible." Thus exercising his thoughts on nature's lessons, and her delightful sympathies, he was found by the vizier's slave, who reminded him of the appointed hour of their meeting in the kiosk.

Ashreff welcomed him with a smile, and thus, to his eager entreaties, renewed his narrative:

"As soon as the just sentence of the cadi had been executed, he pronounced the confiscation of the effects of the merchant, allotting an ample portion to Malek, also freed from Masoud, by his determined renunciation of him in the hour of peril, so that apparently he had regained all which misfortune had deprived him of, even liberty and wealth. As he joyfully left the court, he was soon surrounded by all the merchants of his quarter, who, attracted by the singularity of his adventures, and estimating his good conduct and amiable qualities, were solicitous to join him to their company and commercial plans; the way to quiet, to repose and riches, lay open, but Malek's soul was engrossed by one all-pervading passion, and one only, his love for the beauteous Zelica, and on this point alone did his heart now rest, as he hastened to the dwelling of Walid, the father of Osman, opened to receive him; here he could converse with Osman's mother upon his passion, here he

could receive tidings of her as often as his friend could absent himself from the orders of Zobeide. One feeling also at times intermixed itself likewise in his bosom of an angry nature, his resolve to retaliate upon the Arabs of the Djerdhamite tribe the multiplied troubles and dangers they had brought upon him; aware, from the link supplied to his sagacity in the detection of Adbal, that they had been associated with his plans, he devoted those hours not passed in thoughts of Zelica, to visit the khans, and try to ascertain the secret link of their practices and intrigues. All he could learn at the khan of Gaza, amounted merely to the fact, that two Arabs had been conveyed away, and that nothing more was known of their fate; he diligently inquired if the midnight murder of the merchant, and the detection of Adbal, had been reported, as was usual, to the caliph, and finding that the whole affair was hushed in the deepest silence, he revolved the idea, that the guilt and treachery of the Arabs was in private repaid to the cadi, from the immense plunder and spoils of the caravan, an impression not a little strengthened in his mind by the harsh hastiness of the sentence against himself, and the refusal to admit the testimony he bore against the real murderers. These prejudices and conclusions rankled his mind, even while pursuing intently the course of his hopes to extricate Zelica from the caliph's palace, and to fly with her to Persia. Osman also

was now seldom at his parents, the necessity for his attendance at the palace being most urgent. Zelica he reported as well acquainted with Malek's welfare, and ardour, and revived by his release, she was gradually regaining her lost bloom and health; attended by his own physician, and ardently watched by Harûn al Raschid, she carefully secluded herself, to catch any moments of relaxed vigilance to effect her flight. Zobeide and Zemroude also attentively waited to seize the most favourable instant, but incautious precipitancy would involve all in certain destruction. What a task for youth, boiling impetuous youth, thus to linger along day by day, excited by such powerful passions, tortured by such pangs of jealousy, the fair one he so passionately loved in the palace and the power of the greatest of monarchs; as he thought on Harûn, and on his passion, his uncontrolled power, and violent desires, he trembled with excess of agony, until he could scarcely restrain himself from rushing to the palace, claiming Zelica, and dying at her feet. Hours he would pass in framing some disguise, whereby he might approach the caliph, and, as he thought, satisfy his eyes that he was not with Zelica. Thus passed along several lingering mournful days, the latter ones more exasperating to Malek, because he had missed also the converse of Osman. One morning he had thrown on his cloak to bury himself amid the shades of the garden,

more than ever his favourite resort, when the venerable Walid stopped his intention, by announcing the receipt of a despatch from his old and opulent correspondent at Bassora, which would instantly take him to that city. His preparations were rapidly made, but he was exhorted to await another day to first consult with Osman; the old man, however, stated so many reasons furnished by the letter for his sudden journey, as to decide him on instantly departing without his son, whom otherwise he should have taken with his escort. Malek felt himself, in the absence of Osman, called upon to perform those acts of aid and assistance which age requires, and to receive those charges of confidence and trust which the son would have undertaken. These detailed, the treasure for purchases loaded on the camels, all the propitious wishes uttered, and the last things always so painful at length performed, Walid mounted his camel, and with his slaves left the city of Bagdad.

"Malek sought by his affectionate caresses and attentions, to sooth the consort's sorrow for her husband's sudden absence and journey, and having successfully dried her tears, he resumed his resolve of visiting the gardens, throwing on his cloak, and again proceeding towards them; here, reposing in the amphitheatre of cedars, and gazing on the aquatic fowl in full security, fishing in the ample basin, or clustering around their sedgy nests, as the evening

warned them to repose, he lay weaving together the most dangerous and chimerical plans of penetrating to the presence of the caliph, and of rescuing Zelica. He blamed himself for what he fancied to be listlessness and inactivity in the process of her deliverance, and ventured on the desperate resolve of forcing his way to the presence on the ensuing morn, by some stratagem, at every hazard; stung by these thoughts, he sprung on his feet, and involuntarily took the same path through the garden as when following the footsteps of Adbal—' Deceiver,' he uttered, ' *death* has justly reached thee,' as passing through the low door, he saw before him the broad Tigris, and his arm rested as he spoke on a corner of the tomb adjoining the Mosque of Tears. The words were just uttered from his lips, when the sound, *death!* as if echoed from the adjoining sepulchre, fell on his astonished and startled senses; he looked quickly around, but no form was visible, and audibly as it had filled his hearing, he supposed it imaginary, and flowing from the highly excited frame of his feelings; fixing therefore his eyes on the stream, he considered the scene lying before him. Chiefly the rapid river, ancient of streams, renowned in the world's history, its grand and sweeping course came smoothly by, regardless of the wails or joy which sounded from its gaily bustling shores; far along its banks spread gardens, palaces, and buildings, the boast and

pride of Bagdad, which also bestrode the stream with many a bridge; the hum and murmur of her streets floated on the air, and was pensively contrasted with the deep solitude and silence of this spot, distinguished by a mosque, as its name implied, the memorial of grief and of tears; the moon, nearly at her full, struggled through cumbrous masses of clouds, which occasionally obscured and entirely shrouded her beams, until again sailing in the pure expanse, she poured her bright rays on all around; his spirits, at one moment wound up by some powerful impulse to a violent effort, now gradually subsided, and experienced a rapid revulsion as he gazed on all around, and those hasty dreams, youth thoughtlessly weaves, became tinged by the sombre tone of the hour and scene. It was in this feeling and pause that Malek heard his name uttered twice in loud and penetrating tones, and gazing eagerly toward the spot, the tomb of the mosque, he saw gradually arise from behind its shade a form, which he instantaneously recognised as the visitant of the desert, whose extraordinary interposition saved his life, when he was already on the point of being destroyed by the cruelty of the Arab sheik; as then, his brows were bound by a crimson Kashmeer shawl, and his whole form, of commanding height, was enveloped in a dark brown robe, girt to his waist by a sash of varied dyes. Approach-

ing the youth, who involuntarily shuddered at his withering gaze:

"'Malek! Malek!' he repeated, 'wherefore on these shores? darkly are the snares of fate closing around, thy feet are even in the toils, one moment's pause is given, and I, the harbinger of safety in the desert, am now the warning voice to preserve thee from the ruin of thy passions!'

"'What wouldst thou? what is thy errand?' Alas! I know thee too well,' Malek falteringly articulated, as the form, fastening on him the same look as had appalled the blood-thirsty Arab, replied:

"'To save thee from thy passions: fly from this spot instantly! at the gate of Habid, the feet are ready which will bear thee to Kashmeer and to grandeur; reject this offer and remain here, and thy death is certain—and sudden as certain.'

"'Wherefore fly?' he exclaimed; 'whence these terrors with which you threaten me?'

"'Rash boy,' he exclaimed, 'wouldst thou ask the tiger why he springs on his devoted prey? then question revenge why he follows as his shadow the victim—enough that the warning is given to thy ear—choose, even now the moments of deliberation speed fast away. Look on yon bittern seated amid the sedgy bank of the stream, he meditates his fatal plunge, and in a moment will disappear from our eyes; pass these few fleeting instants

obdurate and unshaken, and the opportunity of choice is passed away.'

"Malek, as he uttered the words, looked tremblingly on the bird, revealed clearly in the moonbeams, silvered by its rays, and evidently, erect and intent, preparing to seize his prey. He felt his heart overawed and agonized, when sparkles refracted on the horizon marked in the distance the blazing splendour of the caliph's abode, the sight of which decided his resolves.

"'Leave Zelica!' he exclaimed—'no, never!'

"Before the sounds had wholly passed his lips, the booming cry of the bittern resounded on his ear, the moon dropped into a dense and dark cloud, and Malek, looking eagerly around, perceived that he was alone, and no appearance remained of the terrible figure who so lately had been talking with him. Exhausted by his conflict, and the dreadful terrors awakened within him by the luxury and gay splendour of the distant palace, he reposed himself for a few short instants on the turf, during which he resolved to hasten back to the abode of Walid, anxiously hoping that he might attain some communication from Osman soothing to his heart; he pensively left the gardens, and repaired to the quarter, which he found in the greatest bustle and agitation, and, long ere he reached the doors, he learned that Walid had been met by some predatory Arabs and murdered, who also had vigilantly

sought for his son. During the struggle, which was not very distant from the city, owing to their tardy progress, two slaves, seizing a camel, with the yet warm and bleeding body of their master, had retraced their steps, hoping his wounds might not be mortal. The appearance of the body of Walid, and the lamentations of the slaves, had excited the utmost consternation and uproar in the quarter when Malek appeared, and his first inquiry was for his friend Osman; being then told he had been sought for at the palace, but could not be found, he therefore gave the requisite directions that the body should be prepared for interment, and weeping at the sight of him, mangled and motionless, whom a few hours only before he had parted with in full life and health, and busy with the hopes and cares of mortality, he vowed to pursue, with every means and effort, the punishment of his murderers. Interrogating the slaves closely and minutely, he felt a conviction that the assassins were of the Djerdamite tribe, and the idea shot through his brain like lightning, as Malek carefully extracted some expressions of the Arabs, which the slaves had overheard as they were perpetrating their bloody purpose, that they had hoped to have also seized and destroyed Osman, his friend. As he paced the court where, on a couch, the body of Walid was placed, his mind heated and inflamed by the conflicting feelings of the day, irritated and

alarmed at the non-appearance of Osman, worked up to the most infuriated rage against the Djerdamite tribe, and desperate to see the caliph, he resolved to take the first appearance of day to resort to his court of audience, where he usually administered justice, to state his own wrongs, and his friend's, from the Arab murderers, whereby he should gratify the angry sentiments of his heart, avenge the death of Osman's father, and perchance learn somewhat of Zelica; thus brooding impatiently over his present schemes, the awful warning forgotten, in the sad event since fallen upon those he valued, he passed the hours of the night in visions troubled and disturbed by the various agitations which preceded his short period of reflection, ere the time arrived for approaching the caliph's presence.

Malek felt the hour was fraught with all those important consequences which would be decisive of his future fate; the revolving incidents of his own inquiries about the Arabs, the efforts to expedite the flight of Zelica, the suspicions he felt and uttered against the cadi, these progressively operating must have brought his desires and his plans to a crisis in a very short period, had he not resolved to place all upon one throw, and, by rushing into the presence of Harûn al Raschid, to try and decide his fate. Impatiently therefore he arrayed himself in the vestures of mourning, and hastened to the

palace of paintings; the house of sorrow was hushed, and the wails and plaints of the night had ceased; he deeply felt the anguish he should impart to his friend, and arriving at the palace, where he found an unusual vigilance and reserve, Osman, he was informed, was absent probably for the day, and the Commander of the Faithful had removed his court to his palace in the centre of Bagdad. Alarmed at these appearances, and the more so at the unexpected movement of the caliph, nothing would satisfy his mind but that the fair Zelica was also conveyed thither, to escape the penetration and jealousy of Zobeide; no sooner had this stinging reflection seized possession of his mind, than, frantic with apprehension, he flew to the great square, and hasting to the palace gates, he passed through the courts lined with the guards, and shining with the pomp of the great vicegerent of the prophet; regardless of all, Malek still went forward, until, entering the hall of audience, he beheld the caliph on his throne, surrounded by his viziers and emirs, with the muftis and cadis standing before him, and the vast hall itself encircled by the armed guards and slaves of this potent monarch, ready to carry into execution every expression of his will. His magnificent throne was eclipsed by the grandeur of his own person, his robes glittered with rubies and the most costly gems, satisfaction and complacency sat on his brow, as leaning toward his favourite and vizier,

the illustrious Barmecide Giafar, he was evidently hearkening with pleasure to his report, which he read from a written paper; many suitors already in the hall awaited in respectful silence the opportunity of offering their petitions, through whom Malek impetuously rushing, prostrated himself in front of the caliph's throne, imploring justice for a foul murder. Surprized at the manner as well as the interruption, Harûn made him a signal to rise and enter on his case. His mind relieved from its worst fear for Zelica, even by the calm demeanour and complacency of the prince, Malek arose in youthful grace and energy to plead his cause, attracting universal sympathy as he detailed the character and death of Walid. Harûn's countenance became clouded, as he noticed that the grand judge's report had not remarked on this outrage of the laws; turning to Giafar, with a severe look, he demanded 'how justice was administered within his capital, that so heinous a crime was not brought before the throne?' Giafar, pleading ignorance, referred to the grand judge, who, terrified at the caliph's anger, exculpated himself at the expense of the cadi of the quarter and square of Amrû, in whose jurisdiction the offence was included, and at whose particular request it was concealed. Filled with indignation at the circumstance, Harûn, with a frown, whispered the vizier, who instantly sent a party for the offending cadi;

meanwhile, turning to Malek, who saw with joy the favourable sentiments he inspired, Harûn eulogized the warmth of friendship which thus led him to the throne, and greatly struck by the symmetry and beauty of his person, as well as the intelligence of his features, he in the most gracious manner entered upon his name and parentage, and had just heard the incident of Adbal's malice, and the dead body found in the square of Amrû, which added fuel to his impetuous anger, Malek also was about proceeding to the recital of the plunder of the caravan, and his danger in the desert, when a slave entering, presented to Malek secretly, a note, which threw him into transports of surprize and confusion; it was borne by a slave of Walid's, and contained only the few words, 'Zelica is fled.' This surprize bereft him of all judgment, standing before the prince entangled in his own web, at the very moment when fortune had prepared for him the prize he deemed inestimable.

"Nothing could have prevented his discovering himself, but, happily for his safety, the caliph's notice was at this moment attracted towards the cadi, who entered the presence, with a mien erect and self-composed, as secure in conscious right; giving the full reins to his anger, Harûn exclaimed—'Audacious man! is it thus that thou trafficest with the lives of my subjects, and conceal the corrupt dealings of thy court? Were it only for the criminal conceal-

ment thou hast presumed to maintain of these atrocious murders, against my sovereign command, I pronounce thy deposition; tremble at the consequences, for, unless thou canst clear thyself of much more suspicion, thy forfeit life may follow.'

"'Sovereign of the world,' the cadi meekly, but firmly replied, 'be thy will fulfilled on thy slave, but, as justice is thy delight, who is my accuser?' The prince, pointing to Malek, who was instantly recognized by the cadi, could not at the same time avoid noticing the contemptuous smile with which the judge regarded him. An attentive observer of mankind, and keen and accurate in his observations, Harûn augured very unfavourably of the manifest confusion now visible in the hapless youth's manner, and the incoherent language wherewith he repeated his accusations, for, tortured on the rack of impatience and agony, worlds would Malek have given to have retracted every word he had uttered, and to have retreated from the awful situation wherein he stood; but Harûn, justly irritated, made a sign to watch his movements, while the cadi, eying him with a look of hate, and prostrating himself before the throne, replied—'May all thy enemies, O caliph! be as those whom a few passing instants will offer to thy justice, and the false being before thee abusing thy goodness.' He then proceeded to narrate his earnest endeavours to seek out some clue, or means of discovery, against the wandering hordes

of Arabs, especially the Djerdhamites, the scourge of Bagdad; also that, when nearly ascertaining their retreat, the act of Adbal placed two of the band in his power. At first he judged the informer, Malek, to be a promoter of justice against them, but one of these Arabs deposed to his wearing their habiliments in the streets of Bagdad; watching, therefore, narrowly his ways, and suppressing every hint of their connexion with Adbal, the cadi so accurately traced and watched their movements, that he had gained the clue of their appearance between Bassora and Bagdad, and had, under colour of a caravan to attract their rapacity, secured the dreaded leader and his chief comrades, who would instantly be brought before his throne. To extirpate this band of robbers, which the most jealous secrecy alone could acheive, gladly the cadi said he had exposed himself to his sovereign's wrath; 'but what treachery,' he added, 'could equal that being's baseness, who, if a Djerdhamite, resided in Walid's house, and led him forth to perish by the murderous band.' Malek, aroused to his danger, was about encountering the flashing glances of the caliph on this new turn of the charge, when the hall rung with the entrance of twenty captives of the Djerdhamite Arabs, headed by Korrah in chains, escorted by the cadi's officers; and the caliph, in a voice of thunder, commanded Malek to be placed opposite, and confronting them, the deadly glances from Korrah's blackening brow convinced him of a

former knowledge existing between them. Malek was imploring anew the caliph's goodness to suspend his judgment, and hear his vindication, when the favourite slave, Mesrour, entering the hall, impatiently, and in the greatest agitation, approaching the throne, whispered a few words in Harûn's ear, which had the most powerful effect; his whole frame trembled, and seating himself, and making a signal for the ministers of justice to be ready, he cast a frown around the divan, which made all the members thereof, nay, even the friend of his heart, tremble. 'Vile wretches!' he exclaimed, casting his eyes on the Arabs, especially on Korrah, 'for a few moments only shall thy guilty blood flow in thy veins; be ready,' he signed to the executioner; 'and thou,' he addressed the stupified and overwhelmed Malek, 'if thou canst not clear thy contact with these robbers, thou shall share their fate.'

"At this terrible moment the long forgotten prediction in the desert, that the same hour would terminate, by a violent death, his own days, and the existence of Korrah and his race, fell on his senses as a spell, paralyzing his powers; especially as Korrah, aware that no possible rescue or deliverance could avail himself and his followers, and feeling all his rage and fury for the death of his son rekindle at the sight of Malek, perceiving that the caliph considered him as of their band, instantly resolved to favour the delusion, trusting that his

anger would act upon the suggestion. Soliciting, therefore, an instant's respite, as if to disburden his mind of a heavy weight, Malek, with horror, heard him detail the complicated treasons of Adbal, and maliciously apply them to his person.

Struck down, but not destroyed—overpowered, but not appalled—Malek, who had gradually regained his texture of soul, so fatally deranged by the tidings of Zelica's flight, now recalled some degree of the caliph's impartial feeling toward him, by the towering crest and flashing eye with which he entered upon the refutation of Korrah's malignant falsehoods. He was evidently successful, when an obscure individual, pressing forward through the crowd, deposed to his being a slave of the merchant Masoud, and of himself seeing him wear the Djerdhamite Arab dress in the square of Amrû. This unfortunate interruption renewing the anger of Harûn al Raschid, messengers were despatched for Masoud, with orders to search his dwelling; while, at a sign given, two slaves seizing and examining Malek, they quickly found, and handed to the caliph, the fatal note recently given to him of Zelica's escape, the subject of Mesrour's communication. The violent agitations it created added fresh fierceness to the caliph's stern and savage temper.

As soon as his eye glanced over its contents, he saw a confirmation of his suspicions in the fallen

look, and firm, yet mute collectedness of the unhappy being standing before him, now indeed crushed down beneath the repeated strokes of fate. Bursting into a paroxysm of rage, he commanded the executioner to bind and behead him instantly. The passions of Harûn, always violent and hasty, were, by this accumulation of provocations, worked up to the highest point; yet even his heart, seared as it was in its bursts of rage against emotions of pity, smote him with some misgivings, as he saw the youth of Malek, who, sensible of his now inexcusable crime in Harûn's eyes, and aware of his hopeless situation, magnanimously prepared himself for death; too well convinced that, however he might clear away the foul calumnies of Korrah, or explain the unfounded suspicions of the cadi, he could never justify himself on the part of Zelica. Dreading that he might utter some expressions involving the being of his affections and the friend of his heart in his hapless fate, sealing his lips in perfect silence (and, in this crisis of his destiny, regaining his self-control by the very extremity of his peril), throwing off his cloak, his noble countenance shining in the magnanimity of lofty resolve as he stood prepared to receive the fatal stroke of death; a thrill of pity and regard pervaded all present—all but the last fatal witness, who, being the identical Arab who had accosted Malek in the square, viewed him with abhorrence as the ruin and down-

fal of his tribe, and the savage Korrah, who thirsted to see his blood shed as the murderer of his son.

"All prepared, and the signal only remaining, deep and thrilling silence fell on all, as Malek, with cheek unblanched, endured the delay of these awful minutes! for Harûn, who felt an unknown sentiment and desire to spare his life creep over him, withheld the sign, while he awaited the return of the emissaries sent to search the dwelling of Masoud, and all the spectators around, in breathless impatience, watched the event. At this moment the slave, entering the hall, held aloft the garments of the young Arab; and Harûn al Raschid no sooner cast his eyes upon the fatal habiliments, than, motioning with his arm. the hapless Malek received the blow of death, and sunk a headless corpse on the blood-stained pavement.

"Short were the instants that elapsed ere that justification arrived of his purity and worth which his own loftiness had disdained to offer. At the very instant of Harûn's anger, Walid's slave, seeing the danger of Malek, and revering him for his mild virtues, flew to the retreat of Zelica and Osman, abruptly acquainting them with his fears. Agonized by the deepest dread of the caliph's anger, and fearing for his life, they flew to confess, and implore his clemency; and at the instant the fatal blow was given, a great noise, proclaiming the

approach of some persons to the throne, the crowd opened, and Zelica, followed by Osman and Masoud, appeared. Harûn, in fury at the sight, started as they prostrated themselves before him; but Zelica had no sooner, on arising, glanced the bloody scene, and the features of Malek fixed in death, than, uttering a piercing shriek, she sunk by his prostrate form. With vehement gestures, marked by a sense of intense misery, Osman recorded the noble character and innocence of his friend; and Masoud detailing his courage and sufferings in the desert, revealed the just death of the young Arab, and the cause of the fatal concealment of the dress. The caliph listened with a sombre and gloomy air, gazing on the pale features of Zelica, as, waving his hand, he directed the Arabs, with the vengeful Korrah, to be removed into the outer court, and there to undergo his sentence, declaring them unworthy to mingle their blood with the stream of Malek's existence, thus they perished amid the execrations of all; meanwhile, Zelica slowly regaining her senses, and looking wildly around, as if incredulous of the horrors she felt, arose, and gazed upon the deeply agitated caliph:

" 'Ah! prince,' she exclaimed, 'victim of hasty passion, how dost thou mar the fair and splendid characters of thy virtues, and incur years of sorrow, for moments of anger! Greatly as your rank exalts you above man's judgment on earth, know every drop

of this blood must be accounted for to your, and to his judge; a few moments,' she said, gazing on the pale features of him she loved, 'a few moments, and we mingle our fate as our hearts were united.'

"Here the caliph, transported with grief and fear, drew near, as if to offer her consolation, when, loudly exclaiming—'take warning by the ruin you have caused,' she drew a dagger, concealed in the folds of her robe, and, striking it to her heart, she fell lifeless by the insensible remains of Malek! The caliph was inconsolable as he contemplated the sad remains of two beings so adorned with youth and beauty. He shed many tears of bitter regret over the pallid forms of two so young, so fair, whose end was so distressingly sad and mournful, and enjoining Osman to honour their interment with every magnificence, he had their bodies laid together in one grave, by the banks of the Tigris, near the Mosque of Tears. A costly mausoleum, of black polished marble, records the spot; and by the order of the caliph it is inscribed with their hapless fate. There the faithful Osman repairs to shed the warm drops of friendship, and the caliph, magnanimous even in anger, forgetting the design of bereaving him of Zelica, in grief for her unhappy death, and the unjust condemnation of Malek, distinguishes Osman with his favour and protection, and as often as he floats on the surface of the Tigris, regards with pensive eye the gloomy record

of the hapless pair, and honours their memory with his sighs."

A pause followed, as the heart of Ashreff melted afresh at the conclusion of the misfortunes of the ill-starred Malek; the sun shot athwart the glade of emerald green with the radiance of its declining rays; the waters of the fountain fell in murmuring melody, feeding the melancholy thoughts which engrossed their spirits, until Jamī exclaimed, with a sigh:

"My heart mourns even as for a brother's fate. What thoughts of the future have not these few days renewed? Yes, Ashreff, they arise at your voice, which speaks to me of home, of kindred, and of sensations unfelt before. I also have been brought hither by destiny, to learn that which it concerns the vizier of Kashmeer to know, disclosed in the cave, and even at the very hour that we met; but such a tale must not intermix with the mournful lesson of Malek's destiny."

"Right, Jamī, and while fate evolves our trials and dangers, consider Ashreff as your brother; for such, from the moment that you issued from the cave, Ashreff was prepared to greet you. Something spake of love fraternal, which a few days, or perhaps hours, may disclose far more important to my soul than any intelligence you can reveal. Already my ears have heard of midnight plots, of the cave assemblage. My papers, brought with the

orders of Rockn-ed-din, told of such projects; but enough of them when the toil of state calls us hence. Now will we snatch from Time a few precious hours, and to-morrow, in this calm and sweet retreat, discourse upon your dangers and reminiscences of the past; either my heart belies me, or we shall find our thread of destiny the same. Amid every pressure of toil, Jamī, recal to mind that the patience, whereby we bear up against adversity, receives the applause of man; but the patience, whereby we abstain from evil, when by its commission we could gratify the passions of our soul, is the most precious in the sight of Allah, and such was Jamī's struggle in the caves of Babylon."

The vizier of Kashmeer retired to the children of his love, and the noble Jamī to reflect upon the woes which he had heard. Poor children of the dust! each esteeming the morrow as his own, as if the harbinger of light would open on their hopes and designs, as unchanged as when his evening beams dipped beneath the mantle of night. Insect of an hour! how are thy movements hastened onward, checked, or for ever stopped, by a thousand unseen imperceptible threads, which wind around, and although seemingly fragile as the gossamer, yet prove of adamantine strength to bind men to their consequences.

Now, the lay of the East has to seek the enchanter, and his victim Adalia, weeping, mangled,

and hopeless, in the horrors of Babylon's dread caverns, holding forth his hands for succour.—But here must we pause, leaving Hassun, now triumphing in his power, to exult in his mountain fastnesses, while his great foe, the caliph Harûn, occupies a grave in Khorassan;—the last concluding scenes of Harûn's life, and the fortunes of the terrific Hassun, are indeed intertwined with the lost Adalia, and the not less threatened existence of Ashreff. These still remain for our record, and these will pourtray the mysterious tissue of circumstances, which knit them and Jamī to the destinies of the East.

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